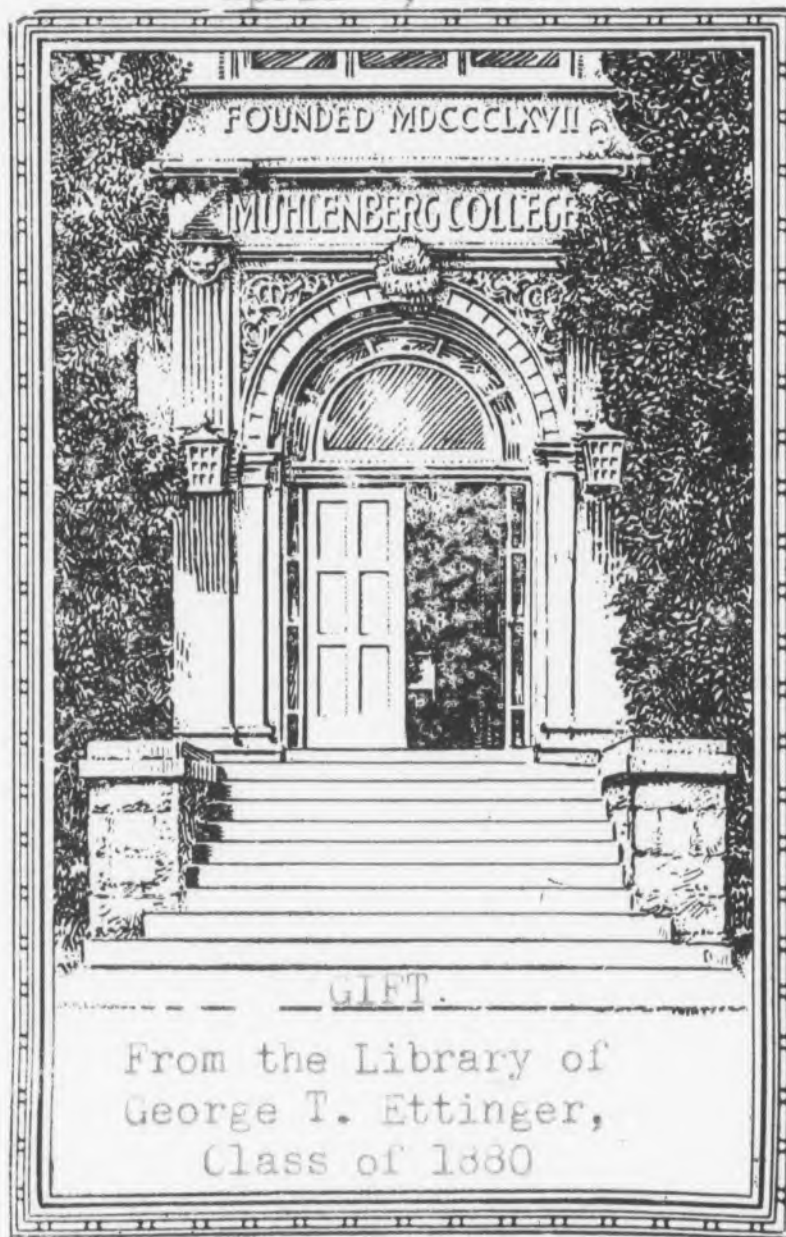


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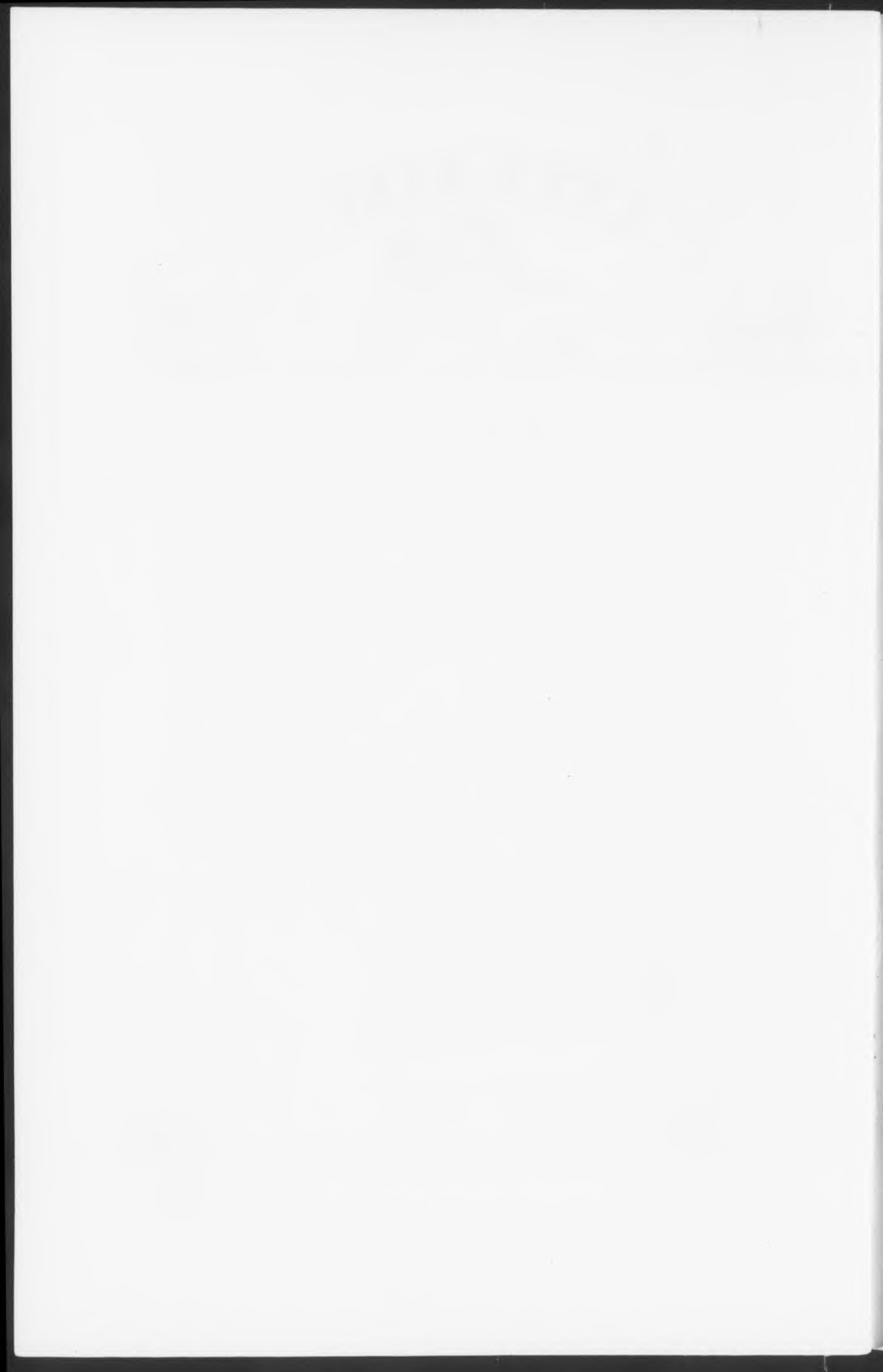
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For the thirtieth time the "Muhlenberg" enters upon another year of its publication. As, no doubt, has been the desire of the 57 preceeding editors, so it is the wish of the 59th editor in chief, that his term of editorship may find the Muhlenberg an improved college monthly, and that his editions may be better than all preceeding issues. With this end in view the staff has taken up with a new poicy, that is of improving the "Muhlenberg."

The main trouble former editors have encountered and the fault the present editor encounters is a lack of funds. Since every member of our student body is a subscriber, the alumni are the ones to remedy this deficiency. Do the alumni suport their their college monthly the way they should? This year we have struck upon a type of monthly such as a college like Muhlenberg is worthy of having, and it is none too good. But we cannot keep up to this high standard unless we receive alumni aid. If the students of Muhlenberg College furnish us with the Literary material, as they no doubt will, and the alumni help us out on the financial side, then Muhlenberg will be able to publish a monthly that will be a credit to her. Why can't the Alumni help us?

It is, therefore, the earnest desire of both the editor in chief and his staff that both the student body and the alumnus do their duty towards their college monthly. Muhlenberg is a classical institution: she is, therefore, naturally judged by her literary productions. A good monthly is expected of her, a poor one is a vital detriment to her collegiate standing. From these rock bottom facts, figure out your obligation in duty units. Let's give Muhlenberg a big boost by the publication of a good, snappy, newsy, lively, attractive, up to date college monthly. You can help! Will you?



St. Peter—Who are you?

Applicant—An aluminus of Muhlenberg College.

St. Peter—Were you an active aluminus?

Applicant—Yes, sir.

St. Peter—Did you subscribe to the Muhlenberg?

Applicant—Oh, I forgot (slams the gate).



The Editor's Sanctum

The editor's sanctum is a new department of the Muhlenberg. It is the purpose of this department to bring before the student body and alumni lively college issues, that can be brought to their attention in no other informal way except through the Muhlenberg. It will, therefore, consist largely of college editorials.

If College Opened Two Weeks Later

Muhlenberg opens her fall term the second Thursday of September. The Allentown Fair is in operation about the fourth week in September, or about one week after the opening of college. Would the student body be better off if college opened the Tuesday after Fair—two weeks later than constitutional regulation time? Let us first consider the former. College opens on Thursday. Nothing of any account is done Thursday or Friday; then comes the Fair. Attractions there overbalance assigned work at college. The fellows, from the very start, begin slighting their lessons, they don't study, and, consequently, learn to loaf. They go to the fair and spend money on useless and degrading attractions, they are tempted to go out nights and usually fall and come into contact with sights and actions during this week, which are entirely contrary to earnest resolutions resolved upon with their parents prior to coming to college. At best it is detrimental as an opening week for a four years' stay at college. Its a poor starter and leaves a brown taste.

Now for the latter. Most of our colleges start two or three weeks later than Muhlenberg. We start exceptionally early. The average student at other colleges is not brighter than students here, so it is not necessary that we start two weeks earlier in order to make up in time what we lack in aptness. Again for the fellow who works during the summer, a two weeks longer stay would be more convenient, both to himself as well as his employer, since summer jobs usually last till the end of September, leaving alone the lack of desire to start studying early in September. Does college start too early?

Those Greek Statues on the Campus.



IS Muhlenberg up to date? Is our plant strictly modern? Foolish questions! Let us by no means, however, rest on our laurels, but ever be on the alert to bring her up to the top notch of perfection in every detail. Who has not noticed those eye-sores—the poles on the west campus bearing the heavy electric cables? If Muhlenberg be truly modern it is imperative that these wires be placed underground. They would then be protected from snow and ice and their usefulness prolonged. Remember that the most efficient service spells economy. This is more important, however, these rough, unsightly poles, with their sagging wires, are in a class by themselves in disfiguring out beautiful grounds. It's the little things that count. Think it over.



A Standard Muhlenberg Hat Band

To say the least, it does not have an inspiring effect upon a man to walk down Hamilton street and see a bunch of toughs wearing his beloved cardinal and grey hat band. We heartily congratulate the chap who has the good taste to adorn his head-gear with these colors, but we must protect ourselves. This college should have a cardinal and grey hat band, in a good, snappy design, for sale in its store, the manufacturer furnishing this design to our store alone. Then could a Muhlenberg man sport a band which no other chap would be allowed to wear, unless he were a brother in the cardinal and grey fraternity.



College "Jacks of All Trades."

In every college body there are always several, sometimes a small minority, of men who scatter their enemies over the entire ground of college activities. They are always ambitious, generally capable and effective. They go in for athletics, take an interest in the Y. M. C. A., join a dozen or more clubs, sing on the musical club and keep as many irons in the college fires as they possibly can. Now, granting there are a few, a very small few, who can handle all their different activities well, yet it must be admitted that the ordinary man makes a grave mistake in disseminating his abilities in such fashion. What's worth doing at all is worth doing right. You can't do two dozen things right.



"Bigamy is trying to serve two masters. The law allowing only one wife is called monotony."

The Quitter

By Mathias Richards



HE taxicab stopped before the arcade of the dormitories. Its sole passenger was a young man, tall, broad-shouldered, clean-cut of face and limb. Nodding to several of the idlers he strode into the office.

"Hello, Billy," he said.

"Jimmy Carvel," exclaimed the head of the cleaning brigade, as he extended his hand in greeting. Carvel was the most popular man that had ever attended Belwood University, holder of track records, an excellent second baseman and fullback without a peer in the history of his alma mater.

"Thought I'd run down for a few days and look 'em over, Billy. How is the team this year? I received a letter from Cap Stonewall that had a sad tone about it."

"The team is a good one, Jimmy, but it can't come up to last year's—and you know what that was—besides Stonewall isn't the captain that you were; the men don't follow him like they did you."

"We won't talk about that old man," Carvel retorted, as he took the other's arm and led him in the direction of the dining hall. Here they entered just as the bell was summoning the students to their noon-day meal.

Promptly at three o'clock that afternoon Carvel walked out to the gridiron. He was greeted with cries of pleasure by some of his friends and by silent but hearty handshakes, which meant more by far than mere words from others. Among these last was Stonewall, the captain of the team, who was very serious and quiet of manner except to those upon whom, on account of long acquaintance, he could depend. With Stonewall, Carvel was one of the elect.

"You seem to have a good team," observed Carvel, when, after watching the practice for a long time from the side lines, he strolled over to where the captain was standing, watching the efforts of the center to make accurate passes to the fullback for kicks.

"There's the weakness of the team," grunted Stonewall, pointing to the fullback. "Kohler is a good man, a 'peach' of a line-bucker, and there is no better tackler or interferer in the business, but he can't boot the ball. We made out well so far, by carrying the ball, but in the game with Alsford College, it will never do to depend upon carrying the ball; its going to be necessary to kick to save the men's strength.

"Haven't you been able to drum up any good raw material in the college?" queried Carvel. "I heard there was an unusually large freshman class this year."

"So there was, but all the candidates from that class lack the good points that Kohler has. There is one man in the college who can outkick any man I ever saw. He can come out here any day in low shoes and citizens clothes and beat any man that ever wore moleskins, but he will not do for the team."

"Why not," protested Carvel. "Man, I'd have him out in spite of parental objection, pressure of studies, or any other excuse he might offer. I'd have him if I had to bring him out by force. I'd ——."

"No you wouldn't," replied Stonewall. "He has been out. He's what good old 'Al' Bull commonly calls a 'quitter' and that's what the fellows have nicknamed him. If you had seen him out here last week you would agree with me that he richly deserves it."

Carvel's face hardened, as he listened to the captain's talk. He hated a "quitter."

"Where can I see this fellow and what is his name?"

"Do you see that fellow standing there apart from the rest? All the fellows have deserted him since he displayed his 'yellow streak.' His name is Storme."

"I'm going to take a walk over that way" said Carvel promptly, as he left the captain and strolled carelessly across the field and approached the forlorn person.

He was a young fellow, tall, broad-shouldered, full-chested, and lean of limb. His blue eyes seemed honest enough and there was nothing in his appearance to indicate the "yellow streak" that Stonewall had mentioned. Carvel noticed, too, that he eagerly followed every play and did not notice the unfriendly glances of the other students who stood near him, until the practice came to an end. Then, as he turned away from the spot he seemed to shrink suddenly within himself; his face reddened and with bowed head he hastened toward the dormitories.

That evening, as Stonewall sat in his room gazing with unseeing eyes at the book before him, he wondered whether it would not be best to leave the university. Up to the time of his coming out for the team he had not lacked friends; he had even been popular with his classmates. But his try for the team had changed all that. He had showed a streak of yellow and his newly found friends had melted away until now he was quite alone.

How well he remembered that afternoon. How the students had cheered when in quick succession he had drop-kicked four goals from the center of the field. How they had hissed when later on he threw the ball away rather than be tackled; how they hooted when he "flunked" a tackle and let the scrub fullback get through for a touchdown. How well he remembered the sarcastic remarks of the coaches and the captain's words of dismissal. Yes, there was no use in his remaining here, he might just as well ——

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," he said, wondering.

"I'm Carvel, '03," said the stranger. "Your name is Storme. I've heard that you can outkick any man here at college. I have a curiosity to see a man that can do that, so I came here without an introduction or an invitation."

For a moment the two men looked at each other. Storme thinking that this was some new trick to catch him; Carvel, calm and at his ease, with a winning smile on his face.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Carval," said Storme at last.

Carval's smile had conquered as he intended it should.

"Will you take a chair? Pardon me for not asking you to do so before, but I've had very few callers lately. I suppose you've heard other things about me besides my ability to kick a ball."

"Yes," was the other's quiet reply "and I've called to talk them over with you if you don't object."

"I don't think that its necessary," said Storme stiffly.

"Just let me talk a few minutes before you say that," said Carvel.

He talked not for a few, but for many minutes and as he talked Storme's manner changed from being cold and distant to that of extreme friendliness and when, at last, he rose to go, it was long after midnight.

"I will count on your doing your best," he said, as he stood at the door.

"I'll not fail you," said Storme quietly.

* * * * *

The day of the big game dawned bright and clear. The coaches and the team assembled in the gymnasium and although the former were anxious concerning the result of the game it was not apparent to the men. As the time for the start drew near there were still two absentees, Carvel and Stonewall.

"I wonder where they are," said one of the coaches. "Some one ought to hurry 'em up."

"Good man, that Carvel," said one of the players.

"Mighty good; always happy when everybody else looks sad," observed a second.

"And he has little enough cause to be happy" observed a third. "But here they are. Come on boys!"

"Where did Carvel get his black eye?" asked the right end as they started on the run for the gridiron.

"Don't know. When he was asked he said that he collided with a trolley car," remarked the husky left tackle.

"For a man with a black eye and the prospects ahead of us, to-day, you are certainly cheerful" remarked the head coach.

"Of course I'm cheerful; I'm a cheerful idiot," said Carvel smiling. "But seriously old man, I've got a 'haunch' that we are going to beat Alsford today and I've got reasons for that 'hunch.'"

The first half of the Belwood Alsford game ended with the score 12-0 in favor of the latter. The score did not truly indicate the relative strength of the two teams as one touch down was the direct result of a poor punt by Kohler that put Alsford in striking distance of Belwood's goal.

In the dressing rooms of the latter team an atmosphere of gloom prevailed when Carvel hustled in smiling broadly.

"Wake up boys," he cried "Wake up! The game is not over yet. Don't sit around looking like a bunch of 'dead ones.' The game is young. There's another half to play."

"Where's your 'hunch'?" growled one of the players.

"Still with me. And I have reasons for it. We're to have a new fullback this half—the find of the century, the wonder of the age! If you boys will only support him as you supported Kohler in the last half, we'll do the trick, yet."

"Who is he?" asked half a dozen voices.

Carvel smiled before replying.

"Storme."

"What?"

"Who?"

"Not Storme."

"That 'quitter.'"

"Yes, the 'quitter,' boys. There's good stuff in him, take it from me. All that he wants is a chance to make good and if he makes good Belwood wins."

The silence which followed was only broken by the sound of the opening of the door and there stood Storme his face slightly pale and his lips set. The suit that he wore was an old one; several of the older men on the team recognized it as Carvel's and they knew that "Jimmy" would never let a coward wear his suit. There must be a mistake somewhere.

For a long minute Storme stood there. Then Stonewall advanced toward him his hand extended; one by one, the other members of the team followed the example of the captain until as the last one turned away there was a cry at the door:

"All out for the last half."

How well the students remember that last half. How they cheered the most despised man in the university when on the kick-off he ran the ball back to the center of the field. Then followed a quick line-up, a string of signals and the ball went sailing down the field propelled by Storme's good foot. Far over the heads of the opposing backs it sailed until five yards from the goal one of the Belwood ends recovered it and ran across for a touch down. A minute later a goal had been kicked and the score stood 12-6 in favor of Alsford College.

Again the teams lined up and again Alsford kicked-off this time taking care that the ball did not go in the vicinity of the "quitter" as one demonstration of his prowess in running back the ball had been enough for them.

Slowly the tide of battle rolled down the field toward Alsford's goal. Foot by foot, yard by yard, the Alsford team was borne backward. Time after time the "quitter" was called upon to make the distance necessary for first down and he never failed to make it. At last the ball was within striking distance of the goal and then it was that the students of Belwood University rose to their feet as one man howling: Storme! Storme! Give it to Storme! Touch down! Touch down!

The little quarterback's tense face relaxed into a smile. He looked at Storme who stood breathing heavily from his past exertions. His look seemed to convey a question. Storme nodded grimly.

"Seven—seventeen—twenty-three," called the little fellow. He dropped his hands and the ball came back. There was a crash as the two lines met: for an instant the mass hung, wavered, and then fell back toward the goal line. When the referee's whistle had sounded and the players had risen to their feet, the "quitter" was found lying on his back with his arms extended to their full length and the ball just across the line.

The cheering from the Belwood stands was deafening and it was renewed with increased vigor when Stonewall kicked a beautiful goal from a difficult angle making the score a tie.

"Ten minutes left," said Carvel to the coach who knelt beside him on the side lines at the moment when the teams were lining up.

"I wish it were but one," was the reply. "A tie is as good as a victory after the way they handled us in the first half."

"A tie? Why man we're going to win. That man Storme isn't through yet. If Stonewall only remembers what I told him this morning, the game is ours."

Again the tide of battle flowed back and forth neither team having a distinct advantage. With only five minutes left to play one of the Belwood guards, a substitute, jumped high in the air and blocked an attempted field goal. The ball flew high in the air and dropped directly in front of Belwood's little quarterback who lost no time in gathering it in. Up the field he sped with all the power at his command. But alas! he was overtaken near the center of the field and tackled so hard that he had to leave the game.

Among the men who rushed to his assistance was a boy carrying a bucket of water.

As he passed Stonewall he whispered.

"Forty-five seconds." Stonewall heard and understood him. He had not forgotten his talk with Carvel that morning and if his advice was to be followed it must be followed now.

He saw the "quitter" standing nearby and immediately approached him.

"Can you do it from here on a drop-kick?" he inquired. "There is only forty-five seconds left and it's our last chance."

"I'll try," came the answer between gritted teeth. "Hold 'em back as long as you can; I must have plenty of time." The whistle sounded and they lined up for the try.

There was no effort made to conceal the next play and as it gradually became apparent to the spectators, a tense silence fell over the great crowd.

The seconds were flying. Storme cool and determined stood nearly ten yards behind the line, his hands extended to receive the ball from the center. He looked carefully at his team-mates to see that they were in their proper places since no mistake must be made at this critical time.

"Now!" he cried.

The ball came back, fair and true into his outstretched hands. He gave a last quick glance at the goal posts in the distance. There was a quick dropping of the ball, a sudden powerful swing of his right leg and the ball rising swiftly, barely clearing the heads of the players, cleared the cross-bar by a yard just as the whistle blew for the end of the game.

Everywhere pandemonium reigned supreme. Storme's team-mates crowded around him clasping his hands and patting him on the back. He tried to make his escape but the Belwood students swooping down from the stands captured him.

Perched upon the shoulders of four stalwart seniors, he was borne about the field at the head of a procession of whooping and howling students and graduates. It was the fulfillment of one of his most cherished dreams.

In the smoking car of a west-bound train that evening sat "Jimmy" Carvel and a few others of the coaching staff all bound for their respective homes.

Carvel was being congratulated again and again upon his "find" the "quitter."

"How did I come to spot him? Well it was this way. I heard of him through Stonewall and you know a man has to be pretty yellow before old 'Cap' will say anything against him? Well, I decided to take a look at the curiosity for myself. When I got near him I liked his face in spite of all that I had heard against him. He had a clear eye and the square jaw of a fighter. That night I called on him. He was a little sensitive at first but that finally wore off and what do you think I discovered? I found that his 'yellowness' was due more to a defect in our system of coaching than to anything else.

When a man comes out for the team we assume that he knows something about football but in his case we were wrong. He never had a suit on before in fact, he knew absolutely nothing about the game. It was ignorance not cowardice that ailed him."

"Where then, did he learn to kick the ball," asked one of the coaches.

"He learned how to kick from a cousin of his who was a star on the Ethlyn Preparatory School team. He and Storme used to spend hours just kicking the ball back and forth between them. Just as soon as I found out what ailed him I made an agreement with him. In the afternoons we used to go out into the country and there I taught him all that I knew about the game and I rather think he made good to-day."

"Is he responsible for the black eye that you have?" asked one of Carvel's companions.

Carvel grinned happily.

"Yes," he said. "He certainly was a strenuous pupil. I'm afraid that his studies have suffered somewhat during the last two weeks but he'll soon make that up for he is a bright fellow. I'm black and

blue all over my body as the result of his tackles and this black eye he handed me not ten minutes after I had showed him how to use the 'straight arm.'"

For a long time the party puffed at their pipes in silence, broken only, at last, by a chuckle from Carvel.

"I didn't feel sure of winning to-day's game until about three o'clock this afternoon," he said. "That is about the time we assumed the offensive and I saw he could take care of himself. That 'straight arm' gave me the 'hunch.'"



The College Room.

By Philip Sparre.

A Canon of good taste is an impossibility. (This having been said, if we become dogmatic in the matter of taste it will be seen that we really know better.) But a Canon of bad taste is apparently a frightful reality, and if (we apologize in advance) we could assist in spiking that Canon we should feel that our labour had been repaid a hundred-fold.



HERE are many kinds of college-rooms—just as many kinds as there are of occupants. Probably a man's walls reflect his soul more accurately than does his life; though this is so grave a charge to bring against one's fellow men that we must make generous allowances. There is primarily the room with the grim necessities of life, shorn of any adornment. That is an atmosphere of hair-shirts and flagellations that almost makes you regard your modest necktie as a frivolous intruder. This room is obviously the home of that abandoned individual who seems to look on college as a place to study. We shall not enumerate the various types up to the resort of the Sybarite with a piano and a fireplace, but in each case the decoration, along with the occupant's tie and socks proclaim to the world his innermost character. Lurid posters along with a conversational cravat and exulting hosiery, announce melodramatic and rather amorous characteristics. Madonnas, together with dull harmonies at neck and feet, indicate the æsthete—a rare type. Sporting prints and warm tones on tie and socks prepare on for the "blood." And so on.

At this particular point we should like to draw down our vizor, place lance in rest, set spur to flank, and make the most violent possible attack on—scandal of scandals!—a lady, and, what is worse, a weak one, although mightier in her staying powers than any of the “hands” who have left the cradle to rock the world. She is—the College Poster Girl. Miss Carolyn Wells in the following moving lines has described the lady in question:

The blessed poster girl leaned out
From a pinky-purple heaven.
One eye was red and one was green,
Her bang was cut uneven;
She had three fingers on her hand,
And the hairs on her head were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No sunflowers did adorn;
But a heavy Turkish portiere
Was very neatly worn;
And the hat that lay along her back
Was yellow, like canned corn.

Just why such a personage should be associated with academic institutions is one of life's mysteries. But she is, nevertheless, a living reality—casting arch glances at us from song books, sofa-cushions, college magazines, and dinner menus. In short, in the minds of our illustrators, the impossible features of the college poster girl have been elevated into a personification of university life. But our digression is becoming protracted.

There is a theory—possibly in Aristotle, equally possible somewhere else—that anything which can be removed from a whole without imperilling its unity, ought to be removed. This we can apply to poetry, to painting, to the drama; and we can apply it most successfully to a university course—(in this way troublesome lectures would melt like snow). It is, of course, a dangerous principle to play with, and must not be used in reference to this article; but in the college room it is of tremendous importance. Unity in this case is, of course, comfort; with beauty when it is possible.

Thus do we have such benign articles of furniture as the Morris chair, whose seductive cushions have been known to keep a man from brain-fatigue and to dispel the thought of examinations, both at the same time. The law of comfort also luxuriates in cushions—there cannot be too many of them, provided that nobody's sister has engraved thereon the profile of the inevitable female with an elastically elongated neck. When this happens, or if there is the slightest tendency to maple leaves or partriotic sentiment on a leather cushion, it can all be obviated by the rule of inside out (this advice is founded on personal experience). A room is also wonderfully improved by a rug. It may be that the primæval man in us still remembers his

native grass and gives us a liking for a rough footing. Turkey rugs are now remarkably cheap—anywhere but in Turkey. Just why we need window curtains cannot be so beautifully and simply explained. Ruskin might say that they represent about the incoming light of the window the clouds about the sun. It is perhaps truer, though less poetical, to say that they are a valuable element in constructing coziness. Those thin materials, with patterns and colors like stained glass windows, are admirable hangings; they give one the feeling of being in church with none of the inconveniences. Furniture, to be simple and dogmatic, should be substantial. William Morris's biographer says that he measured a table's usefulness by twining his feet about its leg—and he was a powerful man. One could go a step further, and say that in a college room one ought to be able to throw a chair at a cat without breaking it (the chair). But this test may be too severe; besides a boot is usually handier.

Above all things, whether with reference to curtains or table-cloths, to sofa-cushions or rugs, let us gently plead for unobtrusiveness of tint. Dull greens and grays, browns and blues, are not only shades universally accepted as evidences of taste, but also cause no gymnastic effort to the optic nerve. Further, they do not war with any color acquisitions that may be made later in upholstery, or table-cloths, or even in hosiery. If one enshrines in his æsthetic heart the essential principles of harmony and economy, it will relieve one's guests from the sight of color-combinations that look like a sunset with the rabies. Until we look on a clash in color with the same highly-cultivated horror with which most of us regard a bad discord on the piano, we are not educated.

Of pictures there is much to be said. I take it that the entire mission of a picture is to be beautiful. If we except the purpose of covering spots on the wall—a calling too lofty for many pictures—the element of usefulness is absent. We can, therefore, judge these ornaments with great severity.

There are some pictures which, like the rabbits of Australia, multiply with a rapidity which is alarming. Such repetition of an old theme destroys it for us. Take, for example, the portrait of Queen Louise. She was undoubtedly a highly attractive lady when she began to come downstairs on canvas. But we have seen her balanced on that same step, year after year, until it cannot help getting on our nerves. Many other "favorites" could be mentioned, ranging from the enraptured St. Cecilia to Landseer's stags, which are not quite worthy of being repeated *ad infinitum*. For these an odd print or etching makes an admirable substitute.

It would seem unnecessary to become violent about what are known as Gibson girls and Christy girls. They are akin to the poster lady, who has received such studious attention above. Besides, the Gibson girl and her friends have died a natural death. We should have preferred slow torture, but the principal thing was to be rid of them.

The Muhlenberg



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Ivy Poem of the Class of 1911



Read at the first annual Ivy Planting at Muhlenberg College, June 17, 1911

O Ivy fair, O Ivy green,
Held sacred by the huntress queen,
Though now so tender, wilted one,
The time will come when 'neath the sun
No vine with Thee shall quite compare.
Entwine Thy tendrils everywhere.

O Ivy fair, O Ivy green,
Behold I see Thee in my dream
As clings caressingly Thy hair
To every stone, e'en now so bare,
O Mother, as we bid adieu.
Bind us to Thee with hearts grown true.

O Ivy fair, O Ivy green,
The wish of all our hearts supreme:
That as Thou spreadest 'neath the soil,
And outward, skyward, with fresh toil,
So Muhlenberg—Truth's torch in hand—
May grow in strength and influence grand!

F. C. W. 6-10-11.

Why Muhlenberg Has Football.

By Prof. Reese.

Why do we have foot ball at Muhlenberg?

This question has often been asked, possibly by the reader of this article. We all agree the object of education is to train men morally, intellectually and physically. Can foot ball give any training along these three lines? We at Muhlenberg think it can.

MORALLY—Foot ball above all other games teaches self-sacrifice, self-control. For instance, the quarter back sees that he can score in a big game thereby bringing glory to his name in college halls, but the ball is given to a team mate, he scores, and his name lives in college tradition. The quarter back sacrificed himself for his team mate, knowing that he was better qualified to score. The stronger men of the team assist the weaker often at great hazard to themselves, because they feel it their duty. The foot ball men sacrifice social pleasures and many other enjoyments of college life for the sake of the team and college. Some of our most beloved pastors, physicians and teachers have learned this spirit of self-sacrifice in the squad.

The man who loses his temper, the man who becomes angry never makes a player. It is the man who can bear all with a smile who succeeds both at foot ball and in life. The player may see the other team doing "dirty work," but he cannot do them, for if his team is going to win he must play clean and fair. These qualities being drilled into him season after season, finally become part of his nature.

Those who oppress are always those who have never served in the true sense of the word and who cannot control themselves. In after life the player realizes that he only can command who has learned self-control and true service. Do you not think our young men need these two qualities—self-control and self-sacrifice?

INTELLECTUAL—There is no sport that requires such quick thinking and decision as foot ball. The man carrying the ball must instantly take in the situation confronting him and act accordingly. Do you not think that two qualities many of the young of today lack are slowness in "sizing up the situation" and making an instant, but at the same time a discrete and unerring decision? No man can expect to make a success of the game unless they can develop these two qualities. Victory does not perch on the banners of the team who has not developed them. And after all, boys, have you not found in your life's experiences that often you have taken in the situation and made your decision quickly, it was the best decision you ever made? I think everyone will answer in the affirmative. In life we must think quickly and act instantly. Then why not train the boy to do so by the best possible means—namely, foot ball.

PHYSICALLY—But you say why sacrifice lives in giving such training? 'Tis only too true that lives have been sacrificed, but have you not heard men make that criticism who have engaged in other sports

more dangerous? Have you ever thought of the lives the sports swimming, hunting and rowing claim yearly? Every one enjoys an automobile ride. When you are sitting in the machine flushed with enjoyment you realize how many hundreds of lives have been sacrificed at this sport? The auto fever is increasing instead of decreasing. Do you advocate the abolition of the sport? The newspapers, two years ago, at the end of the foot ball season published the fact that twenty-six men had been killed in foot ball. Upon investigating, an authority of a western University found that of this number only four were college men. The others were members of "prep" school teams and athletic clubs, who had no training. Training? Yes:

- (1) To select such food as will give the most nourishment,
- (2) To inculcate proper methods of eating,
- (3) To induce regular habits of living—rising and retiring at fixed hours; abstinence from narcotics and alcoholic beverages; becoming ruler of the lower passions instead of their servant.

These are demanded of all foot ball men. Do you say they are unimportant. Most Americans live to eat and not eat to live. We have known young men suffering from acute indigestion to be cured and those addicted to drink and vice led in paths of temperance and sobriety after one season's work on the foot ball squad. If any young man carries out implicitly such rules he cannot but be benefitted physically—able to withstand work, either moral, intellectual or physical. At the educational institutions of the Lehigh Valley, Lafayette, Lehigh and Muhlenberg, no more serious injuries have resulted in foot ball than in other sports. It is so at other institutions. The other day a great advocate of base ball asked: "Is Muhlenberg going to have a foot ball team." Upon receiving an affirmative answer he said: "shameful." He was asked if he attended foot ball games. He answered, "Yes, many." He was asked if he had ever seen any men seriously injured in foot ball? He answered: "No, but I have seen them killed in base ball." Many are like this gentleman, prejudiced against the game because it is strenuous. Life is also strenuous. Anything we undertake will be strenuous if we do it well.

There is another factor about foot ball and it is this—it is the only truly college sport. The only sport that has payed professionally. The student body takes a more intense interest in this game than in any other and with a good team the interclass feeling and petty jealousies stop and the entire student body think of the team fighting for the college. The class spirit grows into college spirit and that college, whose men leave the classic halls with true college spirit, grows. Do you not think that the faculty is wise by permitting such a game to be played when such results can be accomplished by it?



"I will go down the chimney first, if you don't mind," said the polite chimney sweep.

"Oh, certainly, soot yourself," replies his equally courteous assistant.—Ex.





Coach Kelly



ATHLETICS.

A Matter of Primary Interest.



HIS year's foot ball season will be one of great interest to Muhlenberg's grid-iron fans. An unusually stiff schedule, a new coach, and a different system are three experiments which will likely decide the institution's policies in this direction is a success or a failure; if it is good, bad or indifferent for some years to come. But whether the season is a success or a failure, remember, fellows, we have our own choice. There is to be no knocking if we lose, and no lying down or quitting, and if we give our coach and his team the support which they merit, mark it, not even the chronic kicker will find an excuse to criticise.

The older students found this year's ideas very different from the way things were carried on heretofore. When we arrived we found the men who are trying for the team already on the field. We found a coach in the "Dorms," keeping the fellows down to his rules; and, perhaps one of the most important steps forward, that a training table has been instituted.

Coach Kelly certainly "got himself in right" with the student body, from the start. No fellow who heard that speech in chapel on opening day could help feeling that here was a man who intended to take his work seriously, and concentrate every bit of his energy to give us a top notch season. Moreover, no fellow could feel much like going out unless he himself felt the same way, for Mr. Kelly made it very evident that it was to be a team of workers which he is going to turn out and not a man who didn't intend to work from the word go need take the bother to get in foot ball togs. Concerning Mr. Kelly's knowledge of the game, his past performances eliminate all doubt.

The material on the field looks good. It is true we lost some mighty valuable men. "Bill" Brandt's scrap at center will be difficult to replace. "Pat" Brennan's wild Irish grin, and his six feet three and a half running down the field, are badly missed. Coleman will shine at F. & M. The Easton delegation has been sadly cut into by reason of Schilling leaving college; but look whom we have with us.

First—Capt. Savacool. How many times last year did we hear this: "Nothing gets through Jep." And this was no flight of imagination. He bids fair to shine as brightly at center as he did at guard. Besides his abilities as a player, his personality is admirably adapted to holding the responsible position of Captain. Take him altogether, there are few men more valuable to our prospects.

We certainly were glad to see a head of black hair traveling at a 2:00 gait when we landed at the old school, and went toward the field. It spelled B-i-x-l-e-r, and it looked good. "Bix" apparently is faster than ever, and that is a strong statement. If George plays his usual game (and he will) he ought to shine this year as never before.

Although Brennan is now a non-est, our other Eiffel tower has come back bigger than ever. Flexer has a physique which would make him a star at every sport which he seriously took up. We expect great things at left tackle this year.

Krauss, of the bass voice and ambrosial locks, is there on the job. The way "Amos" is smashing things up around right tackle, in practice, is a caution. Flexer and Krauss surely should help to make a stone wall out of our veteran line.

Speaking of golden locks reminds us that Nenow has returned. "Hap" put up a good game last year in almost every game in which he entered, and he should do as much and more this season.

Skean, too, is here. He trained for the season as a life saver at Coney. We have a distinct picture in our minds of Skean playing against F. & M. last year. Three dead sure tackles in a row was his performance, when Bull sent him in. It sounds bright for our secondary defence, with Bixler and Reissner and Skean all waiting to nab such unfortunates as break through the line.

A surprise met us the other day when Bill Scott showed up in togs. It might incidentally be mentioned that Bill did not come labelled "handle with care." In other words, Scotty is one of those fellows who can scrap a whole four quarters and then ask when the game is going to start. It has a pleasant sound and Bill gets the glad hand for fair.

Last, but largest of all, Dicker has arrived. For three years opposite right guard has been Snyder's name. With his weight down to working size, faster than he has ever been, and his old-time determination, Snyder is going to shine this year.

Besides these "M" men, Leisey is putting up a good fight at end. We have seen Leisey work and he is no ordinary player. Reissner, the star of Williamson's exceptional team, is playing a fine game at quarter. Practically all of last year's scrubs are on deck helping whip the 'Varsity into shape.

For the benefit of those who have not seen last year's Clarla, we will publish the schedule of the season:

Sept. 27—Carlisle Indians. There.

Oct. 7—New York University. There.

Oct. 14—Williamson Trade. Here.



Nenow



Skean



Scott



Savarnal



Bixler



Snyder

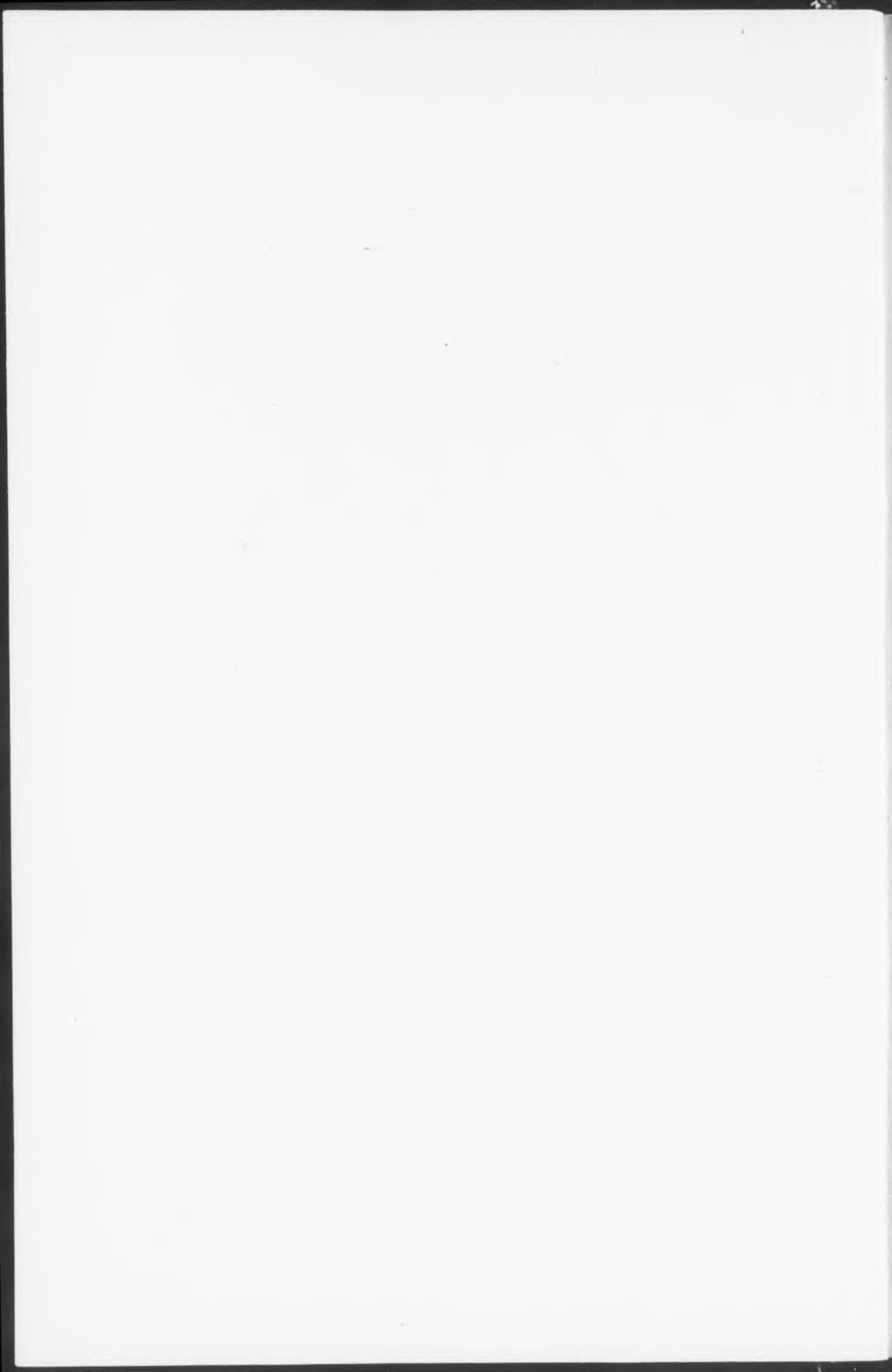


Flexer



Krauss

A Fine Nucleus Around Which To Build a Team.



Oct. 21—Gettysburg. There.
 Oct. 28—Delaware State. Here.
 Nov. 4—Lebanon Valley. Here.
 Nov. 11—F. & M. Here.
 Nov. 18—Catholic University of America. Here.
 Nov. 30—Carlisle Seconds. Here.
 Stiff? Slightly. Too stiff? Not so you can notice it.

The Bowl Fight.

came off on the 15th. At 3.30 both classes came on the base ball field, half naked, covered with grease. Nenow, '14, and Reissner, '15, were the bowl men. Five minutes were taken out at the start to allow Nenow to make a speech to the Sophs. While Hap was disturbing the atmosphere the Fresh outlined a defence. When Capt. Nenow signified his readiness, the Freshmen were formed in two lines. The first period resulted in a tie, as the second line of Freshmen fully protected Reissner. However, in the second half, experience told, and 1914 won, 20 hands to 12. An unfortunat incident was a temporary disablement of Reissner, who was caught under the bowl. Leisy acted as Sophomore bowlman this half. Fink and Groff were the officials, and Coach Kelly counted the hands.

Sophs Beat Fresh 27-0.

The day after the bowl fight the Soph-Fresh game resulted in the above score. Nenow, Leisey and Flexer all showed up well for 1914, while Reissner was the redeeming feature of the light and raw Freshmen aggregation. The line-up was as follows:

1915.		1914.
Jenkins	L. E.	Zeimer
Dietz	L. T.	Flexer (Cook)
McAdden	L. G.	Leidel
Stultzenbach	C.	Fetheroff
Yiengst	R. G.	Kidd
Marks	R. T.	Bucks (Crouthamel)
Smelzer	R. E.	Phillips
Keiter	Q. B.	Nenow (Leisey)
Schmoyer	L. H. B.	Taylor
Reissner (Capt.)	R. H. B.	Leisey (Nenow, Capt.)
Walters	F. B.	Cook (Flexer)

Touchdowns—Flexer, Nenow, Taylor, Leisey, 2. Goals from touchdowns—Leisey, 2. Referee—Savacool, '12. Umpire—Snyder, '12. Field Judge—Kelly.



Philips, '14, who is enjoying a set of tennis with Taylor, '14—Are you ready?

Taylor:—Stop calling me names.

Notes and Jottings.

Schilling, last year's end and sub fullback, was tried out at half-back in the Lafayette E. S. S. N. S. game Sept. 28. Although he remained in but a few minutes he made a couple of spectacular tackles.

"Roomy" Groff begins to look good.

Katz is working with his usual energy and we wish him luck.

Loser, Lebanon Valley's full back has entered Muhlenberg as a Junior, and is putting up a strong bid for the team.

Cressman is now being worked at quarter. If you have the blues go out and watch Kelly's war dance for stiff muscles. It's worth while.

For a while it looked like Bill Scott would wear the cardinal and grey again, but he was not able to arrange to re-enter this fall.

The Soph line-up looks like a school of etiquette program. "Sure, you can play this position if you wish to." Some all around training, all right.

If you want to help the school give Bill Katz some foot ball songs. They will certainly be appreciated. (P. S.)—The music need not be original.

Fink, a former "M" man, is out again.

Christy Quinn has become a full fledged chemist, and will not be able to bump Carlisle again.

Why did the Public Ledger, of Philadelphia, place a notice of "Dead animals promptly removed" on the page devoted to foot ball? Cruel, sweetheart, cruel!



What the Alumni Owe the College

By Dr. J. A. W. Haas.



HE continued growth and advancement of a college can never be fully guaranteed by the excellence of the work done or the standard of scholarship maintained. The progress of the college depends very largely upon the interest and the loyalty of its Alumni. Every alumnus has received from his alma mater much more than all that he has given in tuition, even from the purely financial point of view. But who can measure the impetus given to personal character and the inspiration furnished for life through contact with the professors and through fellowship with students? In return an alumnus ought to give to his college the return which true gratitude prompts a real man to give.

This return can be made, first of all, by taking a living interest in all that the college does. This interest must rest on information and it is therefore the duty of a true alumnus not only to receive such knowledge as the college itself furnishes, but also to keep in touch with what the student body is thinking and planning. No college can live and thrive with an indifferent body of alumni who must be constantly prodded, and who take no pains to know what their alma mater is doing.

Again, it is the duty of an alumnus to speak well of the institution which gave him his education. Every alumnus should be a constant agent to keep his college before young men. It has been found frequently that the greatest success and increase in numbers is only obtained wherever every alumnus or a large number are on the lookout for men who will bring to the college what it needs. The Muhlenberg alumni have too constantly allowed the college itself to do all its advertising. They have not had the courage at all times to stand up for their institution. Especially when a college makes progress it needs the earnest support of every man.

Another duty of the alumni is to be present, even at a sacrifice, at college functions and at student games. A body of alumni is a mighty help to those who in authority are laboring hard to advance the cause of the college. The presence of alumni among the students, and a living interest in what moves student life reacts mightily upon the student body.

When alumni begin thus to co-operate they will also gather in enthusiastic meetings. The day is coming when only the man who speaks well of his institution will be given recognition. The ingrate and the critic will be eliminated by the enthusiastic loyalty of a college's true sons. Where such loyalty exists, alumni will support college activities of every kind with pleasure. They will plan and help the president in advancing the financial interests; they will search out men of means and aid the college in interesting them in its work. It is to such a day that we look forward, and we call on all loyal sons of Muhlenberg to stand by her work, and to advance her cause!

“Ich bin Dein”

(A review of the languages.)

In tempus old a hero lived
Qui loved puellas deux,
He ne pouvait pas quite to say
Which one amabat mieux.

Dit-il lui-meme un beau matin
Non possum both avoir,
Sed si address Amanda Ann
Then Kate and I have War.

Amanda habet argent coin
Sed Kate has aureas curls
Et both sint very agathae
Et quite formusa girls.

Enfin the youthful anthropos
Philoun the duo maids
Resolved proponere to Kate
Devant cet evening shades.

Procedens then to Kates domo
Il trouve Amanda there
Kai quite forgot his late resolve
Both sunt so goodly fair.

Sed smiling on the new tapis
Between puellas twain
Coepit to tell his love to Kate
Dans un poetique strain.

Mais glancing ever and anon
At fair Amandas eyes
Illae non possunt dicere
Pro which he meant his sighs.

Each virgo heard the semi-vow
With cheeks as rouge as wine
And offerios each a milk white hand,
Both whispered: "Ich bin Dein."

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

Now that we have an established department of the Student Y. M. C. A. we can all of us feel a gratified sense that Muhlenberg has made another worthy addition to her college institution. The college Y. M. C. A. is one of the big factors in collegiate and university life at the present day and there are few colleges or universities in the country that are without a branch of this association. Ours was formed last year under the leadership of a committee appointed by the student body. A constitution was adopted and a cabinet elected at that time to serve for this year. This cabinet, consisting of the officers of the association and the chairman of committees constitute the governing board of our Y. M. C. A. The officers elected at that time to begin this year's work were: President, Paul H. Krauss; Vice President, J. Conrad Seegers; Secretary, S. J. Henry; Treasurer, Henry J. Fry. The other members of the cabinet are Ernest J. Reiter, chairman of social work committee; Wm. L. Katz, chairman of Religious work committee; John I. Merk, chairman of student employment committee, and Dr. Haas, ex-officio.

Thursday morning, September 21, a membership campaign was instituted at the chapel session and some sixty men signed their names as members of the first Young Men's Christian Association at Muhlenberg College. The cabinet has issued standard membership tickets. These tickets are certificates of membership in the house association, with all attendant privileges, and will assure the holder a warm welcome at any Y. M. C. A. in the country and certain "visiting" privileges at any Y. M. C. A.

The cabinet is now at work planning a series of meetings, Bible classes and various other activities, the program for which will be announced within a few days.

Reception to the New Men.

To an accompaniment of inspiring speeches, rattling good "talks," thunderous cheers and yells, and spirited songs, mixed in unalloyed good fellowship under the mellowing influence of the "soothing weed" the glad hand of welcome was given to the new men by the Y. M. C. A. Friday evening, September 23d.

The first part of the program was given in Euterpea Hall, where the guests of honor made cordial speeches of welcome to the new men. Mr. Lawrence Rupp, Esq., a Muhlenberg alumnus of 1902, speaking in behalf of the city at large; Rev. A. Steimle speaking in behalf of the churches of Allentown, and our own Dr. Haas adding a personal vote of welcome to his previous greeting. Then the entire meeting was adjourned to Sophronia Hall, where, for the rest of the evening, good fellowship reigned supreme. Each of the professors was called on in turn and each of them administered a mixture of sound advice and felicitous pleasantly to the admiring "wearers of the green." Ice cream and

several piles of pretzels vanished under the manfull assault of the men, and the room was hazed over the entire evening with a misty film of fragrant smoke from the constant pipe smoking of the evening.

The only regret felt by those present was that a good number of men were not there to participate in the pleasure and to imbibe some of the splendid spirit evinced in the strong earnest speeches and enthusing yells and songs. Each man there left with a finer and better college spirit and true sense of responsibility as newly elected college men.

A Senior's Plea.

"Dear father, once you said, my son
To manhood you have grown;
Make others trust you, trust yourself,
And learn to stand alone!"

"Now, father, soon I graduate
And those who long have shown
How well they trust me, want their pay,
And I can stand a loan."—Ex.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

"Papa, what is a safety match?"

Mr. Henpeck (looking carefully around to see if his wife was within hearing distance)—A safety match, son, is when a baldheaded man marries an armless woman.—Ex.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Teacher—On what day did Caesar defeat the greatest number?

Pupil—I guess it must have been on examination day.—Ex.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Never laugh at a man because he has a pug nose. There is no telling what may turn up.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Bixler, '13:—What's good for water on the knee?

Leisey, '14:—Wear pumps.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

For the edification of the "fresh" we would make it known that the exclamation "Whoops my deah" is the answer to the question "what goes 'round a barrel?" In the same way "woops my deah" may be derived from the interrogation—"who built the subway?"

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

"Dame Rumor" has it that the Sophomore alarm clocks have been working overtime since college started. In their anxiety to apprehend the "fresh" in the act of putting of posters, the Sophs keep relays of men down town until the wee sma' hours. Oh! you sweet suspense.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Ho! for the Fair. There were also many fair visitors at college during the past week. No names will be mentioned.

Alumni Notes.



THE following notes concerning the meeting of the Alumni Association and the events of Alumni Day last June, during commencement week, may be of interest.

The meeting of the Alumni Association was a busy session although only fairly well attended. The class of 1911 was received into membership. A committee will be appointed by the president to procure the co-operation of all former non-graduates asking them to become associate members. Another committee will be appointed to revise the constitution and by-laws.

An important suggestion deems it advisable to secure a man of national reputation to address the members of the Alumni Association at the annual meetings.

The discussion centered upon the appointment of a committee to secure the co-operation of all the graduated classes of Muhlenberg to hold annual banquets or reunions at commencement time. It is the desire of the committee, which is to be appointed later, that no less than six classes hold these reunions each year either biennial, triennial or quadrennial. The committee will be asked to take immediate action to start this movement.

For the alumni dinner quite a number of members gathered in the basement and enjoyed a meal served by Mrs. Church. The Board of Trustees and the faculty were seated at one table while the members were seated together according to their classes. Harry C. Kline, of Bethlehem, of the class of '94, made a capital toastmaster. He called upon President Haas, who spoke of the mighty hopes of Muhlenberg. He briefly outlined the object of Muhlenberg College to educate men in such a manner that their hearts will look toward the living God.

Excellent toasts followed by Rev. Dr. Theodore Schmauck, of Lebanon; Rev. Dr. E. T. Horn, of Reading; Rev. C. M. Jacobs, Dr. Edgar Shimer, of New York; Attorney Lawrence H. Rupp, Prof. Reese, Rev. E. S. Woodring, Rev. H. I. Nicholas.

Prof. Reese announced that the college felt that it was not right to have only a small portion of the student body trained physically so the physical director's work was coupled with that of trainer for the field. For this position Thomas Kelly, of Chicago, who was a tackle on the Chicago University team and a full back while in prep, has been secured.

The afternoon, as usual, was devoted to various sports, which have marked the commencement season for many years.



Freshman—Professor, is it ever possible to take the greater from the less?

Professor—There is a pretty close approach to it when the conceit is taken out of freshmen.—Ex.

Alumni Personals.

1870. Some months ago Rev. S. A. Ziegenfuss, D. D., resigned the pastorate of St. Michael's Church, Philadelphia, and removed to Ambler.

1878. Dr. Herbert H. Herbst, one of Allentown's best-known practitioner's died Sept. 18, in the University of Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia.

1878. On June 9, Dr. Charles L. Fry, of Catasauqua, celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his ordination into the ministry and the twentieth anniversary of his marriage. Twenty years of the thirty were spent in Lancaster, where he was the pastor of Trinity Church. For a number of years he has been the pastor of Holy Trinity Church, Catasauqua.

1887. In a series entitled "Monographs on Topics of Modern Mathematics," published by Longmans, Green, & Co., we find one treatise entitled "The Algebraic Equation" by Prof. G. A. Miller, Ph. D., Professor of Mathematics in the University of Illinois,

1892. Rev. U. S. G. Bertolet has accepted the call of the Lutheran Board of Home Missions of the General Council as field missionary for Philadelphia. He will continue as pastor of Trinity Church, Chester, until early fall. Rev. Bertolet was graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1892 and is married to Miss Hattie Blank, of Allentown.

1895. Rev. Frederick C. Krapf has removed from Elizabeth, N. J., to Palmyra, Pa.

1896. Rev. Paul Zeller Strodach has resigned as pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, Canton, Ohio, the resignation to go into effect on the first Sunday in Advent, December 3rd, 1911. Pastor Strodach has served Trinity Church about four years, having gone there from Washington, Pa. He was the first pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Easton.

Rev. and Mrs. Fred. E. Cooper and family, of Lima, O., are on a visit to their relatives in this section. Rev. Cooper recently accepted a call to the pastorate of a Lutheran Church at Milwaukee, and, after a short stay at Lima, will leave to take charge of his new congregation. He is a son of the Rev. C. J. Cooper, D. D., of this city. Rev. John Richards, of Lancaster, Pa., has accepted a call to the pulpit vacated by Rev. Cooper.

1901. Prior to their departure for Europe, Mrs. C. J. Erdman, widow of former Congressman Constantine Erdman, announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Constance Erdman, to the Rev. John Howard Woerth, of Pittsburg. Mr. Woerth is a graduate of Muhlenberg College and of the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mount Airy.

1906. Luther O. Pfeuger is studying German in the University of Erlangen.

Clarence C. Keiser, fellow in Semitics at Yale, spent the summer in Europe, sightseeing and studying Semitics at the University of Leipsig.

Preston A. Barba who received the Doctor's degree in Germanic at the University of Pennsylvania, in June, has won the Rhoads Fellowship and is spending the year in research work at the University of Berlin. Dr. Barba won in succession at the University of Pennsylvania, a Harrison Scholarship, a Fellowship and a Research Fellowship.

1907. The marriage of Mr. Oliver W. Nickum was announced early in the summer.

With impressive services in Trinity Lutheran Church, Reading, Rev. Edward Traill Horn Jr., of that city, was commissioned as a missionary to Japan by his father, Rev. Dr. E. T. Horn, who is the pastor of Trinity congregation and is also the president of the board of foreign missions of the general council and president of the Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania.

Rev. Horn, the new missionary, was graduated from Muhlenberg College with the class of 1907 with first honors. After his Muhlenberg course he secured a master of arts degree at Yale, studying history and English. Graduating at Mt. Airy Seminary last June, he was ordained as a minister at the meeting of the Lutheran Ministerium at Lancaster the same month.

The engagement of the young missionary was recently announced and prior to his leaving for Japan, on October 17, he will wed Miss Laura Rossiter, of Fox Chase. She will accompany him to Japan.

At the services in Reading, there were fifteen Lutheran clergymen present from the Reading congregations. In addition there were present Rev. Dr. J. A. W. Haas, of Muhlenberg College; Rev. George Drach, secretary of the board of foreign missions; and Rev. William M. Horn, a brother of the young missionary and pastor of the Church of the Advent, New York City.

Rev. Dr. Haas preached the sermon on the "Central Missionary Message," Rev. Dr. Horn delivered the commission and the response was made by the missionary. Rev. Drach lead the prayer and Rev. William Horn pronounced the benediction closing a service that it is said has never been paralleled in the history of the Lutheran Church in this country.

1908. We learn that Mr. Harry L. Y. Seyler has accepted a charge at Elizabeth, N. J. Messrs. Paules, Ruch and Weaver, who were graduated from Mt. Airy Seminary in the same year with Mr. Seyler, have accepted these charges respectively: Hilltown and South Perkasio, Yonkers, N. Y., and Spring City, Pa. Mr. Alfred W. Stump's charge is Washingtonville, Pa.

Mr. Ralph H. Schatz received the degree of bachelor of law from the University of Pennsylvania, last June. In his course he stood one of the seven highest in a class of 65.

1909. Mr. James H. S. Bossard who has been doing most creditable graduate work in history at the University of Pennsylvania, is the new instructor in our Department of History.

Mr. Ralph R. Rudolph a student in the Lutheran Seminary, at Gettysburg, spent the summer in ministerial work in the mountains of West Virginia. He had charge of six churches.

Mr. J. Warren Fritsch, of North Fourteenth Street, who last year, as assistant principal, was in charge of the department of languages in the High School at Perkasio, Bucks County, has been re-elected to the same position for the coming term.

1909. Allen W. Butz, student in the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania, and formerly with the Morning Call, has gone to Worcester, Mass., where he has secured a traveling salesmanship.

1910. Mr. Tanaka, who spent the year after graduation in graduate work in chemistry at Brown University, was a welcome visitor during commencement week. Mr. Tanaka has recently been called back to Japan by the sickness of his father.

Mr. G. Howard Gehinger is the Associate Principal of the Haynes—McLean School at Lewisburg, Tenn. He is teaching Latin, Greek and German.

1911. It is a pleasure to report that the Class of 1911, is going to give the college seventy-five dollars a year for the purchase of books for the library.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Wilson, of No. 130 West Greenwich Street, Reading, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Edith L. Wilson, to Warren L. Eberts, son of Eva D. and the late Rev. Edwin H. Eberts, of Bethlehem, West Side. No date has been set for the wedding. Mr. Eberts was graduated from Muhlenberg College in June last, and has been elected as additional teacher of the Bethlehem High School.

Others. One of the most important men in President Taft's touring party is Dr. Thomas L. Rhoads, of Boyertown, who is the President's personal physician on the 13,000-mile trip.

Dr. Rhoads is a brother-in-law of Postmaster J. Herbert Kohler, of this city.

Dr. Rhoads is the son of Dr. Thos. J. B. Rhoads, of Boyertown, where the former spent his younger days. He attended the schools there and later graduated from the High School at Pottstown. He then entered Muhlenberg College, where he prepared for Jefferson Medical College, which institution conferred upon him the degree of M. D. Shortly after leaving the medical college he entered the army and now holds the rank of Major. He is assigned to the Walter Reed General Hospital at Tacoma Park, a suburb of Washington, D. C.



Of all mean words
That people know
The meanest are
"I told you so."—Ex.

Personals.



Just a word about this department. Our policy will be the same as that pursued in former years, but we want and need your hearty co-operation. The editor of this department is neither omniscient nor omnipresent so, of necessity, most of the material reaches him thru other hands. We have a system of efficient reporters this year who have kindly consented to assist the department, but even they cannot cover all the vast territory on and about the campus. Join the crowd and let us hear from you occasionally. Right here we want to make a plea for originality. "Daffydils," puns and "near-jokes," will be excluded until further notice. There have been many floods of wit about college in the past, let them continue and remember always:

"Tis to Laugh."

Promptly at 10 a. m., on Tuesday September 12th, college was formally opened. The address for the occasion was delivered by Rev. Kaler, of Buffalo, N. Y., and was extremely interesting. It was very gratifying to note the large number of Alumni who were present not only in person but accompanied by young men from their respective localities, whom they had brought here for the purpose of entering college. We take this means of showing our appreciation of their interest in old Muhlenberg.

Among the men who have registered this year there are: Messrs. E. Loser, of Harrisburg, Pa.; Paul Loser, of Annville, Pa.; and J. H. Kunkle, of Kresgeville, who will enter the Junior class, and W. C. Philips, of Shoemakersville, Pa.; who has joined the Sophomores in their pursuit of knowledge.

The following are conspicuous by the "wearing of the green:" F. E. Sermulin, Boston, Mass.; E. H. Stolzenbach, Lima, O.; E. R. Keiter, Allentown, Pa.; G. D. Marks, Allentown, Pa.; H. L. Snyder, Zionsville, Pa.; F. A. Hemsath, Bethlehem, Pa.; H. W. Dubbs, Emaus,

Pa.; M. R. Koons, Allentown, Pa.; H. MacAdam, Catasauqua, Pa.; H. W. Smeltzer, Reading, Pa.; R. C. Walter, Allentown, Pa.; A. Seidel, Reading, Pa.; W. W. Jenkins, Scranton, Pa.; N. W. Geiss, Kutztown, Pa.; H. B. Fahl, Reading, Pa.; Walter Reisner, Millersville, Pa.; H. Bagger, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. W. Early, Reading, Pa.; W. Freihofer, Philadelphia, Pa.; Thos. Dietz, Bangor, Pa.; P. L. Royer, Rathsville, Pa.; Levi Yingst, Lebanon, Pa.; E. Moyer, Perkasio, Pa.; W. L. Werner, Lebanon, Pa.; N. R. Kaufman, Lima, Ohio; Martin Brassman, Womelsdorf, Pa.; E. Frederick, Allentown, Pa.; A. Ettinger, Mt. Bethel, Pa.; William Heilman, Kutztown, Pa.; Floyd Wagner, White Haven, Pa.; Harold Laury, Perkasio, Pa.; Reuben Miller, Easton, Pa.; J. M. Freed, Perkasio, Pa.; Richard Smoyer, Allentown, Pa.; Howard Kistler, Allentown, Pa.; Nevin T. Loch, Switzer, Pa.; M. S. Young, Allentown, Pa.; Ralph Merkle, Allentown, Pa.; Edwin Fluck, Allentown, Pa.; Ernest Longkammer, Catasauqua, Pa.



We heartily welcome the new men. May they rapidly acquire the love of these halls and surroundings, which always distinguishes a Muhlenberg man.



The old landmarks, "Billy" Wagner and the "Squire," are still on deck. What would we do without them, fellows?



Reisner, '10, and Wunder, Barringer, Wolper, Eberts and Butz, all of 1911, spent several days with the fellows and looked over the football squad.



Cupid has again wrought havoc among the members of the Faculty. This time the victim is our esteemed Alumni Editor Prof. Horn. We wish a long and happy married life to both his good spouse and himself. For further information see the Alumni Department.



There are two new Professors, in the persons of Messrs. Simpson and Bossard, under the critical eye of the student body. Good luck to them both. They surely have the right idea.



A Jewish clothes dealer could have reaped a harvest after the bowl fight. It is rumored that the "discards" will be devoted to "Sweet Charity."



Well we've all seen Coach Kelly, and maybe he don't have "the goods." Since the coach can't play the whole game "It is up to us" to show the sporting and supporting goods. Push it along! Do you get me?



The word that he speaks is the man himself—Carlyle. "Pop" favored us with another of his characteristic speeches at the first student mass meeting and sounded a call for football men.

The slogan is: "WORK, WORK! WORK." Keep your eye on Kelly's "pets."

SUCCESS TO THEM ALL.

Paul F. Kerstetter ex '13, is spending a few days with us preparatory to resuming his studies at Jefferson Medical College.

Chas. L. Grant, '11, will enter Chicago Seminary in the near future.

Charles Coleman, '12, has entered Franklin and Marshall.

Otto C. Janke, '13, is teaching school at Jersey Shore, N. J.

Ralph Holben, '13, has entered Franklin and Marshall.

Arthur N. Butz, '11, has gone to Princeton Seminary.

Raymond Ammarell, '11, has enrolled at Columbia University.

John Bauman, '11, has enrolled at Lehigh in the Civil Engineering Course.

Stewart, '11, is instructor in the Science Department at Johnston High School.

Messrs. Barringer and Wolper have enrolled at Mount Airy Seminary.



The High Exalted Order of Aluminum Hot Air Distributors held their first reunion last Monday evening. "Rotes Gesicht" occupied the chair and also a few square feet in the immediate neighborhood. It was decided to hold a banquet in the near future to which "John D.," and other financiers were to be invited. A committee was appointed to look after the publication of the Break 'em and Beat 'em Journal.



Yeow! Are you "seek?"

Skean 191?—Have you ever eaten Jewish ice cream

Krause '12:—No. I bite. What is it?

Skean:—Ice cream cones (Cohen's).



Senior:— The Muhlenberg brewery should be managed exclusively by Muhlenberg graduates.

Junior:— Yes, they could make good use of track men, especially of a hurdler to look over the shipments of hops.



REMEMBER FELLOWS.

Little D's in Math

Little D's in French

Often make the football player

Sit upon the bench.

A TRADEGY AVERTED.

"Granny" while preparing dinner the other day discovered that she had neglected to purchase enough meat for the "huskies" at the training table so calleding Blatt who was loafing in the nearby landscape, she sent frank-fer-ter get some.

Soph:— What did the fellow say that expected sausage for supper?

Fresh: Search me.

Soph:— The wurst is yet to come.

CYNICAL?



Women are a cheap lot as has often been proven. After reading the story of our ancestors in the garden of Eden some wise guy was heard to remark that Eve only cost Adam one "bone."



Reception to the New Men at Muhlenberg College.

The new arrivals at Muhlenberg College were given a reception by the students in the Y. M. C. A., on the evening of September 22nd, 1911. Lawrence Rupp Esq. opened the affair with a speech bristling with sound advice to the new men and he made them feel at home in the town and school, which will be their abode for the next four years.

Rev. Stiemle welcomed the newcomers on behalf of the Church and Dr. Haas did the same in behalf of the school. A smoker and luncheon followed with gridiron speeches by Coach Kelly and "Pop" Reese. Enthusiasm ran riot. Dr. Wackernagel the grand old man of Muhlenberg and others of the faculty were called upon to make short and appropriate addresses. College yells and songs completed a most enjoyable evening.



Exchange



With this issue another staff begins its work. It is the desire of the editor of this department that any criticisms that might be made during the term of office may be taken in the spirit in which they are given. As this is the first issue of the monthly, and few exchanges have come to his desk, no criticisms or favorable comment shall be made this issue.

I'd like to make a date with you,
For figs I do not care,
Altho we really cantelope
We two can make a pear.—Ex.



"Now, Willie, you know I told you not to go in swimming, and yet you have been in the water."

"I know it ma, but Satan tempted me."

"And why did you not tell Satan to get behind you?"

"I did, and he kicked me in."—Ex.



Mr. Addison says that Adam and Eve were gamblers because they shook a paradise. Granting that if a cat has nine lives has a



Snow is white and coal is black,
When your pants are loose, pull in the slack.—Ex.

He sipped from her lips the nectar
As under the moon they sat
And wondered if ever another man
Had drunk from a mug like that.—Ex.



Dear Editor:

If Venus took a walk, and the radiator would he be gladiator? And
if she wouldn't come up, could a shoemaker?

Officer, he's in again!

Amen. Percy pass the parsnips, please!—Ex.



JUST GIRLS.

One can admire a girl at the same time for her modesty and her
cheek.

No girl is more than 50 per cent as pretty as she thinks she is.
The alarm a girl feels when kissed is generally a still alarm.
Warm love will melt some girls; it takes cold cash to melt others.
A pretty girl is not so sure, that ought not to judge by appearances.
It is easier for a girl to be vain without being pretty than to be
pretty without being vain.

When you lay your heart at a girl's feet she expects you to put
a ring on her finger.

The girl who delights in keeping a man on the rack may find her-
self later on the shelf.—Ex.



O the gay and festive Freshman
Has appeared upon the scene
Tis not the monster, "Jealousy"
That makes him look so green,
Tis not the fumes of rum
That gives his nose that ruddy glare,
For the boy has caught the fever;
From the hayseed in his hair.



"Laugh and the teacher laughs with you
Laugh and you laugh alone.
First, when the joke is the teacher's
Second, when the joke is your own."—Ex.



Poetry:—Count that day lost whose low descending sun, voices
from thy hand no worthy action done.

Business:—Count that day lost, whose low descending sun, finds
at thy hands no fellow mortal done.



Man learns in two ways—By doing and by being done.

She fell in love with him when she saw him hoeing corn, sort
of a hoe-beau, eh?—Ex.

"A thimble," answered little Emerson, is a diminutive truncated cone, convex at its apex, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations."

If is is is, and was was was, is is was, or was was is, or is was is, or was is was.

Teacher:—Tommy, why are you scratching your head?

Tommy:—Because I'm the only one that knows where it ichs.—Ex.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Teacher:—Why is a three legged stool stronger than a four legged one?

Student (a sport):—Because three of a kind beat two pair.—Ex.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

She, who wrote that song "There's only one girl in the world for me."

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

He, Adam I suppose.—Ex.

Husband (speaking to wife):—"Come to me little chick!"

Wife's mother (fanning herself vigorously):—You've a polite way of calling me an old hen.—Ex.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

"You say the cook assaulted you?" inquired the judge.

"He did—kicked me, your honor."

"Where did he kick you?"

"In the pantry!"—Ex.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Lives of bachelors all remind us
We can make our lives the same
And departing leave behind us
No cross kids to bear our names.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

A maid, a man, a fan,
A seat upon a stair
A stolen kiss, six weeks of bliss
And forty years of care.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Said A 2 B
I C U R
Inclined 2 B A J
Said B 2 A
Ur mind I see
Shows signs of slight D K

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Little Johnny Burns
Sits upon a stove
Little Johnny Burns
Little Johnny Burns
Didn't go to Heaven
Little Johnny Burns.

Ancient history puzzles me
I never could see why
After all the reigns we've had
It still should be so dry.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than loved—been married, and then bossed.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Teacher—What is the equator?

Pupil—A menagine lion running around the earth.—Ex.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Judge—What is the verdict of the jury?

Foreman of Jury—Your honor, the jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane.—Ex.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

SO HERE'S HOPING.

Now I lay me down to rest
To study I have done my best;
If I should die before I wake
Then I'll have no exams to take."—Ex

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

The milkmaid known in former days
If plain, was not unbearable,
And often won the poets praise,
But the milk made now is terrible.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Father—My son, every time you are bad I get another gray hair.

Bright Son—Say, you must have been a corker; look at grandpa.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Mother—Why, Bobby, why are you feeding the baby yeast?

Bobby—Bohoo! she swallowed my fifty cents and I am trying to raise the dough.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Grandmother—When your grandfather was courting me he always kissed me on the brow.

Granddaughter—If a man kissed me on the brow I'd just call him down a little bit.—Ex.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Old Gent—I want to get copies of your paper for a week back.

Editor—Hadn't you better try a porous plaster.—Ex.

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The Editor's Sanctum

Autumn is here. The October issue of the "Muhlenberg" is out, a great subscription campaign is drawing to a close, and it is with a great deal of pleasure that the staff of the "Muhlenberg" announces that it will be able to give its subscribers, a good, newsy, snappy up-to-date college monthly during the coming year.

Every alumnus of our college was sent an issue of the September "Muhlenberg," together with a letter in which we expressed our desire of publishing a monthly that would be a credit to our institution. Many alumni responded, but many more who should have, have not. On Muhlenberg Day, every alumnus present at the celebration on the college campus, was heartily reminded of his duty toward the "Muhlenberg." Many subscribed then, and many more promised a response as soon as they returned home, many evidently living thousands of miles away.

But it is to that large majority of alumni from whom we have had no response whatever, that we appeal. The publication of the Muhlenberg should be a two sided proposition; to publish a good monthly we must have the financial support of our alumni. If the alumni would only appreciate what a good college monthly would mean to their Alma Mater, as well as to themselves, then without a doubt, that dollar for a year's subscription would not be so slow in forthcoming.

Alumni, your Alma Mater is making great strides in the collegiate world. Our Scholarship is recognized the country over. Our Athletics have advanced a class in the last few weeks. Shall we leave the Muhlenberg drag on? Scholarship, and athletics boost any institution and they are helping us wonderfully, but what advertisement counts more for a classical institution than the publication of a good, snappy college monthly. Our literary productions either raise or lower our standard. Its financial support we need. Help us in finance and we will give you a monthly such as an institution like Muhlenberg deserves.

A College Commons



DISCUSSION on this subject would be far more suitable under the category of "Neglected Opportunities at Muhlenberg," than to occupy the place of an editorial in our college monthly. Should Muhlenberg have a common mess hall. She certainly should, and everybody interested in our college is of the same opinion, but everybody's afraid to tackle the proposition. It's not necessarily a matter of donating the college \$15,000, fine as that would be, but it's a business proposition, a splendid investment. To have a fine \$10,000 building placed in the grove between the dorms and the main building, having a spacious sitting room for the fellows to loaf in before and after meals, a neat dining room and an up to date kitchen would be an invaluable addition to our college. Let's see what it would mean to the college if we had it.

Every student's board bill would be reduced at least 50 cents. How? The dorm students support three boarding houses. By so doing they pay the wages of twelve people, the rents on three houses, and the coal, light and heat bills of these three houses, or a total of about \$4,000 a year. If we had our Commons this \$4,000 would be \$1,000, since we would have no rent, no heat and no light to pay. In other words we pay \$3,000 unnecessary money for our board. Q. E. D.

It would foster good college spirit. It would bring the fellows closer together, it would do away with the segregating tendencies of our boarding houses and it would help to cut out various factions; in other words it would make our student body a unit.

It would give the fellow, who wishes to earn his way through college a chance to earn his board.

We could without the least trouble, whatever, run a satisfactory training table.

It would make it much handier for the fellows. No more running up and down the hill, down to the fair grounds and back on a rainy, or disagreeable day for a meal.

We would be able to get a diet on which we could study. Our regular boarding house diet is entirely too heavy.

The Athletic Association would save money. Instead of having a visiting team board down town at one of the hotels, it would be handier, cheaper and more satisfactory to have them eat on the college grounds.

The fact that Muhlenberg had a "Commons" would make her more up-to-date, it would improve the looks of our campus, and be a great improvement to the college in general.

"Let's Cut Out Hazing"

There was a time at Muhlenberg, when tradition demanded that the Sophomore Class must haze every member of the Freshman Class, whether the poor fellow deserved it or not. Remnants of that tradition still remain, but indiscriminate hazing at Muhlenberg is gradually dying a natural death. It is a good thing. The student body thinks it is, and consequently an article to that effect was placed in the constitution of the Student Organization. This naturally makes the opening days of college rather monotonous, and there seems to be an unconscious cry for the return of the old custom.

In order to be a good Sophomore, you must be a good Freshman, and to be a good Freshman, you must be made to realize that you are a Freshman. Indiscriminate hazing dare not be tolerated. To get a fellow out of bed at 2 a. m., run him over to the main building, dose him with flour and molasses, and then take him down to the creek to wash it off, is nothing less than barbarous, and it interferes with football. But the old custom would be a good one if the barbarous elements were eliminated. It helps to make a Freshman.

Could we not formulate a new procedure in which we would eliminate the barbarity of hazing, but retain its valuable elements. Would a clause in our constitution to this effect cover the ground. The Sophomore Class may give the Freshman Class an initial reception subject to the following rules:

1. Reception must take place before October 1st.
2. It must take place between the hours, 1 to 5 p. m.
3. A program of proceedings must be submitted to the student council who may reject any stunts from the program which they think out of order.
4. The faculty and student body shall receive invitations at least three days before the reception takes place.



"The Battle with the Books."

No doubt the reader of this article has many a time hunted high and low for a book in our library hall. First he doubted whether the book was in the library, and consequently his first day's work was to dig through the catalogue of his own library. The book was not on record. Next he hunted it up in his sister library. The book was not there recorded. At this point the average man would give up the search, but it happens that after a renewal of ambition, the book is found recorded in the College Library Catalogue. After a patient search the book is found, the number of this book being a multiple of seven.

The above exaggeration explains the object of this editorial; much needed reform in our library systems. Why not throw three libraries into one large college library, recatalogue the whole business, throw out

some of our relics, published in 1789, and have the whole under the supervision of one librarian, who is able to spend the greater part of his time in the library? By doing this the library would be open the greater part of the time, if a book were in the library, you could place it in a few minutes, it would save the societies the trouble of electing librarians and assistant librarians and of a new presedent of appointing a library committe every six weeks, it would prevent duplicating of books in our library, and if each society would appropriate a certain fixed sum each year for the purchase of new books, we would have more new books in a year's time than have been purchased in the last four years. There are certain things in our college that have fallen into a rut, its hard work to dig them out, but if college men can't dig them out, who will? Fellows, let's get on the job, and put our library on a systematic basis.



Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg



ONE of the most noiable gatherings of Lutheran clergymen and laymen that ever assembled in this country attended the historical celebration of the 200th, anniversary of the birth of Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg, held in Allentown, Thursday, October 12th, 1911, under the auspices of Muhlenberg College. Of all the observances of the bi-centennary of the birth of Muhlenberg, this one at the college which bears his name, was the most pretentious.

The Patriarch of the Lutheran Church, in America was born in Germany, September 6, 1711, and came to America well equipped as a preacher to fight for faith, and also fully equipped to fight with the continental forces, for when the pressure against the English Government became too great he told his congregation that there is a time for preaching the Gospel and also a time for fighting. At the same time the militant preacher threw off his cassock and revealed himself in the uniform of a Continental soldier.

In addition to the great array of Lutheran notables present, there were representatives from various colleges and universities of the East..

The morning celebration was held at 10 o'clock in St. John's Lutheran Church.

The faculty of the college, alumni, students of the college and of Prep., gathered in the Sunday School room of St. John's Church and marched into the church auditorium to the music of a march played by Dr. Marks, of the faculty. By the time all were seated the church had no room to hold more. Dr. Haas presided at the morning exercises and after hymn 625, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," had been sung, Rev. H. Bransón Richards, a grandson thrice removed of

Muhlenberg, offered a fervent prayer, followed by the historical address on "Muhlenberg's Ideals," by Prof. H. E. Jacobs, D. D., LL. D., of Mt. Airy, in which he spoke at length of the great influences which were brought to bear upon Muhlenberg's character before he came to America and the wonderful work he wrought here, laying the foundation practically for the entire religious worship in this country.

Prof. E. T. Horn, D. D. LL. D., of the Mt. Airy faculty, brought the greetings of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, of which he is President. He said that the Ministerium would be ungrateful if she failed to express her obligation to the founder of the body and join in commemorating his birth.

Mrs. Edith Schnurman Sieger rendered a beautiful solo entitled "Praise the Lord," by Luzzl.

Dr. Wm. F. Muhlenberg, of Reading, the oldest descendant of Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, the first President of Muhlenberg College and one of the four graduates of the first class in the year 1868, his brother, Ernest, being another, presented the greetings of the family, in which he declared that they dare not try to shine by the lustre of their illustrious ancestor, no matter with what pride they look back to and venerate him. They must be satisfied to keep before them his simple, humble character.

From the Pennsylvania German Society came the greetings by word of mouth of Dr. H. M. M. Richards, a grandson twice removed of the Patriarch, Muhlenberg. He paid a glowing tribute to the Pennsylvania Germans, first defenders in the Revolutionary War, as well as in the Civil War. He spoke of Abraham's descendants and compared them to Muhlenberg's. The former's offspring became a great nation, but unlike their ancestor, they were constantly repining and sinning to their eventual destruction while Muhlenberg's spiritual children now number many thousands whose efforts for good are spreading over the whole surface of the earth.

The audience sang a hymn and then Dr. Horn pronounced the benediction.

Afternoon Exercises

The afternoon exercises were held in a tent with a seating capacity of 1500, that had been erected on the college campus. After the blessing had been invoked by Rev. H. Douglass Spaeth, of Selinsgrove, an introductory address was delivered by Rev. Dr. John A. W. Haas, President of Muhlenberg College.

Greetings were then extended by representatives of the various universities and colleges as follows: The University of Pennsylvania, by Prof. Warren P. Laird; Dickinson, by Dean James H. Morgan; Franklin and Marshall, Prof. H. M. J. Klein; Lafayette, President Warfield; Gettsburg, President, W. G. Granville; Haverford, President Isaac Sharpless; State College, Rev. Frank Buchman; Susquehanna, President, Charles F. Aikens and Dr. Manhart; Lehigh, Vice President

N. M. Emery and Prof. W. C. Thayer; Ursinus, President George W. Omwake and Prof. Wharton H. Kline; Temple University, Dr. Hydl Delk.

The greetings from the colleges was followed by an address by Prof. J. Christopher Schwab, of Yale University, who had for his subject "Muhlenberg's Antecedents." Prof. Schwab's address in part is given further on.

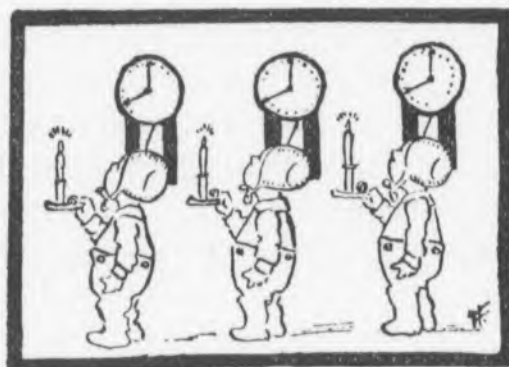
Former Governor Pennypacker delivered an address on the subject of "Muhlenberg at Home." The former Governor had no set speech, speaking off hand in a familiar tone upon the home life of the great Lutheran Patriarch with whose history he is well equipped.

The feature of the afternoon celebration was the conferring of degrees. These degrees were conferred as follows:

Doctor of Laws—Former Governor Samuel Whitaker Pennypacker, Schwenksville, Pa.; Dr. William F. Muhlenberg, Reading, a great-grandson of Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg, the great Lutheran Patriarch, in whose honor the celebration was held; Prof. J. Christopher Schwab, of Yale University, a lineal descendant of Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg.

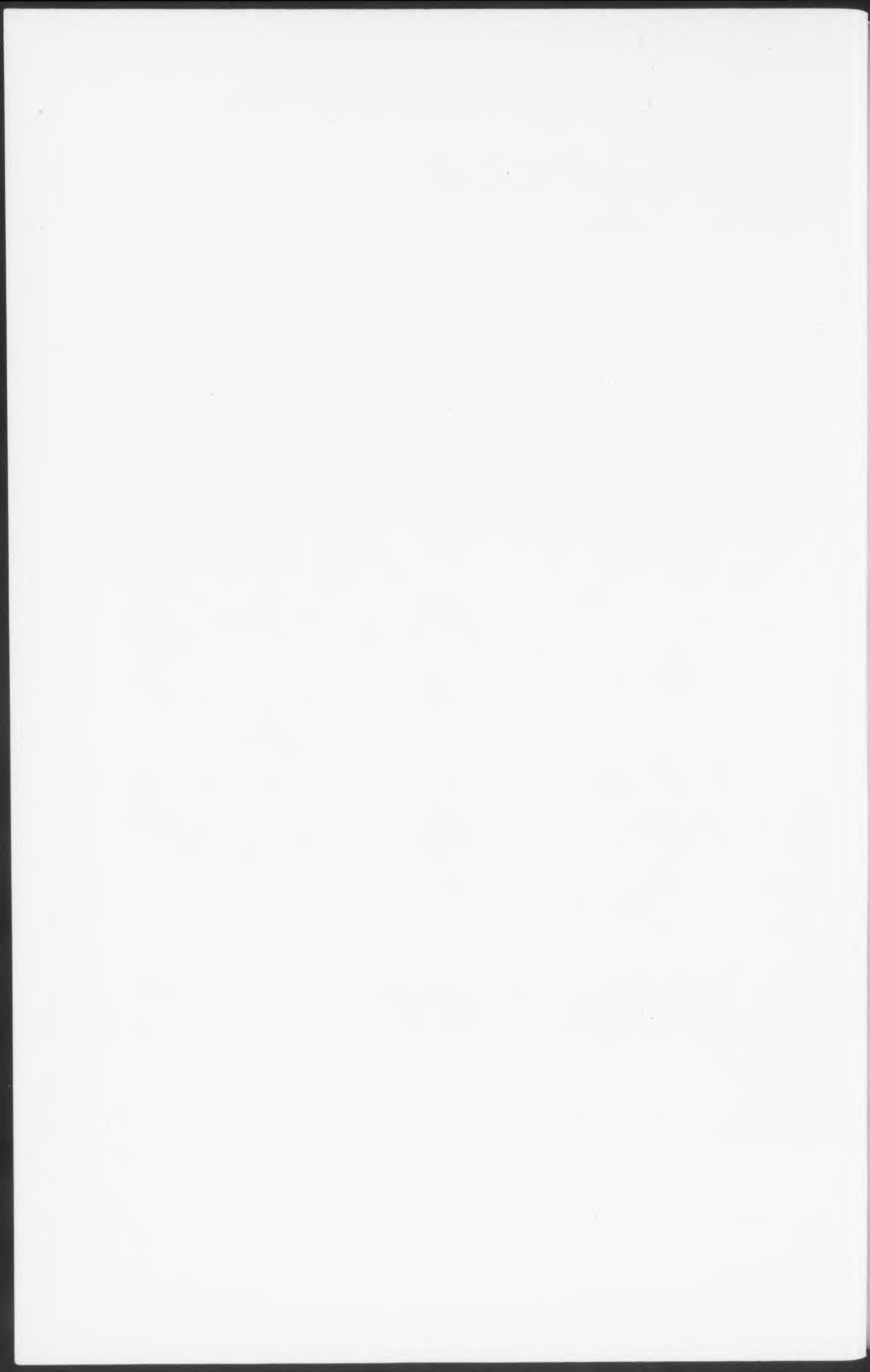
Dr. William F. Muhlenberg is a son of Dr. Frederick A. Muhlenberg, the first President of Muhlenberg College and was graduated with the first class of Muhlenberg College in 1868.

Among the descendants of Muhlenberg who attended the ceremonies and who were the guests of the college at the Hotel Allen, were Miss Mary E. Muhlenberg, of Columbia; Miss Anne T. Mombert, of Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. E. Z. Schmucker, Dr. Wm. F. Muhlenberg and family, Miss Katherine Muhlenberg and Fred Muhlenberg and wife, George and Fred Gregg, of Reading; Rev. H. Branson Richards, Dr. H. M. M. Richards and family, of Lebanon, and Prof. Schwab and family of New Haven.





Former Governor Samuel W. Pennypacker
Who Received Degree of LL.D. by Muhlenberg College at 200th Celebration of
Henry Melchior Muhlenberg.





German Antecedents and Elements in the Making of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg

By Prof. John Christopher Schwab

DURING the past three centuries North America has offered to those of the Old World who were willing to break with the past, an opportunity of bettering their time-conditions, by beginning life again under more favorable circumstances. Millions have seized this opportunity, have come to this country, and have tried to live the freer and larger life open to them. The vast majority of those who have sought a new home on this side of the Atlantic came in the hope of making life easier and its rewards larger. That common desire has always actuated the movement toward our shores, and has contributed one of the strongest elements in our national life. The settlers of New England of the Seventeenth, like the Russian Jews of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries, sought to escape interference with their freedom of divine worship. The settlers of Virginia, the Dutch and German settlers of the Middle States, like the Italian and Slavic immigrants of to-day, sought to escape the hard conditions of life in Europe and gain larger returns for their labor in this new country. The outcast and the adventurer, the poor and the oppressed, the radical and the fanatic, the ambitious and the restless, were drawn here almost always by the motive of personal benefit. They all had something to gain by coming. They came not to give, but to take.

Here and there in our country's history stands out some early settler, who was actuated by some other motive. Such a one was the man whose birth, in 1711, we are commemorating to-day. Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg came to this country, not to better himself, but because he heard the call. "Come over into Macedonia, and help us," and answered the summons. He came to give his best to his fellow-countrymen in the scattered German settlements of this Commonwealth. He came to serve their spiritual needs, not to advance his personal wellbeing. It is highly proper that this Minister of Christ should be

called to remembrance at a time when the cause of Christian Missions has been pushed into the foreground; at a time when new energy is being infused into the movement to extend our religion and civilization to the furthest corners of the globe.

I am to speak of the "Germanic Antecedents and Elements in the Making of Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg." Of his ancestry enough is known to indicate that his father's and mother's families were people of substance, though not of wealth, characterized by "pietaet," which good Latin-German word can be best translated by "reverence," a devout regard for the worthy traditions and beliefs of the past. As in the case of many German families, transplanted to America, the Muhlenbergs bore the stamp of the Protestant Reformation and were refined by the fierce conflicts that followed it. Historians tell us that the Thirty-Years War has left its mark on the devastated fields of Germany to this day. It also left its indelible mark on the character of the people, whose ancestors bore the burden of that conflict. A seriousness of purpose and a sturdy individualism were natural birth-rights in a family like that of the Muhlenbergs. However, little is known of the personal characteristics of Muhlenberg's parents, their influence in his early education is unmistakable. His mother especially, upon whom the guidance of the son's education fell, after the death of his father in 1723, must have influenced him in his purposeful preparation for his life work. There is no uncertainty in the choice of his schools and teachers. His education, thorough and wide, as German education has always been, advanced naturally step by step. Under private instruction in his native home in Eimbeck, and in neighboring schools, he was grounded in Mathematics, Latin, Greek, Hebrew and French; completing his education by attending the recently established University of Goettingen in 1735-1738, as one of its first theological students. His schooling represented the best Germany could offer and he brought to America a training as an educated minister of the gospel that was unusually exact and complete, that fitted him, together with other endowments, to assume church leadership in this country.

To the influences of his student days in Goettingen I give particular weight. I hope my being an officer of a university and a graduate of Goettingen does not warp my judgment. From the establishment of that university till recent times the political connections between Hanover and England created a strong English influence in that center of learning. Many English students frequented the university, and a thorough and friendly understanding of English institutions was encouraged. Conversely, an appreciative knowledge of German life and ways spread to England. Muhlenberg must have felt these influences, which were greatly strengthened by his visit to England, in 1742, and his intercourse with Ziegenhagen, the Court preacher at the Royal Chapel, and other intellectual and spiritual leaders in London. It was thus that Muhlenberg brought with him to America, not only a

knowledge of the English language, but also an acquaintance with English life and manners, and a sympathy with England's political and religious institutions, which is reflected in his later career, and contributed largely to the value of his public services. Differences of language and customs counted for little with him as compared with the common aims of enlightened Germans and Englishmen to serve their fellowmen and build up a God-fearing nation on the new continent. These common ideals of both races, at the time closely related by dynastic alliances and the common front they presented to the aggressions of the Latin race, produced an intimate and friendly attitude toward each other, which, at present is, we hope, only temporarily eclipsed. Both races felt that they faced a common task in furthering the Protestant religion, of which they were the champions, and the close relation between their respective ecclesiastical institutions marked our early history. The Halle Orphan House and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel were long allies, not rivals, in the missionary field. Muhlenberg must have had the first taste of **this generout and tolerant spirit** in Goettingen.

Another decisive influence of his student days in Goettingen was the personal contact with the university's instructors. Muhlenberg entered the university as a mature student. The dissipation and distraction of student life did not attract him in the least. His student life hinged on the instruction of the distinguished teachers at whose feet he sat. Not only did the formal instruction in theology and philosophy stimulate his intellectual growth, for he took full advantage of the instruction given him. It was particularly the intimate relations he entered into with his preceptors which made a lasting impression upon him. Their relations were indeed an ideal "Seminar" method of instruction, from which he derived the well rounded training for his career of church leadership. He was particularly attracted to Prof. Oporin, the distinguished theologian, and became his private secretary, reaping great benelts from the intimacy thus established. Similarly, his relations with August Hermann Francke, at Halle, where he completed his theological training, made a lasting impression upon Muhlenberg. He kept up an intimate friendship with that great and good man until Francke's death in 1769.

As a student, Muhlenberg must have been a man of marked individuality and distinction. His grace of manner and seriousness of purpose won him friends on all sides and of all ages. It was not merely his genial personality, but the winning and persuasive power of a strong nature to whom the life of the university did not mean merely opportunity for good fellowship, nor even for self-improvement but to whom it was the beginning of a life of service. At the age of twenty-five he had already formed a class of poor children and gave them the instruction they lacked. In 1736 he, with two other students of the university, gathered about him some neglected children and instructed them. From this small beginning grew a notable charity

school and orphan asylum which exists to this day, and still preserves the memory of its founder. It was thus he exemplified the Scriptural saying that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Giving himself his powers, his talents, his very life to others became the dominant note of his life. It was the true missionary spirit which the university life called forth, or at least strengthened in him, and which he put to use thus early and which he inspired in others. The university life of those days must have contained much of the same elements that are found to-day in similar institutions of learning, the same freedom from restraint, the same incentive of self-centered intellectuality and to a desire to excel. It is given to few to look deeper and find in higher education the opening of a ministry, to find knowledge and learning not an end in itself, however, pleasing their pursuit may be, but a noble means of benefitting those about us and leading them to a higher and truer life.

As a layman, I cannot properly describe or explain Muhlenberg's distinctly theological training. To me his adherence to the pietism of his day, in which he was reared, was not so much the acceptance of certain dogmas of belief, as devotion to what has come to be known as "Practical Christianity," which impelled him to follow his Master's example and devote his life to uplifting and ennobling the lives of others. To him the Christian religion came to be less a matter of the intellect than of the heart; a matter less of creeds than of consecrated living, the lesson he had learned in the school of Spener and Francke. When he was ready to begin the active work of a Christian minister, he was ordained in Leipzig, and served a short apprenticeship as Pastor in Grosshennersdorf, in Saxony. Then he accepted the call of the Pennsylvania Lutherans, in 1741, and set out for America. To a man of his disposition and training, the dangers of the voyage, and they were very real, the privations and difficulties of life in the new world counted for little. He was needed and he followed the call without hesitation. His subsequent career and his life work in America indicate clearly the immense difficulties he had to overcome, and the Lutheran Church must ever be thankful that Ziengenhagen was vouchsafed the wisdom to select Muhlenberg for the task. Muhlenberg represented the best product of German culture and religious training.

The distracted Lutherans of the American colonies were in sore need of such a leader, who by the force of his character, and the skill of his statesmanship, could draw them together in a common search for the Kingdom of God. He brought to America a preparation for his task as rare as it was thorough. No American schools or colleges of that time could have furnished the same education. Few, if any, American ministers of the Eighteenth Century had enjoyed Muhlenberg's educational advantages, and acquired his intellectual grasp, and shared his many sided interests. In fact, the intellectual and spiritual influences under which he grew up in Germany were larger and more generous than those prevalent in the American colonies. It was

indeed a fortunate circumstance that one of Germany's early contributions toward the upbuilding of our nation should have been a man who represented, by his antecedents and by his bringing up, the very best the old could offer to the new country. The historian who puts a proper value upon the many heterogeneous elements that have gone to establish the character of our nation, and especially the historian who analyzes the various German influences that have been at work here in the continuous stream of immigrants from the Fatherland, must give due weight to the character and influence of Muhlenberg, and to the strength of a Luther, softened by the ardor and charity of a Wesley, embodied in the person of this "Patriarch."



Greetings from the Muhlenberg Family

By Dr. Wm. H. Muhlenberg

Glory is given to those who have conquered in arms, glory is given to those whose fame rests on civic, aesthetic and scientific virtues, but to-day we celebrate the anniversary of a man who only did what he could for his fellowmen.

On the 6th, of September, 1781, my ancestor, Dr. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, writes in his diary, that he had reached his 70th year, that he was astonished at the love, grace, loving kindness and patience of our Lord and Saviour to him, an unworthy and most useless member of his kingdom, and that much as the loving care of his family, his children, his parishioners, and esteem of his fellowmen pleased him, as a useless member of this world, unable to help his fellowmen who called on him for spiritual comfort and aid, he felt his work in this world was over. It is not good taste for me to tell you of his merits, his work, his unselfish devotion to humanity and the humanities. Perhaps instead of praising him, I should say of him, as Horace does, I speak of an ancestor—"Non patre praeclaro, sed vita et pectore puro." The speakers who precede and follow me can tell you better of his work, his lifelong devotion to his duty, and his humble Christian life. As a descendant I have been asked to tell you how much as a family we appreciate the memorial services of to-day, to his honor, to his fame. As a family owing everything to him, we gladly accept and are proud of the praise and eulogies conferred upon him, well deserved, but intended for him and him alone.

To emulate a life like his, to patiently do such work, day in, day out, winter and summer, to be a stranger in a strange land with a strange tongue, to help those anxious for the earthly and spiritual blessings of our Saviour, to turn his flock to better lives, to educate them to become good Christians and useful citizens, places him in an illustrious position, none of us can reach, but the example of such a life should stimulate all of us to do better with the powers and faculties given us for the benefit of ourselves and others.

What he did to organize the Lutheran Church in America, to place it in a solid position, the church knows and feels to-day. To call a college after him, nearly 100 years after he has passed away, shows the far-reaching effect of his daily prayers, his daily work, his daily hopes. Born of parents in moderate circumstances, left an orphan at an early age, his energy carried him through the University of Goettingen.

Interested in education, even while at the University, he organized a class of young persons, to whom he gave his time and talents. Energy, whether displayed in acquiring an education, or in trying to do well whatever we do, is a necessity for all who desire to become men. A higher education does not unfit anyone from becoming useful, even if it does not make him successful in acquiring wealth. True happiness follows the helping of other persons, while true greatness consists in feeling how little we can do for ourselves and others.

Sent as a missionary to a foreign country, his first thought on reaching this country was to educate the people over whom he had charge. Everywhere he tried to introduce a school teacher, everywhere he was called upon not only to preach, but to teach. He gave lessons to the very young, his home was always filled with young men anxious to be taught, while his congregational classes were trained by him not only in Catechism, but in the rudiments of our language.

At the age of 75, when writing in his diary became difficult to him on account of his physical infirmities, he says, "*Eheu mea Latina Lingua evasit, excessit, erupit,*" after helping some young men to acquire the Latin language. His diary, in the last year of his life, 1787, is full of references to the founding of Franklin College, at Lancaster, in which he took a profound interest, on account of its organization by the Germans and for the Germans. The people among whom he spent his life were nearly all of German origin, a people whose thrift, energy and conservatism has made the Eastern part of Pennsylvania a garden spot, has made industrious and successful farmers of many poor redemptioners, has made the hills and valleys full of churches, where they can be taught to do right to themselves and others. Were it not for their self-contentment and conservatism, the Pennsylvania Germans with their intense desire for a home and proper education would be the leaders of thought, the leaders of government, and the leaders of advanced scientific investigation. Yet, all of us can be proud that we are the descendants of a people who left their German homes for the right, who have labored for the right, who have always fought for the right, and have made even the hillsides to blossom, as the evidence of their labor, their toil, their frugality and their brains.

The family to which I belong is proud of the material success of the college so worthily named, but feels that the major part of its success is due to its self-denying professors and presidents. My dear father, its first president, had the difficult task of building something from nothing. Dr. Sadtler, who labored in its immaturity, faithfully kept up the good work. Dr. Seip, by his vigorous personality and

constant energy, not only attracted students, but gathered much material aid for it, while the present honored president, Dr. Haas, has placed it on such a plane that every one is proud to be a student in it, or an alumnus of it. We owe a debt of gratitude to the citizens of Lehigh County and Allentown, for their constant support of the college, and feel that they have been holding it up properly and worthily, since it has been placed in their midst, just as it has helped to advance the city.

Those who are descendants of Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg, no matter with what pride they look back to and venerate their ancestor, dare not try to shine by his lustre, but must be satisfied with keeping before them his simple humble character, while others who look upon him as the Patriarch of the Lutheran Church can gain for themselves and give him greater glory by following the paths he clearly laid down for a happy life and an immortal future; "*Dignum laude virum, musa vetat mori.*"



The Muhlenberg



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Entered at the Allentown P. O. as Second-Class Matter



ATHLETICS.

Carlisle 32, Muhlenberg 0



ELL, we started out with a defeat, but there is no disgrace in it. In the first place Jupiter Pluvius showed up in rather poor style, by giving us a muddy field on which to play a heavy team. Even at that the dusky brothers would hardly have gotten six touch downs, if it had not been for the number of 'varsity men who were

laid out. To say the least, it is rather annoying to have a second line of men "getting into a play" by placing their feet in contact with the ribs of a man who is down. However, be that as it may, the first and last quarters showed that we have a well coached, hard fighting team, and one of which we were then, and are now, justly proud.

After the game a large delegation of faithfuls, several alumni included, met the boys at the station. The green buttons saw that the baggage was taken care of, and we take this opportunity of congratulating them upon the skill and even grace displayed during the said transference.

The teams lined up as follows:

Muhlenberg		Carlisle
Nenow	L. E.	Roberts
Flexer (Sermulin)	L. T.	Newashe
Snyder	L. G.	Gailow
Savacool	C.	Bergle
Katz	R. G.	.. Hodge
Krauss	R. T.	Louestar
Leisey (Fink)	R. E.	Bend
Reissner (Groff)	Q. B.	Welch
Skean	L. H. B.	Thorpe
Bixler	R. H. B.	Wheelock
Loseh (Scott)	F. B.	Powell

Officials:—Referee, H. Smith, U. of P. Umpire, P. Smith, Bucknell. Field judge, Harris.

After the game with the red-skins, Reissner was found to be dis-

abled, and even a weeks rest failed to bring the injury around. Then Groff took sick. Consequently we went to

New York University

with a pretty badly patched up team. One circumstance helped us out a great deal; namely the appearance of Blackburn who had four years of Easton High to develop him. Incidentally he captained that eleven last year. Dan showed form which surprised even his friends, and maybe we didn't give N. Y. U., a rub. Here is what the New York Herald said: "New York's limited season of college football was inaugurated yesterday afternoon up on Ohio Field, on University Heights, with a victory for the New York University eleven. The city's sole representatives on the collegiate gridiron defeated the Muhlenberg College team, by a score of 5 to 0, but none realized more than did the local men that Dame Fortune had been decidedly kind to them.

The New York University players had calculated upon using the squad from the little college out in Allentown, Pa., as trial horses for a varied assortment of well prepared plays, but they were lucky to get away with the decision. In the Muhlenberg team they found a combination that was further advanced in almost every department of the game, and was of equal average weight. The Pennsylvania Dutchmen showed the result of lots of good coaching, particularly in open plays, and in all around foot ball, excelled the wearers of the violet in all four periods." The line up:

N. Y. U. (5)		Muhlenberg (0)
Dutcher	L. E.	Nenow
Thompson	L. T.	Flexer
Wiener	L. G.	Katz
Bristol (Raschwaum)	C.	Savacool
Mackay	R. G.	Snyder
Vesley	R. T.	Krauss
Crawford	R. E.	Tovey (Leisey)
Nixon	Q. B.	Bixler
Moore	L. H. B.	Skean (Adams)
Von Egglofstein (Comfort)	R. H. B.	Skean (Adams)
Brennan	F. B.	Scott

Touchdown, Moore. Referee, Gibson, Cornell; Umpire, Froher, Columbia; Field judge, Leudder, Brown; Head Lineman, Swartz, Cornell. Periods—two twelve minutes, two ten minutes.

This game, which was viewed by a little crowd of alumni, sent our stock up twenty-five points. Even optimistic Prof, Reese had conceded N. Y. U. two touchdowns.

We saw the team at home for the first time when

Williamson Trade

came along our way, exultant over tying Delaware, and holding F. and M. to 5-0.

Here's how it happened. First quarter, Flexer kicked off and Blackburn nailed the man who caught it. W. T. fumbled, and in about 90 seconds after the game started, Flexer, Scott and finally Blackburn had made the score 5-0. It was Savacool who recovered the ball on Williamson's fumble. Reissner failed at the goal.

Williamson kicked off, Snyder receiving the kick. Blackburn made it first down. Skean and Blackburn then carried the ball far into Williamson's territory, on consecutive rushes, and then Muhlenberg fumbled. Then the story was repeated, but this time we lost the ball on a failure to make first down. Williamson threw a forward pass, and Skean calmly plucked the ball from the atmosphere, and the back field rushed the ball to the 35 yard line. Here Reissner failed at an attempted field goal. Williamson chose to scrimmage. Krauss threw the first play into a failure and they kicked.

Second Quarter. Skean and Reissner tore things up, but we fumbled again, Williamson's ball. They kicked, and recovered the ball inside the 20 yard line limit. Then Blackburn picked a nice opening and had made 15 yards when two of Williamson's back field tried the neck and knee stunt. Dan hit the ground at forty miles an hour, and fumbled. Naturally, Williamson kicked, Reissner receiving another neck tackle, was downed. Scott, Krause and Blackburn, carried the pigskin to the 25 yard line. Reissner threw a beautiful forward—Dan got it—ball on the 3 yard line. It was a simple matter for Reissner to make the score 10-0. Reissner also kicked the goal. Scott received Williamson's kick off, and there tore off 20 yards. On the first play, Flexer made 5 yards. Then he repeated it. Dan and an offside penalty, again made it first down. Here we were forced to kick for the first time. Williamson surprised everybody, Williamson included, by rushing the ball 15 yards in three trials. Kelly, protesting a formation ran on the field, and Williamson got 15 yards more, which got them rather fussed. Katz calmed things by falling on the ball when Williamson fumbled in the excitement. Our ball on their 40 yard line. Half over. Second half—Bixler in Skean's position. Reissner kicked off in a model manner. Flexer, Savacool, Scott and Leisey, held for downs, and we had the ball on their 25 yard line. Bixler and Dan ripped off six yards a piece. Bixler lost, and Reissner missed a field goal by one eighth of an inch. Katz interrupted Williamson's formations in a rude way, and the Philadelphians kicked. Reissner advanced it 15 yards. Dan went through a hole 5 yards wide. The back field made two first downs. Then Reissner and George Washington worked the forward. Flexer, with another offside penalty, again made the distance. On a fake field goal Muhlenberg gained 12 yards; and Reissner received a forward and made the score 16-0. Then he kicked the goal. Sermulin went in at Snyder's guard, and Wacker at Leisey's end.

Williamson kicked and Bixler returned kick. Williamson punted after losing on a line plunge, and Blackburn travelled 40 yards before

he was stopped. Williamson nabbed a forward, but were held for downs. Backfield wins, and a forward which Nenow caught in most approved style netted the distance to the W. T. S. 25 yard line, where Reissner again failed at a goal from placement. Reissner and Scott forced a punt. Blackburn advancing 15 yards. Bixler kicked, Nenow got the man. Katz and Savacool held for downs. Bixler kicked, and as Wachter threw the man, the game ended. The line up:

Muhlenberg		Williamson Trade
Nenow	L. E.	Davis
Flexer	L. T.	Ellis
Katz	L. G.	Hibbs
Savacool	C.	M. Gilbert
Snyder (Sermulin)	C.	M. Gilbert
Krauss	R. T.	R. Gilbert
Leisey (Wacker)	R. E.	Hiller
Reissner	Q. B.	Fenich (Capt)
Skean (Bixler)	L. H. B.	Smith
Blackburn	R. H. B.	Ellingsworth
Scott	F. B.	Lands

Touchdowns, Blackburn, Reissner, 2; goals, Reissner, 2; Referee, Ellicott, Lafayette; Unpire, Bossard, Muhlenberg; Field judge, Fink, Muhlenberg.

Muhlenberg 0, Gettysburg 3

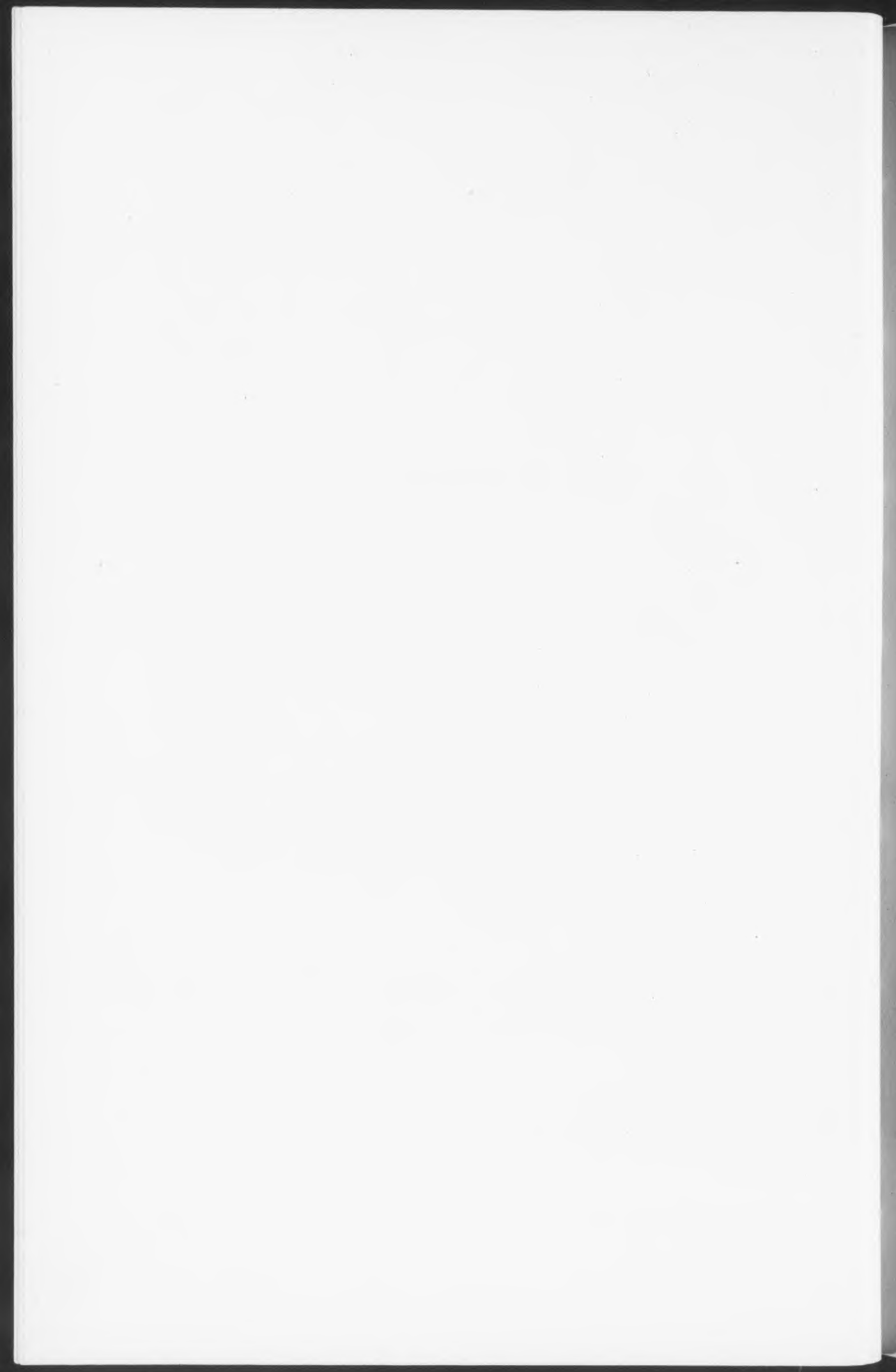
Outweighed, and in a sea of mud, which prevented Muhlenberg from using her strong open plays, Gettysburg defeated us 3-0. Four times Gettysburg expected a touch down, but everytime the line held for downs. Skean was our offensive star, and Blackburn shone on the defense. The line up was as follows:

Gettysburg		Muhlenberg
Spangler	L. E.	Nenow
Dulebohn	L. T.	Flexer
Diehl	L. G.	Katz
McCullough	C.	Savacool
Boyle	R. G.	Snyder
Beegle	R. T.	Krauss
Brumbaugh	R. E.	Bixler
Dayhoff	Q. B.	Reissner
Beidleman	L. H. B.	Blackburn
Liebegott	R. H. B.	Skean
Lawyer	F. B.	Scott

Referee Hoskiss, Bucknell; Umpire, Field Judge, Forman; Head linesman, Flurher. Four 10 minute quarters. Field goal, Dayhoff. Score: Gettysburg, 3; Muhlenberg, 0.



We're Off



Impressions

Blackburn certainly did some shining against N. Y. U., and Williamson.

Reissner's cool head was responsible for a large part of our ground gaining.

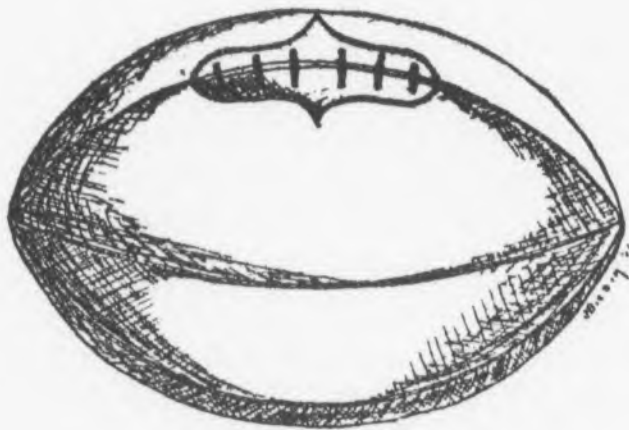
Scott plays his usual hard, steady game.

Far be it from the present incumbency to develop a column of personal criticism and knocking, but listen to this and see how much of our Muhlenberg spirit one man has *not* imbibed. During the Williamson game, this remark coming from a first year man was overheard. In a contemplative manner he declaimed, "I don't know whether—I shall cheer—or not." This certainly is a commendable beginning of this individual's career at Muhlenberg.

Not that we give a continental so far as this one man is concerned; he is not that important. But, what if this spirit should grow? Last year when F. and M., scored their touch downs, Muhlenberg's yells redoubled and her songs swelled out as never before. Did we have that loyal support against Williamson? "I don't know whether—I shall cheer—or not."

Is this our spirit? It never has been. Fellows—it is decidedly up to us to hang together in the cheering section and yell! yell! yell! like sin and then some. Surely we have a loyal student body, but we want Allentown and Delaware, and F. and M. to know it. It isn't a college secret and it won't be spoiled by exposure to the cold, cold wind. And if any one "don't know whether—he shall cheer—or not," let him keep it to himself and himself to his room. We don't want him with us; because we are "Sons of Muhlenberg" and we want the whole creation to know it.

As an after thought, Freshman attendance at cheer practice is compulsory. Let a word to the wise be sufficient.



Personals



The following is a list of the officers of the various college organizations:

Senior Class.—President, C. D. Himmel; Vice President, P. H. Krauss; Secretary, S. Savacool; Treasurer, H. J. Brobst.

Junior Class.—President, W. L. Katz; Vice President, Charles Esser; Secretary, M. H. Richards; Treasurer, Frank Blatt.

Sophomore Class.—President, Elmer Leisey; Vice President, C. F. Seidel; Secretary, M. D. Fetherolf; Treasurer, E. H. Bausch.

Freshman Class.—President W. L. Reissner; Vice President, H. Bagger; Secretary, H. L. Snyder; Treasurer, N. T. Loch.

SOPHRONIA LITERARY SOCIETY.—President W. W. Bossman, '12; Vice President, Troxell, '12; Secretary, C. P. Grammes, '14; Treasurer, J. B. Schock, '12; Monitor James Flexer, '14; Chaplain, Rev. P. V. Taylor, '14; Critics, P. H. Krauss, '12 and J. Robert Kline, '12.

EUTERPEA LITERARY SOCIETY.—President Henry Shelly, '12; Vice President, Ernest Reiter, '12; Secretary, L. B. Scheel, '13; Treasurer, William Katz, '13; Monitor, Robert Krauss, '13; Chaplain, G. A. Eichler, '14; Critics, H. J. Brobst, '12 and Walter Rentschler, '12.

MEMBERS OF STUDENT COUNCIL.—Wertz, '12; Reiter, '12; Hummel, '12; Leiby, '12; Fink, '12; Rentschler, '12; Snyder, '12; Scheel, '13; Drehs, '13; Kleckner, '12.

OFFICERS OF STUDENT ORGANIZATION.—President, L. W. Fink, '12; Vice President, H. N. Wertz, '12; Secretary, Walter Rentschler, '12; Treasurer, Robert Kleckner, '12; Cheer Leader, H. B. Frederick, '12; Song Leader, W. L. Katz, '13.

Mr. Beer has lately acquired glasses.

Y. M. C. A. CABINET.—President, P. H. Krauss; Vice President, J. C. Seegers, '13; Secretary, S. J. Henry, '12; Treasurer, H. J. Fry, '14. Committee Chairmen, E. J. Reiter, '12; W. L. Katz, '13; John I. Meek, '13; Dr. J. A. W. Haas, ex-officio.

FOOTBALL.—Coach, Mr. Thomas Kelly; Captain, Jacob S. Sava-
cool, '12; Manager, C. M. Snyder, '12; Assistant Manager, Charles E.
Keim, '13.

TRACK Coach.—Mr. Thomas Kelly, Captain, Carl G. Toebke,
'13; Manager, C. D. Hummel, '12.

STUDENT MEMBERS OF MUHLENBERG ATHLETIC ASSOCI-
ATION.—Henry B. Shelly, '12 and Ernest J. Reiter, '12.

DORMITORY PROCTORS.—Luther F. Waidelich, '12 and Ernest J.
Reiter, '12.

REPRESENTATIVES.—W. L. Katz, '13; H. J. Brobst, '12; L. W.
Fink, '12 and W. W. Brossman, '12.

PRESS CLUB.—President, H. N. Wertz, '12; Vice President, E. J.
Reiter; Secretary, W. W. Brossman, '12; Treasurer, Mr. O. F. Bern-
heim.

GLEE CLUB.—President, P. H. Krauss, '12; Vice President, L. F.
Waedelich, '12; Secretary, George P. Stump, '12; Director, Prof. C. A.
Marks, Assistant Director, W. L. Katz, '13; Business Manager, R. G.
Kleckner, '12; Assistant Business Manager, J. C. Seeger, '13; Librarian,
Diebert, '14.

The annual inter-society scrap took place Wednesday noon, Octo-
ber 18, 1911. The fight was hard from beginning to end, as great
preparation had been made for the great event. By 1.45 p. m., every-
thing was calm again, with no serious injuries, except few feelings hurt.
Euterpea captured 23, while Sophronia got away with 14.

What will we name the new college mascot? Who will feed him?
Do we want a bull dog or a St. Bernard? Where will we keep him?
These are a few of the hundred questions floating around the campus
concerning a mascot about to be purchased by the students of Muhlen-
berg. We should have a mascot. Talk it up fellows. Its a good stunt.



Dr. Haas to R. Krauss while discussing "habit" in Psychology: A
man who goes to business every morning is in the habit of stopping
in for a drink before boarding the train. It happens that one morning
he is late, and if he stops in for the drink he will miss his train. Will
the habit of drink overcome that of catching the train, or will the
habit of catching the train overcome the drinking habit?

Krauss (after thinking two minutes): He'll take the drink with
him in a bottle.



Prof. Fritsch: Who were Adam's children?

Cook, '14 (sanctimoniously): I think Saul was one of them. And
then they "gloomed" all over him.



Prof. Bossard: Was that the second bell?

Soph: No, it was the ring.

Familiarify Breeds Contempt

With the approach of cold weather the field mice from the surrounding country have taken up their abode in the "dorms." One of the ladies on the cleaning brigade found one of the rodents in her hat and then only after it was pinned on.



When you write me down a lover,
Will you cease to call me friend?

When my secret I discover
And you write me down a lover,
Must companionship be over,

Must acquaintance have an end?

... When you write me down a lover,
Will you cease to call me friend?—Ex.



I wonder if there isn't more dignity in fighting—yes, and losing—in the real, than just sitting around where you can get nothing more unpleasant than the faint roar of the guns.—Quoted from The Visioning.



Drehs, '13: Ziemer, if I'd came from a place like Adamstown I'd keep my mouth tight shut.

Ziemer, '14: Where do you come from?

Drehs: Why Sassamansville of course.

Ziemer: Well, where on earth is that?

Drehs: Five miles over by Pennsburg.



Bernheim (showing the new schemel pad to Dr. Haas): Doctor, these are corsets for foot ball players.

Dr. Haas: Well, whats the idea of these corsets.

Reiter, '12: To keep the players in good shape.



The following alumni looked over the team at New York, on the occasion of our game with N. Y. University. Messrs. Hassler, Benner, Trexler, Keck and Ammarell.



Hard luck Sophs, you sure deserve a vacation.



The "Fresh" have at last passed thru the ordeals of molasses, flour and matriculation. Since the most turbulent period of the year is passed we wish them success as a class and hope that they may prove their worth to the student body, and faculty as well.



"If a dog can hunt, can a cat-fish? No but a tomatoe-can."—Ex.

A Fish Story

Don't be down in the mouth,
Remember Jonah;
He came out all right,
Just then they all let out a wail.



Four meetings in two days is going some for the Student Council. One meeting lasted from 8.15 p. m., to 2 a. m., the next morning. If we can't pay them in cash for their services, lets at least give them credit.



Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust,
If Livy don't kill us,
Geometry must.



Junior (comparing President Granville and Dr. Haas and incidentally thinking of the Gettysburg-Muhlenberg football game): Gee! Gettysburg has us outweighed by a hundred pounds to the man.



Dr Haas in Religion: Mr. Troxel, why are Matthew, Mark and Luke called the Synoptists?

Troxel, '12: Because they gave a synopsis of the life of Christ.



Dr Haas (speaking to the man who was tearing down the tent after half of the tent had already been torn down): H'm, I see you're getting ready to tear down the tent, ain't you?



Old Lady (at ball game): Why do they call that a fowl? I don't see the feathers,

O'Riley: No, ma'am; its a picked nine.—Ex.



Brossman: We had corn on the cob today?

Reitz: That's nothing, we had turkey on the train when I went to Washington.



Dr. Haas (discussing sensations in Psychology): A kiss to some may be a tickle, but others make is a pressure.



Old Gentleman: Why are you limping?

Boy: I stepped on the spur of the moment.

The Sophronia Reception

The Sophronian Literary Society at its smoker and reception to new members were honored in having President J. A. W. Haas preside and among their speakers, Judge Frank M. Trexler and Lawrence H. Rupp. The society secured its quota of the new men and in order to have them feel fully at home and to become acquainted with the members these receptions are given.

After a number of college songs, the President, W. W. Brossman, called the meeting to order and introduced Dr. Haas as presiding officer. The doctor in taking the chair emphasized the great need of good work in a literary society and introduced Judge Trexler, '79. His Honor responded in a happy vein and told how, when, he was a candidate for president of the society he had been counted out by the politicians, but upon a recount was pronounced elected. His happy vein was interspersed with good sound advice.

Lawrence H. Rupp spoke in a reminiscent vein and told a number of stories that were well received. Other speakers were: D. A. Miller, of "The Morning Call," and Profs. Horn, Fritsch, Bossard and Coach Kelly of the faculty. Everybody present joined in singing "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly." Prof. Fritsch made one of his best addresses. His stories, which he related in a droll manner made a big hit.

The reception committee consisted of, W. W. Brossman, P. H. Krause and H. M. Wertz..



Levi Yingst expresses the following sentiment about the posters: I can't understand this college business. Our day students put up posters and then the "Softmores" make us go down town and pull them down. I may be dense, but I can't see it.



The upper classmen of the Kistler Boarding House aggregation sent a delegate to the World's Championship Series in the person of the illustrious Edgar Orlando Reitz.



Bieber, '14 (translating German): How beautiful the bell stands around the neck of the cow.



Bone Head! ? *

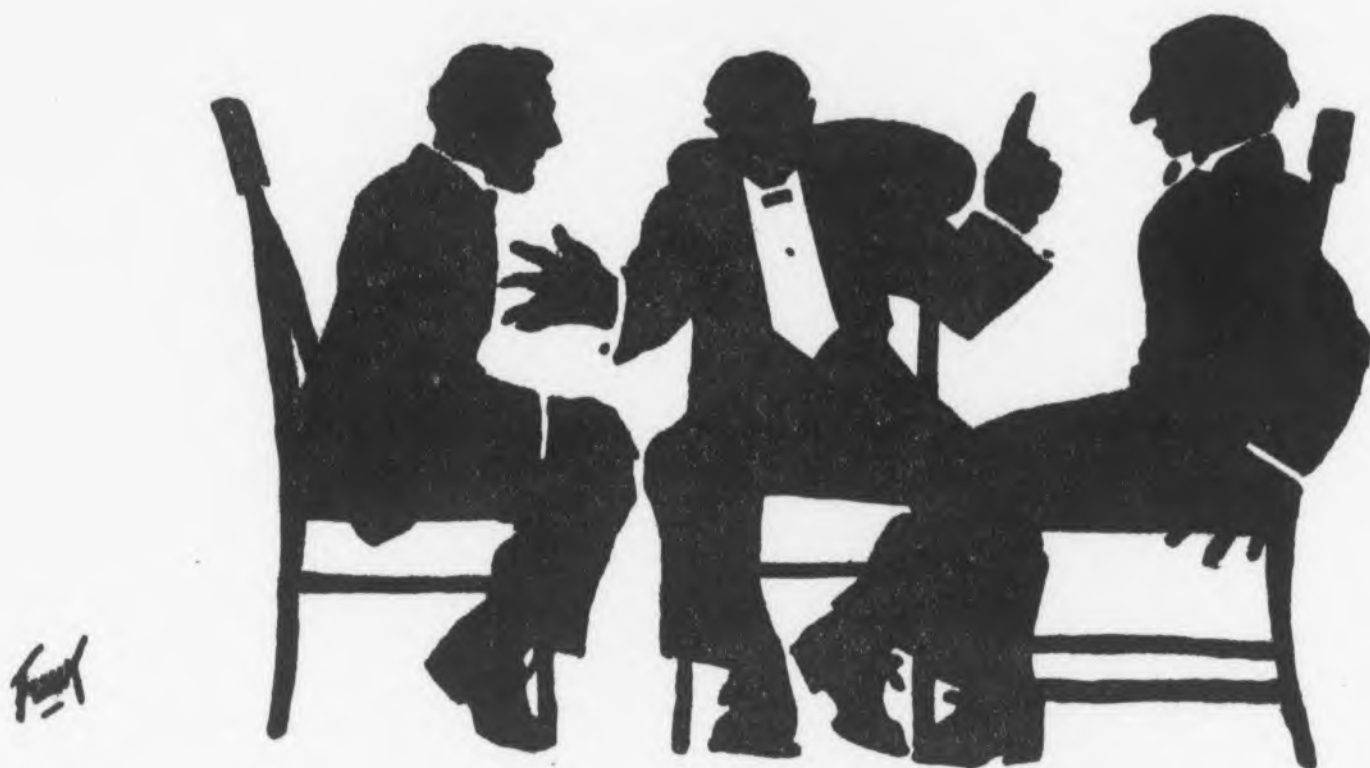
Love's like a rose. Tear it apart to see what it's made of, and you lose the rose and have only withered petals:

"The Hungry Heart."



We must learn the multiplication table before we study astronomy:
"The Master of the Vineyard."

Alumni Notes



1869. President J. A. W. Haas, of Muhlenberg College, Mrs. Haas and Rev. A. Steimle, pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, recently went to Chicago to attend the dedication of the new Chicago Lutheran Theological Seminary at Maywood, a suburb. Dr. Haas represented the college and Rev. Steimle was the delegate from the Lutheran General Council. This is the Seminary of which Rev. Dr. Revere F. Weidner, a native of Centre Valley, and a graduate of Muhlenberg College, is President and in whose faculty are Revs. Profs. G. H. Gerberding and Elmer F. Krause, Muhlenberg graduates and A. Ramsay, whom Muhlenberg made a D. D., in 1909.

1871. Word was received in this city recently of the death of the Rev. O. P. Smith, D. D., pastor of the Lutheran Church of the Transfiguration, Pottstown, at his home there. His demise followed an illness of nearly a year, and which had kept him from his pulpit and postoral duties for the past eleven months. During this time the Rev. W. D. C. Keiter, D. D., of this city, formerly of Bethlehem, filled the pulpit most of the time. Although it was known that his illness was grave, his death was scarcely expected. His death was announced by the tolling of the church bell.

Besides his widow two sons, Francis H. of Allentown, and Oliver H. of Lackawanna, N. Y., survive. A brother, Henry Smith, of Bethlehem, also survives.

The funeral was held on Thursday morning at 10.30 o'clock in the Lutheran Church of the Transfiguration. The remains were viewed on the morning of that day between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock

at the church. Brief services were also held in the Trappe Lutheran Church at 2 p. m. and interment will be made in Trappe Cemetery.

Oliver Peter Smith, D. D., was born at New Tripoli, September 4, 1848. He was a son of the late Frederick and Mary Margaret Smith, natives of Bavaria, Germany. His father was a parochial school teacher and an organist in New Tripoli for a period of 45 years. He received his elementary education in the district schools of his neighborhood and then entered Muhlenberg College, from which institution he graduated in 1871. After spending three years at the Lutheran Theological Seminary, Philadelphia, he was ordained to the ministry in June, of 1874. His first pastorate was at Trappe, Montgomery County, which congregation, together with St. James at Limerick, and Jerusalem, at Schwenksville he served 15 years, at the end of which time he removed to Pottstown and assumed the pastorate of the Lutheran Church of the Transfiguration, succeeding the Rev. Dr. Beale M. Schmucker, deceased. This was in 1889. At the morning services on the first Sunday in May, of that year he was installed as pastor. The installation sermon was preached by Prof. M. H. Richards, D. D. In the evening of that day Dr. Smith preached his first sermon as pastor of the church.

When Dr. Smith came to Pottstown, there were about 250 members in the Lutheran Church of the Transfiguration, and through his efforts and energy the church grew and now has a membership of over 600. His pastorate had been marked with such success that some big things were accomplished. Among these were the building of a parsonage at a cost of \$10,000 and the remodeling of the church at a cost of \$13,000.

For a number of years Dr. Smith was connected with Mt. Airy Theological Seminary in the capacity of secretary of its board. He was also a member of the English Home Mission Board of North America. (Allentown Chronicle and News, October 17.)

1896. Rev. W. A. Steinbicker surprised his congregation, St. Mark's Lutheran Church, at South Bethlehem, by tendering his resignation, to become effective at once.

1900. The Rev. C. K. Fegley, a field missionary worker of the Home Mission Board of the Lutheran Church, who was sent to Allentown, to investigate some fields in this city, in January, has been sent by the Board to Palmerton, to take full charge of a mission located there. The work in Allentown did not develop as rapidly as had been expected and the bright prospects at Palmerton made the move aggressive.

It is hoped that by the close of the year Missionary Fegley will be free to return to work in Allentown.

The Harrisburg papers recently contained the announcement of the engagement of the Rev. Fegley, of Palmerton and Miss Ellen Margaret Cressman, of that city.

1903. An interesting service took place in Christ Lutheran Church, Hazleton, when the Rev. August Rohrig was formally installed as pastor. The charge of the pastor was delivered by Rev. W. M. Rehrig, Ph. D., of Mauch Chunk, and that to the congregation by Rev. L. Lin-

denstruth, D. D., of Wilkes Barre, both former pastors of Mr. Rohrig. The altar service and the act of installation was conducted by Rev. John H. Kuder, President of the Wilkes-Barre Conference.

Rev. Rohrig graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1903, and from the Mt. Airy Seminary in 1906. He did very successful work in New Britain, Conn., until last winter when he received a unanimous call to his present field of labor, which is one of the largest congregations in the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, numbering 1200 confirmed members.

1906. Rev. August C. Karkau, of Newport News, Va., who was graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1906, has moved to Liberty, N. Y.

1908. Jesse Luke Stettler, graduate of Muhlenberg with the class of 1908, was married in Philadelphia, to Miss Mary E. Brossman, of Reading.

1909. Paul Reed, former Muhlenberg tackle, is coaching the Reading High School eleven.



Rusty Necks

He called his dear one, and she came
And lovingly he scanned her;
He asked her would she change her name
Then a ring did Alex-hander.
"Oh yes! she said with smiling lips
"If I can be commander."
And so they formed a partnership
And called it Alex-and-her.—Ex.



Teacher: What became of Babylon?

Student: It fell.

Teacher: What became of Nineveh?

Student: It was destroyed.

Teacher: What of Tyre?

Student: Punctured.—Ex.



All the people dead who wrote it.
All the people dead who spoke it.
All the people die who learn it—
Blessed death, they surely earn it.—Latin Ex.



"Do you love me?" asked the paper bag.
"I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar.
"You sweet thing," said the bag.—Ex.

Exchanges



Among the exchanges that reached our desk, "The Spectator" deserves particular mention. Your paper has a good variety of stories, essays and the like. There is one thing that could be improved and that is a few more cuts at the head of the different departments.

The exchange that attracted our attention most this month was that of "The Mirror." Your paper has far surpassed former editions. The cuts in the different departments are worthy of special mention. You have a fine selection of material throughout. Let us congratulate you upon your edition.

A little poetry would add considerable in your paper. "Our College News."

The Soul of Morvian, in "The Comenian," is a well written article. It brings out the facts very plainly and vividly, that fellowship, courage and altruism that makes up the soul of Morvian. It finishes with the plea that the Alma Mater should instill this spirit in them.

The following are our exchanges.

The College Follo, Canary and Blue, Allentown Pa., The Weekly

Gettysburgian, The Bethany Messenger, Reo Academical, The Carlisle, Arrow, The Ursinus Weekly, College News, The Monthly, Hartrick Seminary, New York. The M. A. S. Monthly, New Brunswick, N. J. The Comenian, The Pennsylvanian, The Mirror, The Thielesian, The Spectator, Vidette, The Argus, College Breezes, The Breeze, The College Student, Our College Times, High School News."



If we noticed little pleasures as we notice little pains,
If we quite forgot our losses and remembered all our gains.
If we looked for peoples virtues and refused their faults to see
What a comfortable, happy, cheerful place this world would be.—Ex.



I understand you have a fine track team here, said a visitor to the man who was showing him over the college campus. What individual holds most of the medals?

The town pawnbroker, answered his guide.—Ex.



Teacher (in physics): Why isn't a motorman's body in danger of being shocked?

Pupil: Because he isn't a conductor.—Ex.



Minister to young lady: My mission is saving men.

Young lady: Please save one for me.—Ex.





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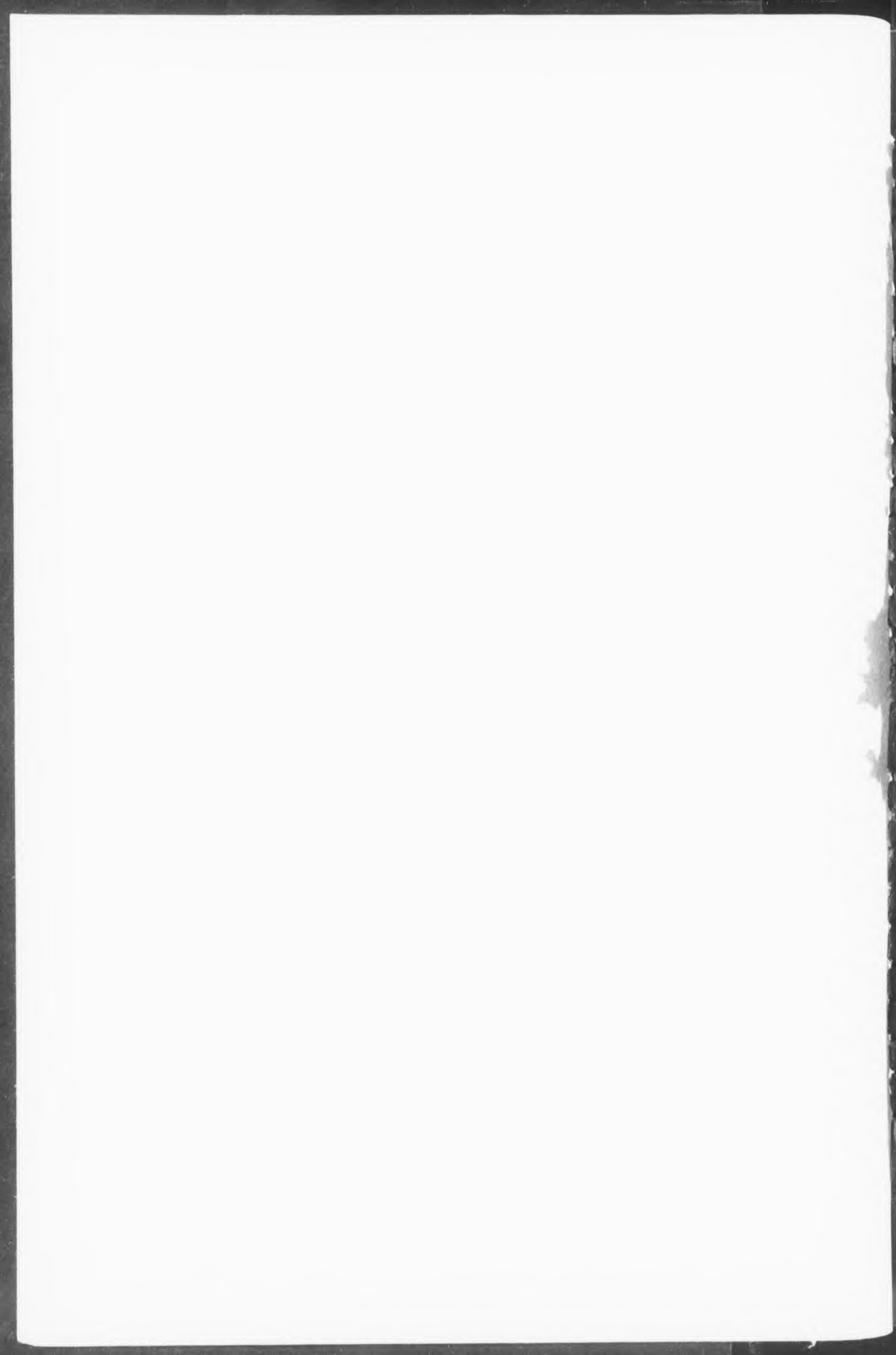
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Thanksgiving-Foot-Ball Number

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Wanting Is—What !

Wanting is—what?
Summer redundant,
Blueness abundant,
—Where is the blot?

Beamy the world, yet a blank all the same,
—Framework which waits for a picture to frame :
What of the leafage, what of the flower?
Roses embowering with naught they embower!
Come, then, complete incompleteness, O come ;
Pant through the blueness, perfect the sun !

Breathe but one breath
Rose-beauty above,
And all that was death
Grows life, grows love,
Grows love!

—Browning.



The Editor's Sanctum

Thanksgiving at Muhlenberg is indeed a most welcome holiday, not only because it gives the fellows two and one-half days vacation, but because we at Muhlenberg have so many things for which to be thankful. "The Muhlenberg" is thankful for the support given it by its subscribers and advertisers. The students are thankful for the most efficient faculty the board has provided, they are thankful for the bright prospects of a College Commons, and they are thankful for this and for that. But at this present time we are most thankful for our most successful foot ball season. We are most thankful to our Coach Mr. Kelly, and every member of the squad, who displayed untiring efforts and self sacrifice in making the season the success that it was. We are thankful to the Athletic Association for their efforts in our behalf, to those members who for three years in succession fought against such difficulties. We are thankful for every game we won, but we are most thankful for our victory over Franklin and Marshall. Franklin and Marshall, on the other hand, can be most thankful that they got off as lucky as they did.

Show your appreciation for our team by remaining for the Thanksgiving game.

Just Reminders

There are three rules here at college, which are not respected the way they should be, considering that the student body itself formulated these rules. Here they are:

I. Cutting across the campus. Your college pride should prevent you from disfiguring our campus by making such a hideous path across it as has been begun and continued since the opening of school. Fellows, let's cut it out. Our college campus is not a vacant lot.

II. Taking collateral books out of the recitation room. Enough said. Don't forget—there are others.

III. Bringing women into the dormitory without a permit. If you wish to take you lady friend to your room, ask either of the proctors for a permit. They will gladly give you one.

Think these things over fellows, they're not harsh rules, and if everyone would do his own part, it would do us loads of good.

This year's college calendar is a "peach." Advertise it and you advertise our college. Remember a friend by sending him or her one.

"While We're at It"

Without a doubt, the greatest present need of our Athletic Association is a new grand stand and a fence around our foot ball field. First the fence. Various attempts have been made this fall to put up a temporary wooden fence, to be paid for by using the space as bill boards. That of course would have been better than nothing, and although advertisements alone would pay for the erection of such a fence why not do something worth while. A wooden fence with ads on either side would be a disgrace to our campus. Imagine yourself entering the foot ball field, stared at by 34 or 35 tobacco, cigar, clothing, real estate, chewing gum, etc., etc., signs. That is all right for the diamond of a local base ball field but for a college of our standing with such beautiful grounds, to bow to such a crime, merely for the sake of saving a scant \$100 is assault and battery to our Alma Mater. If it comes to a wooden fence keep the ads out of sight. But we need a fence for several reasons.

I. There are entirely too many "dead heads" seeing our games, people who could afford an admission better than the next of us, but being in the habit of "doing us," they cannot feel themselves justified in paying the price.

II. We could then have secret signal practice. Our field has always been open to the world in all our practices. Secret practice was impossible.

III. An imposing fence would beautify our grounds considerably.

IV. It would be more satisfactory to the party that does pay their admission to know that those who don't pay don't see. Therefore, we should have a fence. What kind? A burnt brick fence the same style brick as used in our dormitory, covered with ivy would perhaps be a dream for our children to dream. A concrete fence should be a reality. It would only cost a few hundred and could not help but pay for itself within but a few years. Why not tackle some of our cement men to build it. We must ask for big things.

The grandstand. Any one who witnessed this year's F. and M. game knows only too well the need of a new grand stand, how our entire student body abandoned their grand stand seats in courtesy to the F. and M. cheering squad because there was not space enough left to accomodate both student bodies. And how many more who stood on the side lines would have paid an extra quarter for a seat, had they not seen that our grand stand was already over-crowded. A larger grand stand would pay for itself within a few years. Again, our grand stand

is none too safe. When a crowd of over a thousand people gets on a wooden grand stand of our type, something someday might happen. A grand stand and a fence are our two great needs. Let's work and get them.

To the men who attend Muhlenberg in the fall of 1912, authentic reports have it, that they will enjoy the privilege of a College Commons.

LETS KEEP IN OUR CLASS.

Quite a few of our student body and alumni, elated over our successful season, particularly our victory over F. and M., have become slightly over-ambitious, in expressing their desires to play stronger teams next year. They include on their schedule, N. Y. U., Lehigh, Lafayette and Penn. We should have a strong team for our first game, but let's stop right there. Lehigh and Lafayette are out of our class, because they are. Collegiate foot ball teams may be divided into four classes. For the first class comes Yale, Harvard, Penn, Michigan, etc. In the second class come Lafayette, Lehigh, Penn State, Carnegie Tech, University of Pittsburg, etc., In the third class come Muhlenberg, Gettysburg, Franklin and Marshall, Haverford, Dickinson, Delaware, etc. And in the fourth class come Lebanon Valley, Wyoming Seminary, Williamson Trade, Indian Reserves, etc. As long as we have a student body of only 150 let's be satisfied with playing the teams of our class; they all have a larger student body than we have. We may have a team next year that would warrant our playing teams in class two, and perhaps defeating several of them, but could we keep that up? We could not. Who respects Ursinus as an institution for defeating Penn last year. When Ursinus goes into a slump, they'll be forgotten. So let's stay in our class. If we play Penn, Cornell or Princeton for our first game, and then follow up with Lebanon Valley, Delaware, Williamson Trade, Gettysburg, Haverford, Franklin and Marshall, New York University, and Dickinson and defeat them, we're going plenty fast enough. So let's forget the Lehigh, Lafayette, etc., dope and stay in our class.



Bright Boy

"Aren't you afraid you will catch cold on such a night as this, my boy?"

"No, sir. Selling papers keeps up the circulation."—Ex.



Impossible

"You'd better fumigate these bills before you go home. They may be covered with microbes," said the druggist one Saturday evening as he handed a few faded, worn, and soiled silver certificates to his clerk.

"No danger from that source," responded the latter, "a microbe could not live on a drug-clerk's salary."—Ex.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke



ON Tuesday evening, the 15th, of November, Dr. Van Dyke, of Princeton University, delivered a lecture in the Y. M. C. A., Auditorium of Allentown, under the auspices of Muhlenberg College. President Haas introduced the speaker with a few timely remarks, to which the speaker responded. The subject of his address was "Poetry, Patriotism and Democracy."

Dr. Van Dyke began by speaking of the service which poetry bears to mankind by clarifying its ideals, by intensing its noble emotions and by expressing its hopes and aspirations in marching music. Music helps the men in an army to keep step with each other, and to move as one body. Poetry helps the people of a nation to feel and think together and to move forward in harmony.

The lecturer was careful to say that he did not believe that poetry alone was sufficient for the guidance of human action. "There must be education and philosophy, and law and religion; but, granting the importance and necessity of all these, it still remains true that poetry gives utterance to the highest ideals of mankind in a voice which moves the heart.

The lecturer spoke of the influence of Tyetaeus in Sparta, and of the great tragedians in Athens, of the place which the psalms have played and still play in the race feeling of the Jews and of the splendid patriotic verse of Vergil.

He took up the way in which poetry deals with the spirit of patriotism. "There are three things which the poet does to enhance and deepen the love of country. First, he gives a personal form and embodiment to the ideal of the nation. What is our country? It is something we have seen in part, but never seen altogether. It is a mystical figure in which the features of the land and the people and the institutions are blended. Poetry alone through the imagination, is able to accomplish this ideal embodiment of a country, of giving us a conception of Germania, or Britania, or Scotia, or Columbia. In this figure of our native land poetry tries to express all the best ideals and hopes of the people.

"A second way in which the poet strengthens and deepens the love of country is by preserving and putting into beautiful form the national traditions. The memories of heroes and of their great deeds are part of a country's wealth, and thus poetry safeguards and immortalizes in verse. Recall the romances of French and German and Spanish chivalry, the Scotch and English ballads, the narrative poems in which the stories of the heroes of America are told. Recall also the national songs like 'God Save The King,' 'Die Wacht Am Rhein,' 'La Marseillaise,' 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' and 'My Country 'Tis Of Thee.' The third way in which the poet strengthens and deepens the love of country is by giving a clearer utterance to the principles and ideals for which the

nation stands. Take for example the English ideal of glory as expressed in the dying speech of John of Gaunt in Shakespeare's 'Richard II' with its kinds renowned, 'For Christian service and true Chivalry.' Or think of Emerson's 'Concord Ode' with its American ideal of glory.

'The men are ripe of Saxon kind
To build an equal state
To take the statue from the mind,
And make of duty fate.'

The lecturer did not find that the so-called poetry of Democracy as exemplified by Walt Whitman, really expressed the ideals of the people. It is rather the rhapsodical philosophy of the tramp class rejoicing mainly in freedom from responsibility and a rough kind of luxury and laziness. The real desires of the working people on the contrary, are rather in the direction of order and security and a well regulated life in a free country. This is why there are a hundred laboring men who read and like Longfellow, to one who reads and likes Whitman. The true poetry of democracy, when it comes, will express clear and definite ideals, and will uplift man by giving him not only self-reliance, but also self-control. It is expressed for us in America by such a poem as Whittier's 'Astrea.' "



"Thanksgiving"

Now the turkey's days are numbered, and he won't have long to wait,
For the proclamation's issued fixing our Thanksgiving date,
At the end of this November there will be a royal feast,
And we'll hear a cry for turkey from the highest to the least.

There'll be pumpkin pie and fixin's down each eager throat to toss,
There'll be many palate ticklers and the tart cranberry sauce,
And there'll be a lot of dainties some will feel inclined to shirk,
But not one of all the eaters will decline a slice of turk.

There'll be children, mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts;
With the turkey on the table as the object that enchants,
And if they are still as hungry as on feasting days before
They'll not stop at one good serving, but will pass their plates for more.

There'll be trouble for the carver, though he tries to do his best,
When too many call for drumsticks and too many want the breast;
There'll be frequent calls for "stuffing" in the most persuasive tones,
And before the feast is ended there'll be nothing left but bones.

So get ready, Mister Gobbler, and get ready, Mistress Hen,
For Thanksgiving Day is coming, and you'll see your finish then.
Now, at last, your days are numbered, and you won't have long to wait,
At the end of this November you'll be smoking on the plate.—Ex.

The Muhlenberg



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Three-Sevenths

By Booz, 12



His schoolmaster was thinking hard. Outside the wind shrieked around the school building as if angry at its inability to wreck the quaint sturdy structure that opposed its might. It was the close of a bleak November day. To the schoolmaster, moodily staring out the window at the scudding ghosts of gray clouds it seemed to epitomize every emotion that filled his soul, alternating currents of despair, stern resolution heightened by hope and above all else, or rather beneath all else, for this was the ground for his mood, a deep steadfast growing passion. The schoolmaster was in love and to twist the barb in the wound, he was balked in love!

To be more explicit about our schoolmaster he was principal of the three-roomed, nine graded school at Turtle Creek, a prosperous little community on the banks of the stream, which gave its name to the town. The schoolmaster having just completed his course at Squantum College, had started on the low rung of this principalship to climb up to fame. Here he had found his work and what was now of more consideration, his destiny, in the shape of a country beauty.

He could see her now, merry eyed, fair haired, blithe and debonair, a typical country beauty in the first attractive blossoming of youth. And yet she was more than a "typical country beauty," which so often signifies sweet stupidity, for she was keen witted, clever, intellectual, and "turrible smart" in the eyes of the country folks. The young schoolmaster first saw her at the township "spelling bee" when he and she were finally left standing together after having "spelt down" the township. He had taken her home that night and various other nights. Then came the pressure of a serious competition, the more alarming to him as his passion had grown. True his rival was only a farmer's son, but then she was a farmer's daughter, and he the most popular young buck of the countryside, with the added attraction of many acres of rich farm land as his inheritance.

Judith herself, for such was her name, had shown no partiality. Did the farmer escort her from church? The schoolmaster received her attentions at choir practice. Was she seen sleighing with the farmer? The schoolmaster and she played duets on Sunday evening. Speculation grew and each attracted a host of partisans.

And what was the difficulty now over which our young schoolmaster has been brooding, while we have been rambling thru this explanation? Simply this, Judith's father in order to bring matters to a head and with the simple directness of the country, after consulting Judith had announced that the rival defeating the other at a game of checkers one week before Christmas was to have the hand of his daughter. As in most country communities, the one occupation of universal interest and amusement was checker playing. And on various Sunday evenings the

schoolmaster had often watched his young farmer rival and his beloved or his beloved's father engage at checkers.

Hence his gloom. He detested checkers. He played occasionally, but just to show his democracy and to take part in the one game which was demanded of friendship and fellowship throughout the countryside. He had played Judith, only to find himself an easy conquest, he had played his rival no later than last Sunday and gave up after two games, furious at himself and at the tolerantly superior smile of his opponent. For the young farmer was the accredited champion of the country.

So it looked as if he was going to lose this one thing which seemed worth while in life. He couldn't understand it, for at their last meeting she had encouraged him in a manner altogether beyond her usual bantering reserve. She knew that he hardly understood the rudiments of the game, and that her other suitor was a champion. It seemed simply a sure and amusing scheme to get him out of the way. He did not know that Judith's father, who of course favored the wealthy suitor to the poverty stricken, had scarce been able to get her consent to the match.

So he sat staring out the window at the darkening day, and his mood of reflection was sickly—what was that! The outer door of his office room leading into the street was being pushed open. Suddenly something was pushed in and the door slowly moved shut. Leaping out of his seat the schoolmaster rushed to the door, flung it open, and peered in all directions thru the dusk. There was no one to be seen, though the package at his feet testified to the accuracy of his senses. Picking up the bundle he found it to be a little book, a Manual on How to Play Checkers, and printed on the flyleaf in a crabbed hand was the proverb "*mens vincit omnia et praemium vincit.*" A surge of joy passed over him. That was just what he had been arguing last Sunday with Judith's father and his rival, in which argument Judith had taken his side. And the next day her father had announced the contest.

Despair fell from him and a stern resolution took its place. Locking his door and lighting his lamp he got out his checker-board and checkers and began on the front page of the manual. After that the schoolmaster was shut up in his room every night studying curious formations on his board, and as he moved his pieces hither and thither he thought of the laughter in her eyes and the smile of tolerant superiority in his rival after his overwhelming defeat at their great game. The square lines to his jaw would become squarer and the lines in his brow deepen, the lamp burnt later each night and he was once caught by a sharp pupil absently plotting a wedge formation attack on a blackboard checker-board.

At last the night of the contest arrived and with it a great crowd of excited country folks at the house of the girl's father. Sentiment was fairly divided between the two contestants, but the odds were all for the farmer. Only a few wiseacres, remembering the lamp late at night in the schoolmaster's room, nodded their heads and "reckoned it'd be a tollable fight."

When the schoolmaster stepped into the house his brain was in a tumult and he shrank back a little from the crowd and boisterous clapping on shoulders and well wishes of his friends. Then he heard his noisy rival rather boastfully remark of the "three acres and a bride," Christmas present he was to win. His nerves leaped, and when continuing his gaze around the room he saw Judith looking at him from beside her father with an odd half frightened, half supplicating smile, he gripped himself into constant control and coolness.

At last the judges arrived, the clergyman, the squire and the postmaster. The schoolmaster and his rival were seated opposite each other across the seat and board, the people pressed clear back to the door, the young farmer who had won the first move, reached out his hand and the great game for his love had begun.

Back in that country they talk of it yet. How the young farmer attacked with wonderful openings, and how the young schoolmaster responded with an equally wonderful defense. How the game gradually was eliminated down to just a few pieces on each side, when wit matched wit in playing for position. How the young farmer sobered on the first play and moved with the most careful precision. And best of all, how the schoolmaster, his face white his jaw set and his eyes blazing, drew forth rounds of applause for the ingenious skill with which time and again he defeated what seemed sure defeat. At last, however, after one of his moves a dead silence fell upon the crowd, followed by excited whispers. "The schoolmaster's caught, the schoolmaster's done for." The young farmer, with a smile of relief and satisfaction takes out his handkerchief and wipes the beads of perspiration from his face. All eyes are now turned on the schoolmaster, his face looks gray and drawn and he studies the board with the intentness of desperation. And then Judith, who had been warmly watching him, restlessly begins to hum a little tune. It sounds foolishly incongruous and her father sharply asks, "Jude what's that fool thing you're humming, better prepare for your beau," to which she replied, "Its just a funny little tune in a funny three-sevenths time."

And the crowd turned again to watch the the schoolmaster. No one had noticed him while Judith was speaking, but if anyone had been watching they would have seen him start in his chair when Judith said three-sevenths time, and then sink back again to his former attitude.

But the strain was gone and reaching out he made his move. A quick thorough study and then a roar of applause came out to shake the roof. "The schoolmaster has won." He had won by a move which was technically called in the Manual on How to Play Checkers "three-sevenths."

In after years the schoolmaster, grown to the dignity of Prof. and Dr., always accuses his wife of having proposed to him, but she always replies that it was simply to save a good game of checkers.



ATHLETICS.

Muhlenberg 15, Delaware 0



ON October 28th, 1911, a husky looking crowd of fellows, headed by a thick set coach who was none other than the famous "Bill" McAvoy, of Lafayette fame, hit Muhlenberg. This assemblage represented Delaware College, and their

intentions can be fairly well illustrated by the statement McAvoy made to Prof. Reese. "Yes, sir, I have one peach of a team there, and if we lose, you have a hummer. But we'll beat you 30—0." McAvoy was excusable in feeling rather hopeful, too, because his

charges had tied Swarthmore 0—0, and Swarthmore has a rep. In the first quarter, for a while at least, it looked as though McAvoy, like G. W., wouldn't tell a lie, because Delaware certainly did some ripping. They advanced 10 yards on the kick-off. Then the ball see-sawed, Muhlenberg's portion of said see-sawing being carried on mostly by Dan, and the tackle through tackle plays by Krauss and Flexer. Bixler helped matters considerably by dropping on a fumble.

Here was where Delaware got gay. Muhlenberg kicked and Delaware began to tramp, tramp, tramp toward the eastern goal. A forward then went wrong and they were halted, but soon came back, but for the last time. In the next quarter, largely by Scott's line ripping the ball was brought in a good position for a try at a goal. As Reisner's kick went over the Delaware line, their right guard touched it, and "Hap" Nenow made an awful muss in Delaware by dropping on the ball back of the goal line for a touchdown. Reisner kicked the goal. In the next period, by Scott's runs and Flexer's gains the ball was put on Delaware's 25 yard line and Reisner kicked a goal. Nenow recovered a punt in this quarter, thus adding to his previous record. It was "Hap's" lucky day. In the last quarter backfield plunges brought the ball to Delaware's 3 yard line, and Dan kicked a nice hole for a touchdown. Reisner kicked the goal, and ended the scoring. Katz played the most consistent game on the line and Nenow nabbed a pretty forward pass and played a steady game all the way through. However, Scott and

Skean with their never failing defensive work and hard plunges were the stars of the game. The line up:

Muhlenberg		Delaware
Nenow	L. E.	Loomis (Foulk)
Flexer	L. T.	Kelly (Todd)
Snyder (Sermulin)	L. G.	E. Loomis
Savacool	C.	Atticks
Katz	R. G.	Millington
Krauss	R. T.	Hamil
Bixler (Wacker)	R. E.	Cann
Reisner	Q.	Houston
Blackburn	L. H. B.	Ennis (Taylor, Lawin)
Skean	R. H. B.	Handy
Scott	F. B.	Taylor (Dean)

Touchdowns: Nenow, Blackburn. Goals: Reisner, 2. Field goals: Reisner. Referee, Dietrich, Lafayette; Umpire, Ellicott, Lafayette; Field judge, Bossard, Muhlenberg. Twelve minute quarters.

Muhlenberg 39, Lebanon Valley 0

After the important Delaware was tucked away, Lebanon Valley sent their assortment over to see us. To tell just how the game was played would be almost too much of a repetition of touchdowns, touchdowns, etc., ad 00. The first quarter ended with the score 15—0. Bixler made two touchdowns, one on a recovered punt and one on a fake kick formation and Reisner kicked a field goal. In the second quarter they out-played us, but Nenow prevented a score by falling on a fumble on the 1 yard line. In the third quarter Muhlenberg came back strong. Reisner kicked a goal, Skean crossed the line, and the tackles coupled with Blackburn finally sent Flexer over. Score 28—0. Here the scrubs sent seven men in the game. The feature of this quarter was the playing of E. Loser who wriggled and ran his way through Lebanon for two touchdowns. Score 39—0. The line up:

Muhlenberg		Lebanon Valley
Nenow (Wacker)	L. E.	Hayes
Krauss (E. Loser)	L. T.	Carle
Snyder (Sermulin)	L. G.	Plummer
Savacool (Fetheroff)	C.	Carlton
Katz	R. G.	Long
Flexer	R. T.	Boyer
Bixler (Lelsey)	R. E.	Schelly
Reisner	Q. B.	Larne
Blackburn (E. Loser)	L. H. B.	Kunder (Walters)
Skean	R. H. B.	Klingler
Scott (Shelly)	F. B.	Snaveley

Touchdowns: Bixler, 2; Skean, Flexer, E. Loser, 2; Goals from touchdowns: Reisner, 3; Field goals: Reisner, 2. Referee: Dietrich, Lafayette; Umpire: Ellicott, Lafayette; Head linesman: Butterwick, Cornell; Field judge: Eberts, Muhlenberg.

Muhlenberg 9, Franklin and Marshall 0

Now every energy was bent on wiping out F. and M. In fact, for the week before that game, we heard more about that game than we did of religion and psychology, and that's going some.

The night before the game a smoker was held. "Mal" Gross, Prof. Reese, Mr. Stuart, Rev. Brooks, District Attorney Rupp and other well known men of the town and faculty together with many of our more recent alumni were on hand with snappy speeches. All of the songs and cheers were worn thread-bare.

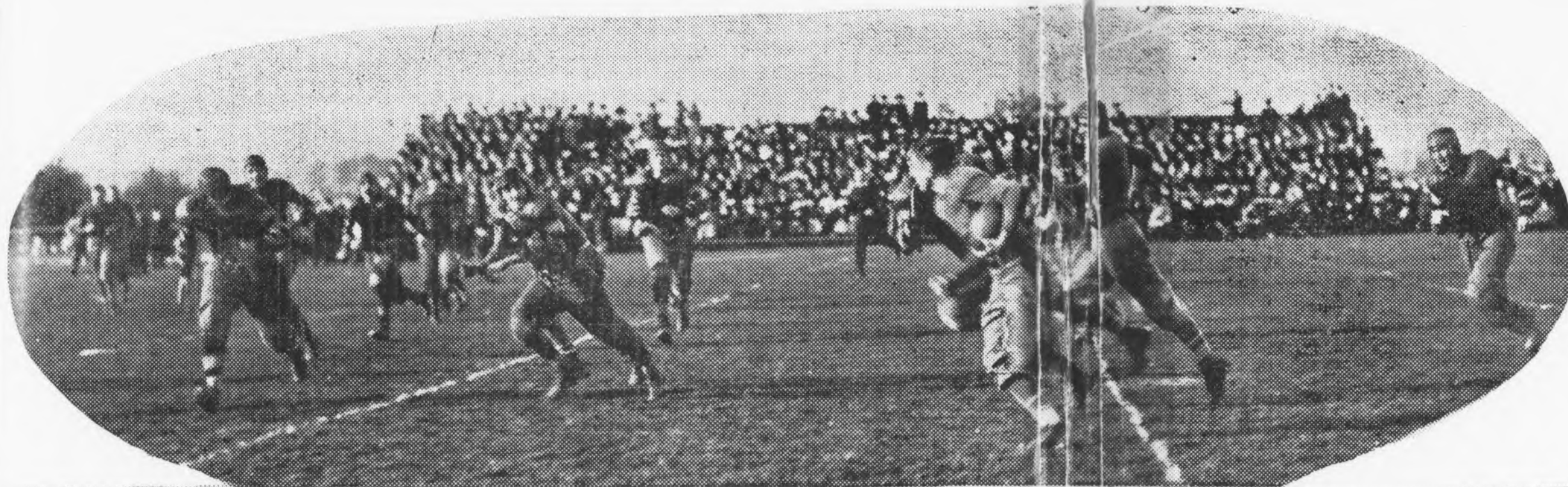
While the student body and alumni were holding this smoke fest the team was taken for a tally-ho ride to get them sleepy. Saturday afternoon brought ideal weather and Muhlenberg field never saw a bigger crowd in its entire history. F. and M., brought her student body along, and had a band in attendance, while the Allentown Band furnished our marching music. Friends and alumni came from all over, and Allentown admirers of both institutions were present in full force.

The Muhlenberg rooters marched over from the dorms to the stand, but surrendered their seats shortly after to accomodate the F. and M., student body. The only cessation of the cheering was the time taken up by singing, and that game sure was worth gong bugs over. This may give a faint idea of the real thing.

The teams came on the field at 2.30, and Bridenbaugh, Captain of F. and M., won the toss and Reisner kicked off against the wind. On the first few plays Pontius and Jaeger made things look lively, especially since we lost 15 yards for holding. But there they stopped. Wacker and Flexer nailed one man and Bixler the next. To the fellows who remembered how last year's ends and tackles were boxed and how Bridenbaugh and Jaeger used to sweep around, this smearing of two end plays in the first two minutes play looked mightily good. For the rest of the quarter F. and M. tried only two end runs. Neither side could gain consistently and the quarter was a kicking one. The way the ends and tackles of both teams got down under punts was a caution. The feature of the day was certainly not running back punts.

The second quarter started auspiciously. Wacker threw Bridenbaugh for an 8 yard loss. Our ball. Backfield plunges then took the ball to F. and M's., 40 yard line. Skean fumbled, but Bixler picked up the ball and made 10 yards. A forward pass to Blackburn worked and it was our ball on the 20 yard line. Here Reisner failed at a field goal.

F. and M's ball. They kicked, but we were soon forced to do likewise and Bridenbaugh came back 5 yards. Pontius and Wood made 30 yards through the line and around the end. Then we held and THEN IT HAPPENED. Standing on our 25 yard line, Reisner kicked to F. and M's., corresponding streak of line. Bridenbaugh misjudged the ball—Wacker, who had out sprinted all of F. and M's other men picked it up and streaked across the goal line fast enough to have beaten Rector himself. Then maybe Muhlenberg and her supporters didn't let loose.



GRIDIRON SCENES.
By Courtesy of the "Democrat."
Photo by Courtesy of "Morning Call.

UPPER SCENE.
F. and M. Running Back a Punt.
MIDDLE SCENE.
A Line Buck.
LOWER SCENE.
Breidenbaugh Caught At His Own Game.



CAPT. SAVACOO.

So many thing flew up in the air that Reisner could hardly see to kick the goal. A hundred autoes were tooting their horns and two thousand Allentown and Muhlenberg fans yelled themselves hoarse, while poor Herbert tried to organize a systematic yell. F. and M., had been scored on and the hoodoo was broken. "Young" Johnny Bauman's dream was coming true. F. and M., began to fight harder than ever, but Skean put a quietus on them by nabbing a forward and the half ended with the score 6—0.

It was in the third period that both teams put forth their hardest efforts. After two exchanges at punts Pontius made 5 yards and then Blackburn downed him. Jaeger tore off four and Bill Scott got a grip on his eyebrows and the ex-sailor fell over too. Then Hartman carried the ball to our 3 yard line. Schantz said "Come on fellows, we've got 'em now." Pontuis hit guard and went back. He tried again and Scott hurled him back again. The Muhlenberg student body was singing the Alma Mater, and every eye was bent on the next play. Like a short from a gun, Wood hit our line, and the linesman and Blackburn threw him for a loss. Bixler kicked the ball out of danger. It might be mentioned here that Bxler's punting throughout the game was great. Earlier in this same period, when Bridenbaugh had kicked to our three yard line, Savacool had passed the ball high and sent it soaring over F. and M's., heads. Later in this period F. and M., worked their way to our 5 yard line, but Blackburn grabbed the ball on a forward and saved a score. This ended the excitement for this quarter.

In the last period E. Loser replaced Skean and started in by gaining 5 yards. After exchanging punts, Bixler, Scott and Blackburn made 18 yards and Wacker recovered an outside kick on F. and M's., 20 yard line. Here Reisner kicked a field goal, Blackburn holding the ball. Hardly less enthusiasiam was displayed here than when Wacker had scored his touchdown. This score beyond all doubt put the game on ice. From now on Scott, Bixler and Loser gained steadily and F. and M., continually resorted to kicking; the game ended with the score 9—0. The features of the game from our stand point were the sterling defensive work of Katz, Scott and Flexer. The end round work of the ends; the punting of Bixler and the handling of punts by Blackburn. Dan didn't fumble one, and his touch back in the third period averted a touchdown for F. and M., Bridenbaugh and Pontuis played a hard consistent all the time, excepting Bridenbaugh's misjudgment of Reisner's punt which resulted in a touchdown. After the game the fellows carried team and coach off the field. The line up:

Muhlenberg		F. and M.
Wacker	L. E.	Hayes
Flexer	L. T.	Hartman
Katz	L. .G	Kalbach
Savacool	C.	Diehl
Snyder (Sermulin)	R. G.	Lohl
Krauss	R. T.	Schantz

Bixler	R. E.	Schaffner (Lykes, Luyler)
Reisner	Q. B.	Bridenbaugh (Coff)
Blackburn	L. H. B.	Jaeger
Skean (Loser)	R. H. B.	Pontius
Scott	F. B.	Wood

Touchdowns: Wacker; Goal: Reisner; Field goal: Reisner; Referee: McCarthy, Germantown; Umpire: Hopkins, Haverford; Field judge: Atwood, Amherst; Head linesman: Miller, Muhlenberg. Time of quarters fifteen minutes.



The Programme of Celebrations

After the game cheering squads and teams followed by automobiles and headed by the Allentown Band marched down to the square, where they yelled, sang and, mark it! listened to Dr. Bauman make a foot ball speech. Everybody then went for supper, but by 7 o'clock, the town was filled with Muhlenberg men and the town was ours. We marched up and down Hamilton Street singing songs and yelling, headed by Prof. Reese. This kept up until 8.00, when the Allen grill room was the scene of a banquet and joy making, whose equal was never seen in Allentown. All the foot ball men and alumni and John Sefing made speeches. Dan Blackburn got first prize. The party adjourned to—well—to the room next to the grill room and celebrated. Just celebrated, no other name for it. Incidentally some Bucknell talk came up, and Mayor Rinn informed us that the only decent thing to do was to clean them up entirely; at any rate to fight like—anything to beat them. This celebrating continued uninterrupted for several hours, the last man coming home to mother at 4 a. m.

Sunday passed rather peacefully, but Monday witnessed the revival of the celebration spirit. The committee on celebration received word from Dr. Haas that all classes were cancelled for all day Monday. A big bonfire was scheduled. A student body meeting was called, and by 10 a. m., four teams were hauling wood out from town so that by Monday night there was a fifty foot pile of wood erected, with an F. and M., banner and a dummy player on top. At 8 o'clock it was set off, and every foot ball man, Coach Kelly, Prof. Reese and John Sefing made speeches, while the thousand citizens present and the students rehearsed how Scotty threw a couple of men so hard they went in the ground to their shoulders, and how Bixler punted, and Reisner kicked his goal, and then some and then some more. According to the Allentown papers, Allentown has never been so enthused over any athletic event. Telegrams have been received from alumni all over the country, and why shouldn't they? For the first time in our history we defeated Franklin and Marshall.

Alumni Notes



1871. By the will of the Rev. O. P. Smith, of Pottstown, upon the death of his widow, \$1500 is to go to Muhlenberg College, Allentown, to found an "Oliver P. Smith Scholarship" for a Pottstown boy.

1880. Muhlenberg was honored in the attendance at the inauguration of Elmer Ellsworth Brown, as chancellor of New York University, of President J. A. W. Haas and Dr. George T. Ettinger, the dean of the faculty, they taking in all the features of the two-day ceremonies that marked the finest academic gathering probably ever seen in this country. Over eight hundred representatives of the 150 leading colleges and universities of the country were in attendance. Dr. Haas went as the representative of the college. Dr. Ettinger, who secured his doctor's degree from New York University, was in attendance as an alumnus in addition to being a representative of the local college.

1906. Rev. August Karkau is at Freeport, N. Y., instead of Liberty, as was reported last month.

1900. The address of Rev. William M. Horn, is changed from 52 West 93rd, Street, New York, to 2233 Sedgwick Ave., New York City.

1909. Mr. William Kistler Huff, is now an Instructor in English at the University of Maine, at Orono. Mr. Huff finished the Junior year successfully at Muhlenberg, and then went to Harvard University, from which he was graduated with honors in 1910. Last year he taught at Sellersville.

It was particularly gratifying to those who are closely connected with the running of affairs at the college and have responsible and intimate connections with the Alumni Association to see so many of the alumni present at the game of foot ball with Franklin and Marshall

College, on November 11. Some of these alumni came from a distance. It is a great encouragement to the team and the student body. We want still more alumni present at this game next year, and still more present at other games, for there are many in this vicinity whom we see too seldom. Alumni, your Alma Mater wants to see you as often as possible; and wants to feel your sympathy and hearty co-operation in all its activities and efforts.



The English Language

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes;
Then the fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of moose would never be meese.
You will find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hice;
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
Then cows in the plural be cows or kine,
But a bow if repeated is never called bine,
And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.

If I speak of a foot, and you show me your feet,
And you give me a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth,
Why couldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
If the singular's this, and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed kese?
Then one may be that and three would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.

We speak of brother, and also of brethren,
But, though we say mother, we never say methren;
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him,
But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim!
So the English, I think you will all agree,
Is the queerest language you ever did see.—Ex.

Personals



Possibly the greatest number of alumni that ever returned to their Alma Mater were present when we trailed the colors of Franklin and Marshall College in the dust. The department only regrets that it cannot afford the space to publish the names of the faithful. The old boys quickly acquired the spirit that ran riot in these halls and it was a distinct pleasure to see alumni and undergraduates standing shoulder to shoulder cheering for their team. Mount Airy alone sent up fifteen men while telegrams of congratulation were received from Rev. Gerberding, '73; Rev. Krauss, '84; Grant, '11; and Weber, '11; all of the Chicago Seminary, Aberly, '11; New Bern N. C. and Klingler, '13; Butler, Pa.

We all appreciate the manner in which the alumni supported their Alma Mater in its latest achievement and hope that they may turn out in even greater numbers upon each succeeding call from old Muhlenberg not only for their own betterment, but also for the moulding of many more alumni who will leave these hall in the years to come.



A LITTLE SERMON.

It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme
Rudely appealed to an exact trifling theme.
Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise,
To swear is neither brave, polite nor wise;
You would not swear upon the bed of death:

Reflect! your Maker now can stop your breath.—Cowper.

Esser, '13; in History: What was the name of the Pope's son?

Prof. Bossard: Popes were not supposed to have sons—at least not legitimately.

GLOOMS.

If a baby bawls when you pinch it, how can you make a foot ball?

If Krauss refused to run, George Stump would (wood). Supposition highly improbable.

If all the Muhlenberg supporters yelled their heads off after the F. and M., game was the chrysanthemum.

If Mr. Kelly is our foot ball coach is Mr. McCollum our stage coach?



DUTCH.

Our college mascot, a great Dane made his appearance at the F. and M. game, and to say that he created a sensation is putting it mildly. "Dutch" was purchased by popular subscription and the committee Messrs. Bixler, Leisey and Nenow are to be congratulated upon their selection. "Dutch" has already won or rather wagged his way into the hearts of the fellows and will without a doubt matriculate in the near future and become a landmark at the institution.



Mr. Bausch one evening stole a piece of cake,
He put it in his table drawer. Oh, Gee, what a mistake,
Some miscreant made a hole in it and filled the hole with ink.
Bausch grew hungry later on, and gulped the cake without a blink,
Of what must have been his dreams that night I really hate to think,
Between a blotter and a fountain pen he is now the "Missing Link."



A SURPRIZE.

Messrs. Skean and Groff wish to announce an "At Home" for November 30th, 1911. After three months of untiring effort their room in Rhoads Hall has been properly kalsomined and adorned and the above announcement is the result.

Bright Freshman (after noticing that the corn in a neighboring field had been cut): Shocking.



APROPOS?

One of the loyal townspeople was met downtown by one of the fellows and the following occurred in front of a butcher shop:

I want to bet on Muhlenberg. Can't you lend me a few "bones" and I'll meet (meat) you here in half an hour. Bring somebody along to hold the stakes (steaks).

Ziemer, '14: That was poor coffee we had at the boarding house this evening.

Seegers, '13: Yes, and they had no grounds for its being poor.

Freshman: What is a good definition for snoring?

Soph: Sheet music.

Dame Rumor has it that Leisey thinks a whole lot of a girl on Hamilton Street. We wonder if the young lady's father could by any chance be engaged in the real estate business.

Dr. Selp, '85, presided at a good rousing smoker held on the Friday evening preceding our F. and M., victory. We were also favored with enthusiastic addresses by Dr. Haas, Rev. Brooks, Mr. Stuart, "Pop" Reese and the following alumni: Messrs. Gross, '94; Rupp, '92; Bos-sard, '09; Kern, '09; Smith, '11; Butz, '11; Bauman, '11; and Eberts, '11. A rehearsal of songs and cheers completed a most enjoyable evening.

Richards, '13: Well I just finished a long letter home.

Unangst, '14: Are your parents well to do or hard to do?

Junior: I have a job for next summer as groom on a yacht.

Senior: What's that?

Junior: Taking care of the clothes horses of course.



VANISH SNOW.

The freshmen and the few upper classmen who assisted in preparing the gridiron for Saturday's game with Bucknell are to be com-mended for their good work. For three straight hours sixty fellows worked in clearing the gridiron of snow. An occasion such as that brings out the spirit of the fellows and it is our only regret that so many of the upper classmen "shorthorned" and thus set the "fresh" a poor example.



UNCOMPROMISED.

Ed. and Mag, together were

Oft in close communion seen,

Ed. was but an editor,

Mag, a weekly magazine.



THE AGE.

First Boarder (after a Sociology lecture): It was an easy matter to classify the stone age, the bronze age, etc., but what name will fit this age?

Second Boarder: Judging by the eggs (and other grub) we get nowadays, it strikes me storage would be about right.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton, delivered a lecture in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium on November 14th, under the auspices of the col-lege, his subject being "Poetry, Patriotism and Democracy." Without a doubt Dr. Van Dyke's lecture was a literary treat and we feel proud that Muhlenberg was able to give the people of Allentown the oppor-tunity of hearing a man of such literary talent.

The foot ball team is the recipient of a much deserved gift. For their weeks of untiring effort and self-sacrifice for the glory of their Alma Mater each man will receive a good cardinal sweater in addi-tion to the usual awarding of the college letter in gray. They deserve this and then some.

Dr. Haas: Where are all the juniors today?

A Junior: We had a class meeting, Doctor, and they are coming

in by degrees.

Dr. Haas: If they don't attend recitations more promptly some of them will leave college without degrees.



FROM THE BILLBOARDS.

"The Chocolate Soldier," "A Matinee Idol," while walking down "The Gay White Way," met and fell in love with "The Rose of Algeria." They were "Married in Haste" and the "Newlyweds" were very happy indeed. He thought her "Miss Innocence" until he heard that she and "The Girl from Rector's" were "Going Some." "On Broadway After Dark" with "The Midnight Sons" and "The Jolly Bachelors," who called themselves "The Summer Widowers." She, on the other hand, no longer thought hubby "The Catch of the Season." His heart was certainly heavy "Because He Loved Her So" and every one pointed him out as "A Fool There Was." He only replied that it was "A Game of Love and Chance" and "You Never Can Tell," so, still wondering "Is Matrimony a Failure?" he took "The Love Cure." He then decided to ask his old friend "The Man Who Owns Broadway" "The Easiest Way" to "Round Up" the affair. He at last found that "The Wild Rose" was only a "Fortune Hunter" who preferred "Brewster's Million's" to the "Fourth Estate," which he concluded was "A Woman's Way." After many queries of "Will He Divorce Her?" he reached "The Climax" and finally acquired "The American Idea." He thought 'twere best to part "The Great Divide" between them, so in "Spring-time" he took "A Trip to Japan" like "Wildfire" with "The Merry Widow," but finally disembarked in "The Land of Nod." Although he was much more than "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," he simply felt like "The Man of the Hour."

We had the privilege of listening to Revs. Fry, '78 and Lambert, '88, of Catasaqua, at our weekly chapel talks. Both of the speakers gave us good sound advice.

The college calendars for 1912 published by the Sophomore class are out and have met with a rapid sale. They are unquestionably a credit to the institution. All orders should be addressed to H. J. Fry or C. A. Gebert, the business managers.

Bright Freshman: Our game with F. & M. occurred on the eleventh day of the eleventh month in nineteen hundred and eleven. All ones. No wonder we won.



Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The weekly Bible study classes have begun their work. The class composed of the Seniors and Juniors is taught by Prof. Reese, and the Sophomores and Freshmen have Prof. Fritsch for their leader. All men, whether members of the Y. M. C. A. or not, are cordially invited to attend.

The combined meetings of the month were led by J. S. Savacool and C. D. Hummell. Watch the bulletin board for announcements of meetings and "turn out."

The week of December 10-26 is Y. M. C. A. week, Rev. Buchman of State College will be with us the entire time. During the course of the week he has arranged to have with us several important Y. M. C. A. speakers, among whom are "Shorty" Miller and "Harlow" of the State College 'Varsity. Both of these men are great Y. M. C. A. workers. A full account of the week's proceedings will be given in the December issue.

Dr. Haas (assigning collateral to Seniors): Mr. Waidelich, with whom do you room.

Waidelich: I'm single, doctor.

Muhlenberg's getting strong on the co-ed argument. Every Saturday morning our eyes are blessed with the privilege of gazing on twenty or more buxom dames from our famous college town and its suburbs. They're all good looking, and although some are yet somewhat shy and timid, others have been tempted to take the dormitory road on their way home. No doubt the next question for the student council to solve will be a petition from these fair dames demanding "woman suffrage" in student organization elections.



"Now, That is a word, that may often be joined,
For "that that" may be doubled is clear to the mind;
And that that that is right, is as plain to the view,
As that, that that that we use, is rightly used, too;
And that that that that that line has in it, is right—

In accordance with grammar—is plain to our sight."—Ex.

A pud in is almi de si re
Mimis tres I nev er re qui re
Alo veri findit a gestis
His miseri ne ver at restis.
Mollis abuti,
Has an acuti
No lasso finis
Omni de armistress
Omi de armistress
Cantu disco ver
Meas alo ver?

A pudding is all my desire,
My mistress I never require;
A lover I find it a jest is,
His misery never at rest is.
Molly is a beauty,
Has an acute eye;
No lass so fine is,
Oh, my dear mistress,
Can't you discover
Me as a lover.—Ex.

Exchanges



The October issue of the College Breezes contains a beautiful poem, "Meditation." If we only had more poets in the different colleges to write. How much more it would raise the standard of our papers! A few cuts would make your up to date monthly a little bit more attractive. You have your departments well outlined, which shows one thing, and *that* is system, the only means in acquiring high standard.

The October issue of the Buff and Blue still maintains its high standard, which it has held the last few years. Your paper, as well as The College Breezes, contains poems. There is nothing so attractive in a college monthly than having our essays and short stories interspersed with small and attractive poems. It adds dignity, if I am permitted to use that term. Your alumni notes are copious and show that your alumni take an active interest in the welfare of their Alma Mater.

The Breeze, Blair Academy, has a neat and attractive cover. Your cuts are simple and neat. "The Hand of Destiny" is a well written article and deserves a great deal of comment. Although, as Exchange Editor,

it is difficult to get good exchange jokes; yet, I think, a few good exchange jokes would add a little flavor to the exchange department. If no good exchange jokes can be gathered snatches of good prose and poetry could easily take its place.

The following exchanges were received up to this time: Delaware College Review, Newark, Del.; M. A. S. Monthly, New Brunswick, N. J.; The Lincolnian, Lincoln, Ill.; College News, Lebanon Valley College; The Midland, Atchison, Kans.; High School News, Lancaster, Pa.; The Bethany Messenger, Lindsborg, Kans.; The Argus, Findlay College, Ohio; The Purple and White, Allentown Prep. School; Res Academicæ, Wilkes-Barre; College Breezes, Gustavus Adolphus College; The Comenian, Bethlehem, Pa.; The Weekly Gettysburgian, Gettysburg College; The Ursinus Weekly, Collegeville, Pa.; The Register, Burlington, Vt.; The Tatler, Bethlehem High School; The Red and Black, Bethlehem Prep. School; The Carlisle Arrow, Carlisle, Pa.; The Sorosis, Pittsburg, Pa.; Lenoirian, Hickory, N. C.; The Junto, Easton High School; Our College News, Elizabethtown College, Pa.; The College Student, Lancaster, Pa.; The M. P. S. Moravian Parochial School, The Red and Black, Reading High School; The Narrator, Schuylkill Seminary, Reading, Pa.; The Mirror, Moravian Seminary; The Buff and Blue, Galland College; The Spectator, Columbus, Ohio; The Vidette, K. S. N. S., Kutztown, Pa.; The Hartwick Monthly, Hartwick Sem.; The Breeze, Blair Academy; The College Folio, Allentown College for Women; Augsburg Echo, Augsburg Seminary; The Thielensian, Thiet College; The Mercury, Gettysburg College; The Searchlight, Bound Brook, N. J. The Buchtelite, Akron, Ohio; The Mirror, Central High School, Phila., Pa.; The Albright Bulletin, Albright College.

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight, and give us a maiden dressed proper and right. We are so weary of switches and rats, Billie Burke clusters and peach-basket hats. Wads of jute hair in a horrible pile, stacked on their heads to the height of a mile. Something is wrong with the maidens, we fear. Give us the girls as they used to appear. Give us the girlies we once knew of yore, whose curls didn't come from a hairdressing store. Maidens who dressed with a sensible view. And just as Dame Nature intended them to. Give us a girl with a figure her own and fashioned divinely by nature alone. Feminine style's getting fiercer each year—oh, give us the girls as they used to appear.—Ex.

If a burglar got down cellar, would the coal chute? Or would the furnace fire? No, but the kindling wood.

If Kirby is worth a million, how much is Woolworth?—Ex.

I see your sister is getting quite stout now.

Yes, she works in a studio.

What has that to do with it?

Why, she is working in the developing room.—Ex.

She was a girl from Vassar,
He was a Princeton man,
And during the summer season
They gathered a coat of tan,
Which caused unlimited wonder.
Knockers said, "What a disgrace?"
For each of the pair was sunburned
On the opposite sides of the face.—Ex.



SANDY'S LUGGAGE.

"Good morning, Sandy," said the minister, "you're looking well."
"Aye," replied Sandy, "I've jest been awa' for a sma' holiday, ye ken, but I had a wee terrible accident."
"An accident? Not serious, I hope."
"Yes, I lost a' ma luggage."
"However did that happen?"
Sandy looked sorrowful. "Weel," he said in a broken voice, "the cork cam' oot."—Ex



PROPER PLACE.

"I understand that the leading lady and the prima donna had a violent quarrel."
"Yes."
"How did they settle it?"
"Oh, they went to their dressing rooms and made up.—Ex.



DIDN'T KNOW SHAKESPEARE.

His Mother—Sammy stop using that bad language.
Sammy—Shakespeare says what I just said.
His Mother—Well, you must stop going with him then.—Ex.
He—What dd your father say when you told him my love was like a broad and gushing river?
She—He said, "Dam it!"—Ex.
"Do you believe in fate, Pat?"
"Sure! And what would we stand on without 'em?—Ex.
Mr. Schultz was known to his boarder as being rather scant in the portions which he doled out at his table.
At one meal, wishing to be polite to a new boarder, he asked:
"Mr. Zach Taylor, how did you find your steak this evening?"
"By turning my potato over," replied the new boarder.—Ex.
"What's that smell around the post office?"
"That's the dead letters lying around.—Ex.
What one of our exchanges says of the September Muhlenberg:
"The Muhlenberg for September presents an attractive publication, which reflects a great deal of credit upon its staff. It would do well to

maintain the high standard entered upon. This exchange, it seems, has the same difficulty to contend with, that is so prevalent among college monthlies, the difficulty of successfully reminding the friends and alumni of the college, that their financial as well as moral support is necessary to make the paper a success.

The Quitter, a foot ball story, is well written. It abounds in the true gridiron spirit and the writer has succeeded well in maintaining the interest throughout. We find in it another recital of how easy it is to misjudge our fellows, by taking too much for granted.

The article on the College Room is original in style, while the writer of, "Why Muhlenberg Has Football," presents some strong arguments in favor of the manly sport as developing the qualities of self-control and self-sacrifice. In "What the Alumni Owe the College," we find a plea that alumni in general might well take to heart.

Your department news is spicy and interesting, but would it not be well to give society events a space in your paper? We congratulate the Muhlenberg on presenting such an artistic and well written journal."

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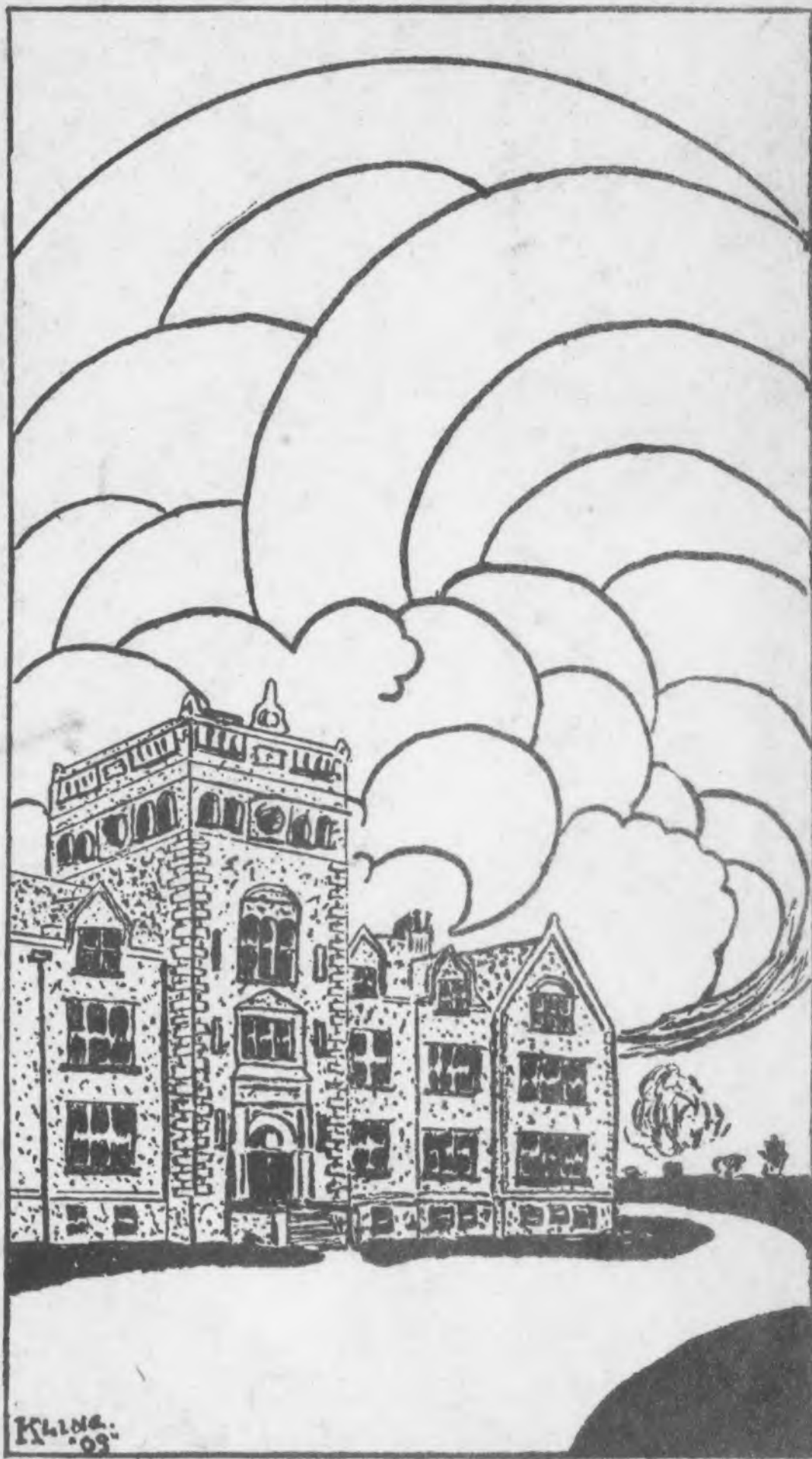
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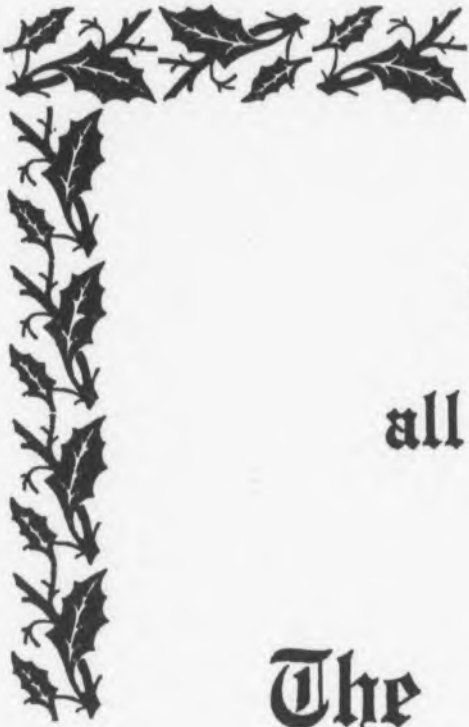
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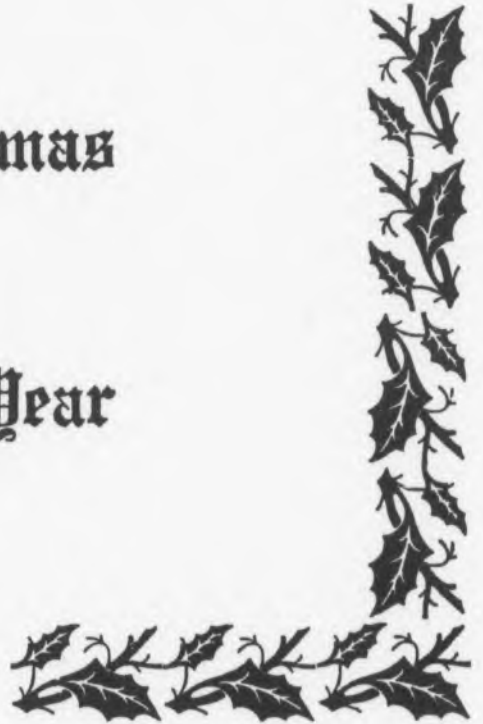
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We Wish
all the Friends
of
The Muhlenberg
a
Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year





The Editor's Sanctum

Once more do we find ourselves in the midst of the happy Christmas season, one more year is about to pass into history. College life is in entire sympathy with the doings of nature. The Freshman has just about got his bearings, he has cast off his "dinky," he has taken his first dip in society, he has gotten a smack of college life, and he thinks he knows something. He goes home to his parents with tales of hazing, football, pretty girls, quite wise, much subdued, entirely harmless. The Sophomore has been a "college man" for over a year, he has ridden through Livy and about to mount Horace, he has passed through the tedious, tiresome, troublesome trials of "trig," he is an accomplished fusser, he has dictated to the faculty, he has hazed the Fresh, he has seen every Orpheum bill since September 13, and is converted to the theory that "Studies" should not interfere with the regular college course. He goes home the hero, and tells father and mother about how he stays up nights studying human nature in preparation to next year's Sociology Course.

The Junior has a somewhat different tale. Girls bother him no longer. He has made his selection; he has won his "M" in athletics. He is busy with the "Ciarla" or "The Muhlenberg." He is secretary of this society and treasurer of that club, he sings on the glee club, and belongs to the dramatic association; he is on the Y M. C. A. Cabinet, and he's on the track team, or if he is not interested in any of these activities, you can bet your Ax in Chemistry that he is married. He is not as wise as the Soph, but wiser than the Senior, he is either a sport, an athlete, or a grind. He goes home labeled with the stamp of either of these three professions. But the poor senior, theism and religion compulsory, imagine Philosophy chucked in. Welcome Wackernagle! He doesn't even know whether he is or whether he isn't, most probably he isn't. If it isn't, why wasn't it? answer—yes. Certainly! Why not? Sure! And then the fall of 1912, staring him in the face.

Well that isn't so bad. If he has no job, he, no doubt goes to Mt. Airy, or joins the Army. Such is the poor Senior; he goes home with a Christmas Festival address in his pocket wears a black suit and a deformed smile and sits and glooms with father over the job he won't get next year. In other words, even the optimist must admit that "Life's one grand slam after the other."

An Honored System

In order to find out what students know, every institution has formed a habit, which has grown into a tradition, to give what are called examinations. Muhlenberg got the habit. It isn't a tradition, because some of her Profs. sometimes give exams to find out what the students don't know, and therefore varies the definition. We at Muhlenberg have the so-called "Honor System," a system in which the students during an exam are left to themselves; are put on their honor. Can this system work? Can you leave 30 young men in a room by themselves and feel confident that no cribbing is going on? Can you trust such a body whose main aim is to "get through," under such trying circumstances? You certainly can, and why not. Trust a college man? Why not? This system cannot help but work—, under the right circumstances. The two main attributes to the success of such a system are perhaps lacking at Muhlenberg. What are they? First. The "Honor System" must be student initiative, not Faculty initiative, you can't make men be honorable. That's what the "Watch System" is used for at some places. Secondly, we should so grade our work, as to be able to give a comparatively easy exam. Make the class work so strenuous so that a respectable exam can be passed without cribbing. Too many exams, from the student point of view are given to find out not what he knows, but to find out what he doesn't know. If we would follow out these two principles this honor system would become an honored system. Lets not forget, a Muhlenberg man is as honorable as any other college man. If the honor system works anywhere it will work at Muhlenberg. Don't blame the students if it doesn't work, blame the system.

Change Our Constitution

The Athletic Association, next to the student body, is perhaps doing as much for the welfare of our college as any other organization at Muhlenberg. It is, therefore, with the highest regard to this most valuable organization of our school that we write this article. In the constitution of the Athletic Association appears the following clause: "The managers of the various athletic teams of the college shall be elected by a committee appointed by the President, which committee shall be composed of three alumni representatives and two student body representatives." The flaw is quite evident. All managers of all our teams are students, at college. How is an alumni representative able to say, who, out of our student body is capable of managing a team?

Most certainly the student body should elect all managers to all teams. This committee might have the privilege of approving the men elected. No conflict as yet has arisen over this clause, but should such a dispute arise the student body would be on the weak side. A petition to the Athletic Association would remedy this matter, without further discussion.

Let's Be Original

Due perhaps to our rapid growth in past years, one thing at Muhlenberg has been sadly neglected. We should have a few more, real, genuine, original Muhlenberg songs, the genuine product of a genuine son of Muhlenberg. Our "Alma Mater" is a great song, but it's the only true Muhlenberg song we have. We have our "Hail! Hail! Dear Muhlenberg," grand as it sounds, but it's not from the heart of a Muhlenberg man, it's modeled after the University of Pennsylvania's college song. We therefore appeal to the men at Muhlenberg who are talented along these lines to do themselves and their college an honor by the production of a few, real, true, genuine, original, typical, Muhlenberg songs.

It's one of our greatest present needs. If you're not a musician, maybe you're a poet, write the song and let some of our musicians put it to music. At least try your hand at it.

"Keep On"

There's only one method of meeting life's test;
Jes' keep on a striving an' hope fer the best;
Don't give up the ship an' retire in dismay
'Cause hammers are thrown when you'd like a bouquet

This world would be tiresome, we'd all get the blues,
If all the folks in it held all the same views;
So finish your work, show the best of your skill,
Some people won't like, but other folks will.

If you're leading an army or building a fence,
Do the most that you can with your own common sense.
One small word of praise in this journey of tears
Outweighs in the balance 'gainst cartloads of sneers.

The plants that we're passing as common place weeds,
Oft prove to be jes' what some sufferer needs.
So keep on a going, don't stay standing still;
Some people won't like you, but other folks will.

Philander C. Knox.



"98463" by Sam Weintz, '12

IT was the twenty first day of December, 3.30 P. M., when Bill and Jack Cliffland sat in their new sixty horse-power Oldsmobile, ready to start for home, for their Christmas vacation. Bill and Jack were brothers, Bill was twenty two, Jack was twenty three; Bill was a junior, while Jack was a senior at the Chicapee Law School, an institution along the Hudson, one hundred and thirty eight miles from New York City. The Cliffland family belonged to the aristocratic 400, of New York City, and not only was the father of the boys a millionaire, but he was also a man of culture. His grandfather had governed the State of New York, back in the forties, while Mr. Claffland himself held the title of Ex-United States Senator from the same state. The beautiful machine in which the two young Clifflands were seated was a Christmas Gift to them from their father, and to-day was the first time they were to drive it.

"Are you ready to start, Bill?" said Jack, who was at the wheel.

"Let her go," said Bill. A by-stander cranked the machine, a cordial farewell was given the brothers by the assembled students, and the brothers were off on their trip home to New York City.

It was a cold damp afternoon. After thirty minutes driving, it started to snow, the snow turned to a sleet, it grew colder and colder, the beautiful Hudson to their right was frozen from shore to shore and the beautiful Palisades were veiled in a cloud of sharp driving sleet. As they sped onward, they unconsciously became wreckless. On they sped through towns and villages, Jack at the wheel, and Bill busy with the Klaxonhorn, warning the country folk to keep out of their road, when all of a sudden Bill broke the silence by yelling "Slack up, Jack, what's that up the road? By Jove its a cop."

"Can't stop her now anymore, so we might as well run a chance of his missing our number," answered Jack in return.

They passed the cop with the speedometer registering 48 miles an hour, and as they pased him they heard a revolver shot, evidently shot into the air to scare them.

"Jack, I bet we're pinched" said Bill, "he wore the uniform of a New York regular and they seldom miss their man."

On they sped for ten miles more, when perhaps providentially as they thought, just as they were entering a small village, a report from the rear of the car registered a blowout.

"Did you hear that, Bill?" said Jack. "I guess we're canned for the night. Here drive into this hotel yard; there's no use of our trying to go any further to-night anyhow."

Jack slowed up, turned the corner and then to their surprise, the first thing that the lights revealed was a sixty horse-power Oldsmobile, the same style as their own, decorated with two Vasser pennants of quite artistic design.

"What's that Bill? Vassar? Well I'll be hanged, maybe we didn't hit it fine for once," said Jack between the chattering of his teeth. "Well, we'll at least be in respectable company."

After tickling the Klaxon several times the hostler arrived and arrangements were made for sheltering the car over night.

"Say Jack, I wonder who these dames are? Oh! here you are on the suit cases, M. I. T. and E. K. F., both Vasser '12. That M. I. T., combination looks familiar to me, but—ah cut out the dames Bill," said Jack, "lets go in and warm up and get some eats. I'm chilled to my bones and hungry as a bear."

The two brothers walked into the hotel, took off their fur coats, caps and gloves and went for the register to see the unabridged form of M. I. T. and E. K. F.

"What," said Bill, "Miss Ethyl I. Gordon and Miss Katheryn K. Beldyne, and the only names on the register since December the tenth. The M. I. T. and E. K. F. don't fit, and I bet the register is lying."

"Wait a minute," said Jack, as Bill was about to write his name, "if we get caught in the morning, we'll not want our names published. You sign your name Conrad P. Laughland and I'll sign mine Paul C. Bordene."

The two young men went to their rooms, thawed out a little and came down to supper. As they opened the dining room door they were greeted to a scene too good to be true. There sat two dreams both coal black haired with dark eyes, well built, attractive, with rose-bud lips, pearly teeth, the one dressed in a costly green satin dress, the other in a white silk opra gown both profusely bedecked with all kinds of jewelry. The two brothers could hardly believe it, and if there was any disease like love at first sight, Jack was sick and Bill was dying. Two peaches, living pictures, stranded in a small town, seemed to them a shame. But they did not even notice the two young men as they came in, but kept on jolly about their trip from Vassar. Throughout the entire meal they were not even noticed. After glances had failed, personal remarks were attempted with less success. Then they became silly, an attempt at conversation was made, but they were turned down as flat as the pancakes they had

eaten for supper. Two society gentlemen, sons of a millionaire, turned down by two girls from Vassar. They left the dining room in disgrace and went stumbling into the bar room, like two small kids that were chased to bed without supper.

"By Gad, Jack, I know that one kid, but I can't place her. I swear I met her somewhere," said Bill. "She's some kid."

"Saw either of those kids before? I never saw the equal of either one for looks or disposition. Bill, I got a case on the one in green. She sure is some good looker all right."

"Give me the one in white," said Bill. "Just my style." And so they raved on for quite a while, then Jack started reading Puck and Bill tried Solitaire, but all in vain, they could not forget the two dames.

"Jack, I'm in love," said Bill, "that dame in white got my goat."

"Oh, forget it, Bill," said Jack, "let's go out and fix the machine, maybe that will help us forget them. They got my nerve, too."

They put on their caps and gloves, and were just passing through the door when the phone bell rang. It rang three times in rapid succession, and was ringing a fourth time when the landlord took down the receiver. They stood just outside the door and listened. "Hello,"—"yes this is Glen Tory Tavern,"—"yes two of them"—"what's that? 98 what?—98463 New York? wait, I'll go out and look."

"Bill, we're pinched," said Jack, "that's the cop asking whether a machine with New York license 98463 is here, and 98463 is our number. Well we might as well pay it here as in New York City, and save the State some expense as well as save us the publication of our names."

They went out to the shed, put a new shoe on the wheel, and came back ready to pay the fine any minute an officer should appear demanding it.

"Let's go to bed, Bill," said Jack. "I'm sleepy and there'll be nothing doing, anyhow, before morning."

Bill agreed, so at 8.15 P. M., the two traveled up to bed, the earliest they had gone to bed since they were little tots. But sleep was out of the question. They tossed around and tossed around, dividing their thoughts between the two dreams and being pinched in the morning. They heard it strike nine, then ten, then eleven, and still they tossed. But it had not struck eleven long before they heard a muffled giggle in the hall, then they heard the soft tread of two pairs of dainty feet, they heard the shuffle of a paper under their door, then six or seven good thumps on the door, and then a scamper of dainty feet down the hall. This all happened so suddenly that before either of the two young men knew it, they were up out of bed reading the slip of paper that had been tucked under the door. It was addressed to Bill Cliffland and read as follows:

"Be sure to meet us in the dining room to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock sharp. Have your machine ready for use." Signed, M. I. T. and E. K. F."

"Well what do you know about that?" said Bill. "Will we meet

them? well I guess we will. But how the Sam Hill did they get my number? That M. I. T., combination looks mighty familiar, but I'll be blamed if I can place it."

"And have the machine ready," drawled Jack, "well leave that to me. We'll be there all right. But where she got your number gets my goat, too; she couldn't have gotten it from the hotel register."

"Well," said Jack let's crawl into bed again and get a few winks of sleep. But sleep was out of the question. They tossed, and tossed, and tossed. It struck twelve, one, two, three, four and five, at intervals of five hours apart and yet neither one had gotten a wink of sleep.

"I'm going to get up and fix the machine, Bill," said Jack.

"I'm with you," said Bill, so they got dressed and went out to the shed, fixed the machine ready to start and were back again by 5.30. Then they waited again, how long that half hour seemed. It was quarter to six, then five minutes to six, then three minutes to six, then one minute of six and then they heard the patter of dainty feet coming down the steps. The door opened, and there before their eyes stood these two dreams neatly tucked in fur coats and caps. The two young men were slightly fussed and trembled inwardly as the two girls approached.

"Why hello, Bill Cliffland, how glad I am to see you again, and Jack, how are you? Meet my friend Miss Fethlyn," said the one who was dressed in white the evening before.

This was all so informal and so sudden that the young men were dazed, and awkwardly met the young girl's friend.

"Boys, we want you to do us a favor," she continued before either had chance to ask questions, "we're on our way to New York from Vassar by machine, we have a bet with a bunch of girls from school that we'll be at Madison Square Garden by 7 o'clock this morning. Now we have two poor shoes on the machine and are afraid they'll give out on our way over. Now it's just seventeen miles over there, and if we have a good machine we can easily do it and win our bet. Do you agree?"

The young men during the conversation gradually come too and by this time were their natural selves again. They laughed when they thought of the two girls being pinched instead of they themselves for their fast driving of the night before. The laugh was misinterpreted by the young girls, and in order to assure the young men that they were quite serious, she handed them a basketfull of jewelry consisting of rings, bracelets, lockets, pins, etc., etc., as security till they would meet her in New York. The young men were only too willing to accept, since the cars were on a par, except that their car was due a fine of \$25 or \$50. They promised to meet the girls at Madison Square Garden at 11 A. M., and somewhat reluctantly accepted the jewelry as a security. They accompanied the girls to the shed, through the slush, cranked their machine and laughed up their sleeve as they saw the machine gradually disappear up the pike, ploughing its way through

the mud and slush.

They left the shed and went into the hotel again where they assorted the jewelry left them by the girls. At 6.30 they took breakfast and enjoyed most heartily every mouthful. They were happy as larks; they had escaped a speeding penalty, they had a machine just as good as their own except for two shoes, they had a bunch of jewelry, and last but not least, they had the joke on the two girls. They got up from the table, went into the bar room and drank to the health of the girls.

"Let's go out and see what those two shoes are like," said Jack.

"All right" said Bill, "and maybe we'll find some more security."

They had just put on their gloves, when in through the door stormed a New York Regular.

"That's the same fellow we met last night," said Bill, "he thinks he's got us. Let's have a little sport with him."

"Hello, Pop," yelled Bill, "fine morning for collecting taxes, aint it?"

The Regular said nothing, but went up to the bar and spoke with the landlord.

"Do you gentlemen own that car out there," he said turning toward Jack.

"Yeh, what about it?" replied the two young men quite ironically.

"Well that car last night sped along the river road at 45 miles an hour, exceeding the speed limit of 25 miles an hour."

The two brothers gave him the "hee haw."

The number on that car last night was 98463 and the number on the car out in the shed is 98463.

"Well I'll be hanged," said Bill, "the kids were wise to the game and put their license on our car and put our license on their car. The little—how much do you want, officer?" said Bill, addressing the cop.

"\$25 and your names."

Jack counted out \$25, gave it to the officer and told him he could find their names in the Hotel Register. He took the \$25, went to the Hotel Register, but soon returned stating that the name of the party holding license number 98463 was Cliffland. The young men saw they were caught, confessed their guilt and gave the officer their names in full. The officer most courteously tipped his hat, bid them good morning and left the room.

"Well Bill," said Jack, "I guess we're canned, we're in bad and the sooner we get out of this place and get to New York the better it will be for us."

"Your right," said Bill, "let's beat it at once."

A hasty departure was agreed upon, the landlord was settled with, they put on their fur coats and caps, and went out to the shed. There was the license 98463. They shoved the car out of the shed and looked her over. It was a peach, better equipped than their own and the shoes were all in good condition.

"Well, we got it on them in the car, all right," said Jack, "we got

their jewelry, and it was no more than right that we should pay our own fines. All I care they can have our car,—well I'll be hanged, look what's coming here."

Just as they were about to start out, and before Jack had finished his good luck story, a six cylinder Walters turned in the lane, occupied by a chauffeur, a detective and three cops. They all got out, came over to the car in which Jack and Bill were seated ready to leave, and started in on a close examination of the car, while its occupants sat there with mouths wide open.

"I guess this is it Cap," said the detective to the officer wearing the most number of stripes on his coat sleeve.

"By the way," said the Captain to Jack, "whose car is this?" The two men sat there dazed, then Jack started telling the officer of how they had come there the night before in a different machine, how they had met these two girls, how they had changed licenses and how they had given their car to the girls in order that they might win a bet.

"This car," said the officer, "does not belong to the girls; they loaned it from the garage at Poughkeepsie. Its been gone almost a week and we've been on its trail ever since Tuesday evening."

"Now, what are you going to do?" said Bill.

"Me?" said Jack, "I'm going to walk to New York, and get there by 11 A. M., or die in the attempt."

The two brothers got out of the car while one of the officers stepped in and started away with it on the road toward Poughkeepsie.

"Gentlemen, you were last in possession of that car," said the Captain. "We must either put you both under arrest, or allow you to settle for \$250."

"\$250," yelled Jack. "What, must we pay their fine?"

"Do as you please," said the officer. "Either hand over \$250 or go with us."

The \$250 was handed over, the Captain tipped his hat most courteously, and the party got into their car and merrily sailed toward New York.

"17 miles from New York, out \$400 and a car," said Bill, "and a bunch of jewelry as an exchange; a bunch of jewelry?" he thought, "and among that bunch of jewelry were their two sorority pins and this was leap year!" Bill jumped almost two feet at the very idea. "Could it be possible that they had proposed in this way. Perhaps they were good friends of theirs. They surely would not part with a sorority pin except as a seal to an engagement!"

"Say Jack," shouted Bill, "There's hope yet," but just then the landlord yelled out, "Is either of you fellows names Bill Cliffland?"

"Yes, sir," yelled Bill.

"Well, here's a telegram for you, \$2.85 due."

Jack paid the charges while Bill hurriedly opened the telegram, which read as follows:

Madison Square Garden, N. Y. December 26, 19—

My dear Bill:—

We were six miles from New York when the gas gave out. Ran your car into a ditch and took the train home. Won the bet. Be sure to stay at Glen Torey Tavern till somebody calls for you. Pay whatever they want. We will be up for you this afternoon with father's car.

Yours in love
Miriam I. Travalier

P. S. This morning you accepted my sorority pin.

Dear Jack:—

I will accompany Miriam this afternoon.

Yours in love
Ethyl K. Feldyn.

P. S. You accepted my sorority pin this morning.

"Well I'll be blowed, what do you think of that?" yelled Bill. "Engaged to the prettiest girl in the world for over an hour and didn't know it. Miriam Travalier and Ethyl Feldyn, our first loves, why Miriam's father was judge and Ethyl's father was mayor of New York the time dad was in Senate. Haven't seen either for over ten years. Say, Jack this is some dream. Accept the pins? well I should smile. They can't drive that boat too fast to Glen Tory Tavern, and when they get here they can't turn it around fast enough and get to New York too soon for me. We'll drive direct to the Orphans Court, and get each of those dames a license of their own."



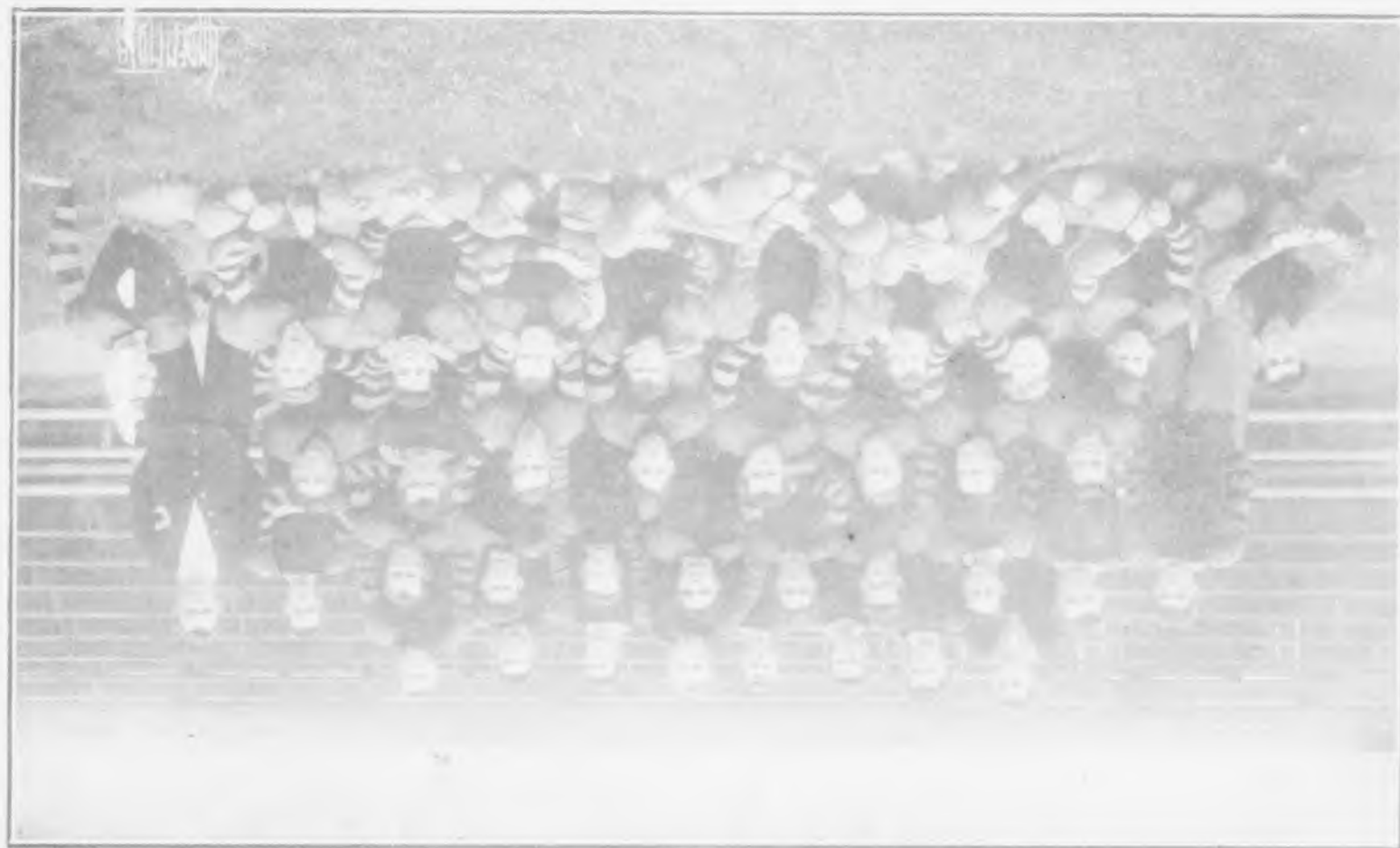
Fortunes "No"

Fortune is a lady, with a lady's whims and wiles;
There is glory in her favor, and enchantment in her smiles;
She may turn her back to-morrow, though her word is kind to-day;
She may turn from love to hatred, in a fickle woman's way.
Fortune is a lady, she may frown on him who tries;
Through the fairest means to woo her, to find favor in her eyes;
And bestow her choicest blessings on some undeserving one
Who neglects to give her credit and insults her just for fun.
Fortune is a lady with a willful lady's right
To be petulant or merry, to exhibit love or spite,
And the man is best who bravely has the heart to take her so,
Who declines to think she means it, when he hears her murmur "No."



Rev. John A. M. West, D. D.

THE 1914 FOOTBALL TEAM



Jim's Pardon



HE President sat in his chair lost in deep thought. His face was lined with the furrows of care. A large stack of unopened papers lay on the desk before him. A restlessness filled his soul, a premonition of evil, an omen of impending disaster. Wearily he turned to his work, but still the uneasiness clung to him. That morning he had refused to sign a pardon for one of his classmates who had been convicted it seemed on circumstantial evidence alone. The evidence, however, was now so strong that no pardon could justly be given.

And that half-hour when Jim and he were together, the last time perhaps! What Jim had showed him then? how wonderful it was, and Jim's last words to him.

"Good bye, old pal, good bye. If it ever does the United States any good I have a chance at pardon then? I have? Good bye, Bob, and God bless you."

How these clung to him. How he wished he could have pardoned him. How he wished to lighten his punishment. And then war kept rising before his mind. War—War rang in his ears, yet the country, his country was filled with peace and prosperity. War—War—War! A spectre of dead men and ruined ships appeared, yet the land was blessed with plenty. It would not vanish or leave him. Like a cloud it stayed and cast its dark shadow over the sunlit office.

Turning again to his desk with a quick motion he plunged into his correspondence. Working like a fiend he tried to cast out these disturbing thoughts, but with no success.

"War? No, war!" Why did Smith write such a poor hand? War. War. War." How that word rang in his brain.

At last in despair he got up and began to pace the narrow confines of his office. His Secretary cast a glance at him and wondering went back to his work. Slowly, sadly, he paced the floor, his head now sunk on his chest, now raised in pride, now tossed back and forth in despair,—but still he walked.

A messenger entered the office, clicked his heels together and saluted, handed him a message and left abruptly. An involuntary shudder shook him as he received it. He looked at it closely, but its outside gave no intimation as to its contents, so with an impatient gesture he tore it open and read:

United States War Department.

December 1, 1932

Honored Sir:

I have just received word from the Department of the Exterior that the Japanese Treaty comes to an end to-day and that they refuse a renewal on any terms. I have ordered the Board to complete the plans for immediate mobilization.

(Signed) Branson A. Scott,
U. S. Secretary of War.

The President let out a long low whistle when he read this and a smile flickered around the corners of his mouth. "So that's the meaning of the premonitions I've been having all day," he muttered, "Won't sign, eh? Want to fight, do they? Think they can lick us, eh? Well the nerve of that bunch! Against the whole United States! Well, we'll see, we'll see."

Then he returned to his desk, but not with reluctance this time and extracted a strange looking machine from one of the lower drawers. Coils, wires, levers and wheels were combined in apparent confusion.

"Want to fight?" he chuckled, "Well, we'll see. I guess Jim has things fixed for them. Poor old Jim, always tinkering as he said. He was a crank on electricity all right and it put him in prison, but it looks as if it was going to get him out and make a millionaire of him. Always putting his nose in other people's business and at last it got him. Pryed into Uncle Sam's system of electric control and was accused of treason. Well Jim, things look brighter for you than they have in the last year."

He placed the machine on his desk with the greatest care and tried the various connections. Satisfied that it was in good condition he called to his Secretary.

"Want to see what burned the top of that desk and caused all the smoke this morning? Put that chair on top of the typewriter desk and I will show you what Jim showed me. By the way fill out a pardon for Jim as I might want to sign it in a couple of days. Now watch closely and I will show you what is going to make Japan renew her treaty with us."

Wonderingly the Secretary took his place beside him and watched the President as he turned to the wall and connected the machine with the lighting circuit. He turned the current down until the test lamp burned a dull red, then switched in the coils. The wheels started to hum and a constant pale glow hovered between the terminals. He slowly pulled a few levers and quickly threw another switch. The mass of blue flame hovered over the chair, mysterious in form and scarcely visible. It sunk lower and lower till it touched the seat of the chair. Then the President pulled another switch and the chair burst into flames. It burned so quickly that in a few moments nothing remained but a mass of smouldering embers on the fire-scarred desk.

"Japan wants to fight, eh? Well, I guess Jim has fixed them. Jim wanted a pardon, did he? Well I guess that d— Attorney General will withdraw his objections now. What do you think of it, Fred?" asked the President and without waiting for an answer went on. "Send this message to the Japanese Minister at once!"

"The President of the United States of America desires an audience at once in his private office with the Japanese Minister to the United States of America concerning the American—Japanese Treaty."

With a laugh of complete satisfaction he looked at the machine and said. "We'll see if the Japs want to fight and if Jim gets his pardon,

won't we? A little parlor magic ought to stop their warlike tendencies, but all we can do is wait," and seating himself in a chair contentedly blew out vast rings of smoke.

* * * * *

"Sir, the Japanese Minister is here."

"Bring him in, Fred, and by the way stay in the room and see how you acted yesterday."

With all the oily politeness characteristic of his race entered the room and bowed low to the President.

"Greetings," he said, "I am here in response to your message and wish to say for my government that any phrase of negotiations is useless as we are determined not to renew the treaty, and never will till the United States accedes to our full demands."

"Better think that over," smiled the President, "for I am almost certain that I can advance arguments that will show you that it is useless to fight."

"Fight!" asked the Baron, "that is not our intention."

"That might be a good bluff in Japan," replied the President, "but it will not pass in the United States. To me your intentions are most clear. Please be seated Baron, and we will show you for the first time what we can do. Fred, please put another chair on that desk."

The Baron seated himself calmly in the chair and watched the President through half closed eyes, as he threw off the cover of the machine and turned on the current. When the blue flame began to hover he became visibly interested in the machine and by the time the chair broke into flames was calling for help to all the native Gods of Japan, to the visible enjoyment of Fred.

"Now do you see?" asked the President and his voice was as cutting as steel. "I give Japan one week to sign the treaty or else the United States will declare war. All the cities of Japan will suffer the same fate as that chair, or the treaty will be signed. The wooden buildings will burn, the stone ones crumble, steel bridges and rail road tracks will be one mass of burned and melted steel. The blackened bloated corpses of the dead will fill the streets and pestilence will sieze the land. In three days our Pacific fleet will be equipped with these machines; effective at four hunderd miles, and a week later will be in striking distance of Japan. Send this ultimatum to your government and let me know the reply as soon as possible. Good bye, Baron."

He smiled as the Baron somewhat unsteadily left the room, then turned to Fred, "I guess we had the Jap going all right. We will have to wait till morning till we see how it strikes the Japs at home, but I'll wager my head that the cables are hot and that d— Attorney General gves up his techinal objections to that pardon. Well I am going to see him at once."

The next morning the President received the following message:

United States War Department.

December 2, 1932.

Honored Sir:

The Department of the Exterior reports that Japan will sign the treaty at 12 o'clock noon, on the 3rd, of December. The plans for mobilization have been countermanded.

(Signed) Branson A. Scott,
U. S. Secretary of War.

A broad grin spread over the face of the President as he said to Fred, "Well I guess I am safe in signing Jim's pardon now. But let me have it at once, so I can sign it before that d— Attorney General comes in with any more of his techinal objections.



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ATHLETICS.

Bucknell 20, Muhlenberg 3



UNDER weather conditions, which were ideal—for boating, Muhlenberg went down before Bucknell's fast and heavy aggregation. The first quarter was a mess, pure and simple. Bucknell scored two touchdowns, and the score was 10—0.

They worked the short forward pass to perfection, and they had a couple of tricky kick formations. Katz was the only man from tackle to tackle who played his usual game. Bixler kicked beautifully for us, whenever we had the ball, and could not make first down.

The second quarter was a slight, all around improvement, although Bucknell scored five more points. On the offense, Bixler shone this period. E. Loser, who was playing charley horse, afflicted Skean's half-back, but was too light to shine, either on offense or defense. The fellows were decidedly stale, but in the second half we came back strong. In the third quarter, they scored again. Leisey took Wacker's end, and Skean was put back on the job. "Bix" continued his good work on a couple of fake kicks. Sermoulin went in on Snyder's guard, and played a hard game throughout.

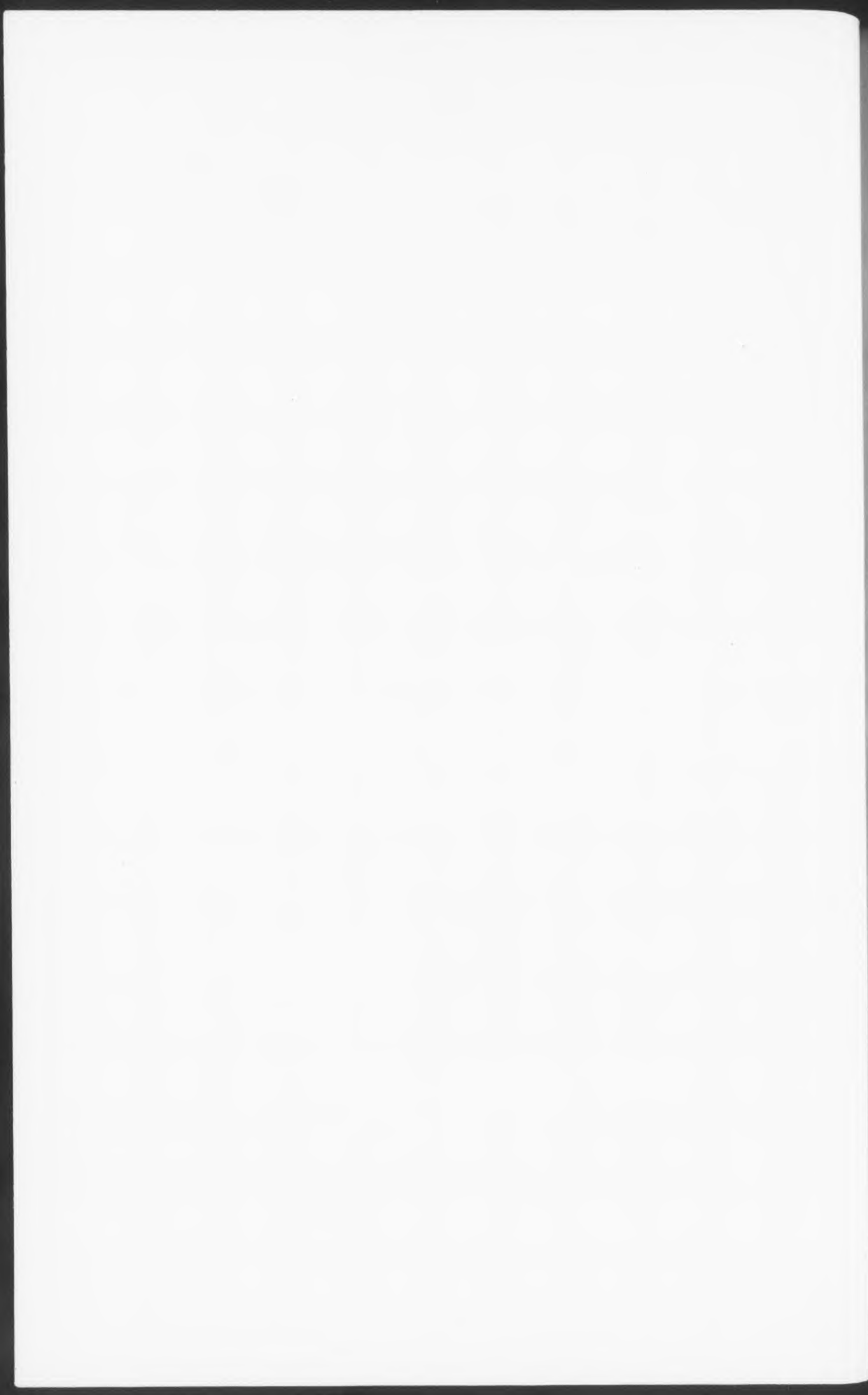
In the last period, we finally scored. We got first down on the 5 yard line, and two rushes carried the ball 3 1-2 yards nearer. Then Reisner dropped back to the 10 yard line and kicked a goal redeeming himself for the one he missed from the 50 yard line earlier in the game. Final score, 20—3.

As was stated before the field was in more than poor condition, and a high wind figured largely in the outcome. Incidentally we might say that Haverford made only two first downs when they played Bucknell. They went down 15—0.

Katz played the best game on the line, Bixler played a hard game and placed his kicks well. Dan and Scott played their game, as they always do. Leisey fought like a fiend, while he was in, only playing one quarter. For Bucknell, Topham shone especially, while his whole teams fought like demons through the entire game. To defeat F. and



COACH KELLY



M., one Saturday and then to hit an aggregation like Bucknell the following Saturday was slightly too strenuous. The line up:

Muhlenberg		Bucknell
Wacker (Leisey)	L. E.	Jordan
Flexer	L. T.	Hein
Katz	L. G.	Richardson
Savacool	C.	Schaffner
Snyder (Sermulin)	R. G.	Dunkle
Krauss	R. T.	Thomas
Bixler	R. E.	Bartholomew
Blackburn	L. H. B.	Schmidt
Loser (Skean)	R. H. B.	Brady
Scott	F. B.	Topham
Reisner	Q. B.	Gadrie

Touchdowns: Brady, Schmidt, Topham, 2. Field goal: Reissner. Referee: Dietrich. Umpire: Ellicot. Periods: Two ten minute, two eight minute quarters.

Muhlenberg—G. Carlisle Reserves—II

Thanksgiving Day witnessed a hard fought finish to a successful season. Probably for the last time, we played a Carlisle team. Warner sent twenty four men and his assistant coach to give Muhlenberg some bumps, but he got what Pontiac got, "Something what he didn't expect." Muhlenberg played in hard luck. We had about fourteen men in suits, and a couple of them were injured. Just exactly seven men were laid out, and the fellows felt blue over the outcome, but we had recovered our fighting spirit, which was so noticeably absent in the previous game, and, the score shows the result.

In the first quarter the Indians had the benefit of a stiff wind, and if their embryo goal kicker had the kick of an old muzzle loader, they would have had two field goals. Our backfield was sadly in need of Scott's sterling defense. Not that any man laid down, but it was all shifted around and the men were strange to their positions.

In the second quarter, Groff went in at quarterback. Just to show what he could do, he got down on one of Bixler's beautiful punts, and fell on the ball for a touchdown, after Wacker tackled the receiving Indian so hard that he dropped the ball and temporarily gave up the ghost. Dan Blackburn kicked the goal.

In the second half, the Indians played harder than ever, but so did Muhlenberg. They were dangerous only once; when a man got loose, but Groff threw him off his balance and then Bixler came up and spilled him. The last quarter ended mighty opportunely. Carlisle ran in some fresh copper faced warriors, while our subs were a minus quantity, but Muhlenberg held till the whistle blew.

For Muhlenberg, Bixler, Groff and Katz played the most consistently, while Earth, Goesbach and Big Bear put up a hard fight for

Carlisle. A large crowd, over 2000, witnessed the game. The line up:		
Muhlenberg		Carlisle
Wacker	L. E.	Walleth
Flexer	L. T.	Painburn
Katz	L. G.	Big Bear
Savacool	C.	H. Smith
Snyder (Sermulin)	R. G.	Pratt
Krause	R. T.	T. Smith
Bixler	R. E.	Qobbydosh
Reissner (Groff)	Q. B.	Lorentz
Blackburn	L. H. B.	Earth
E. Loser	R. H. B.	Williams
Skean	F. B.	Goesbach

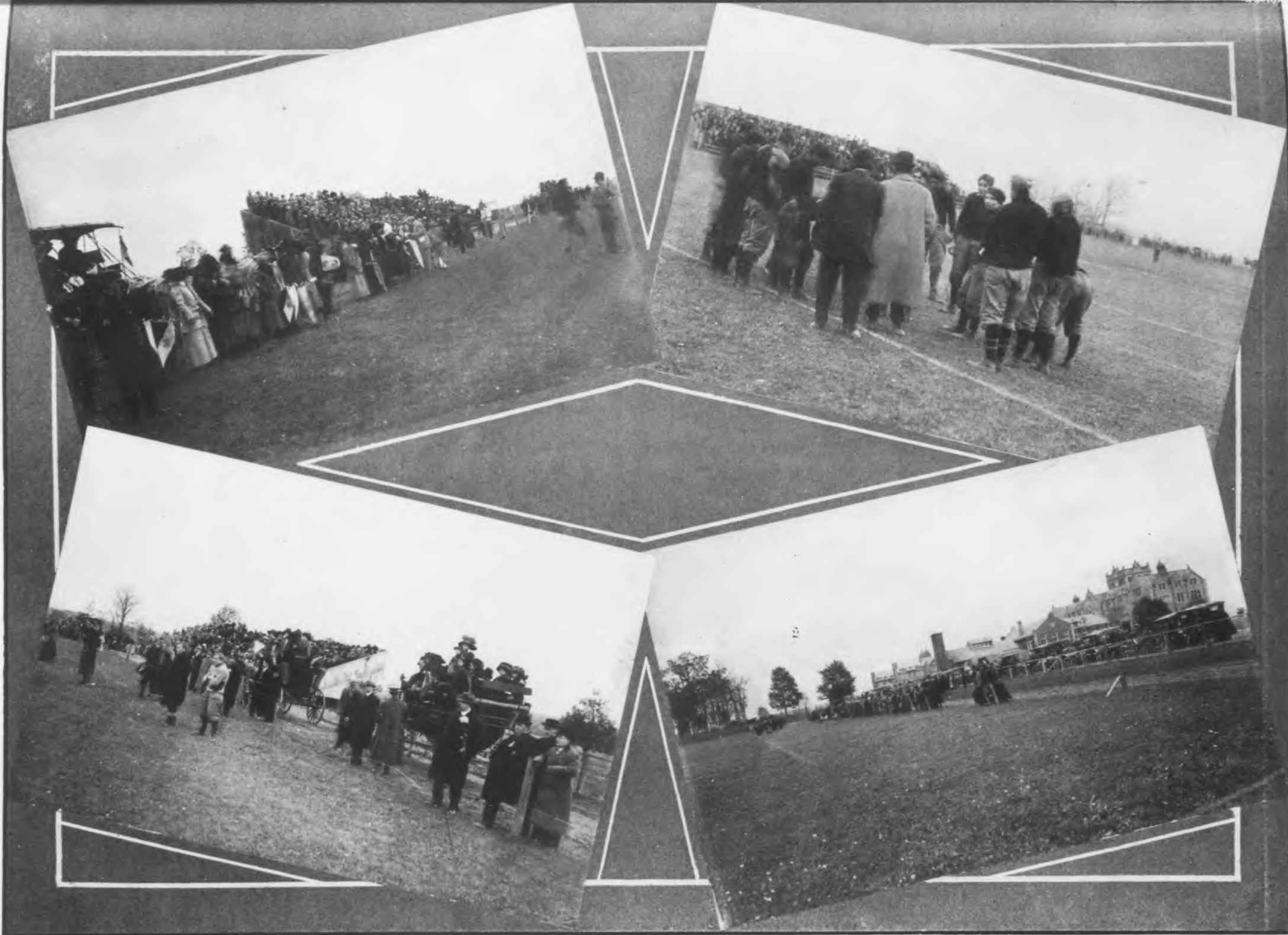
Touchdown: Groff. Goal: Blackburn. Referee: Dietrich, Lafayette. Umpire: Ellicott, Lafayette. Field judge: Sinclair, Swarthmore. Head linesman: Nenow, Muhlenberg. Periods: Four 12 minute quarters.

The 1911 Foot Ball Season

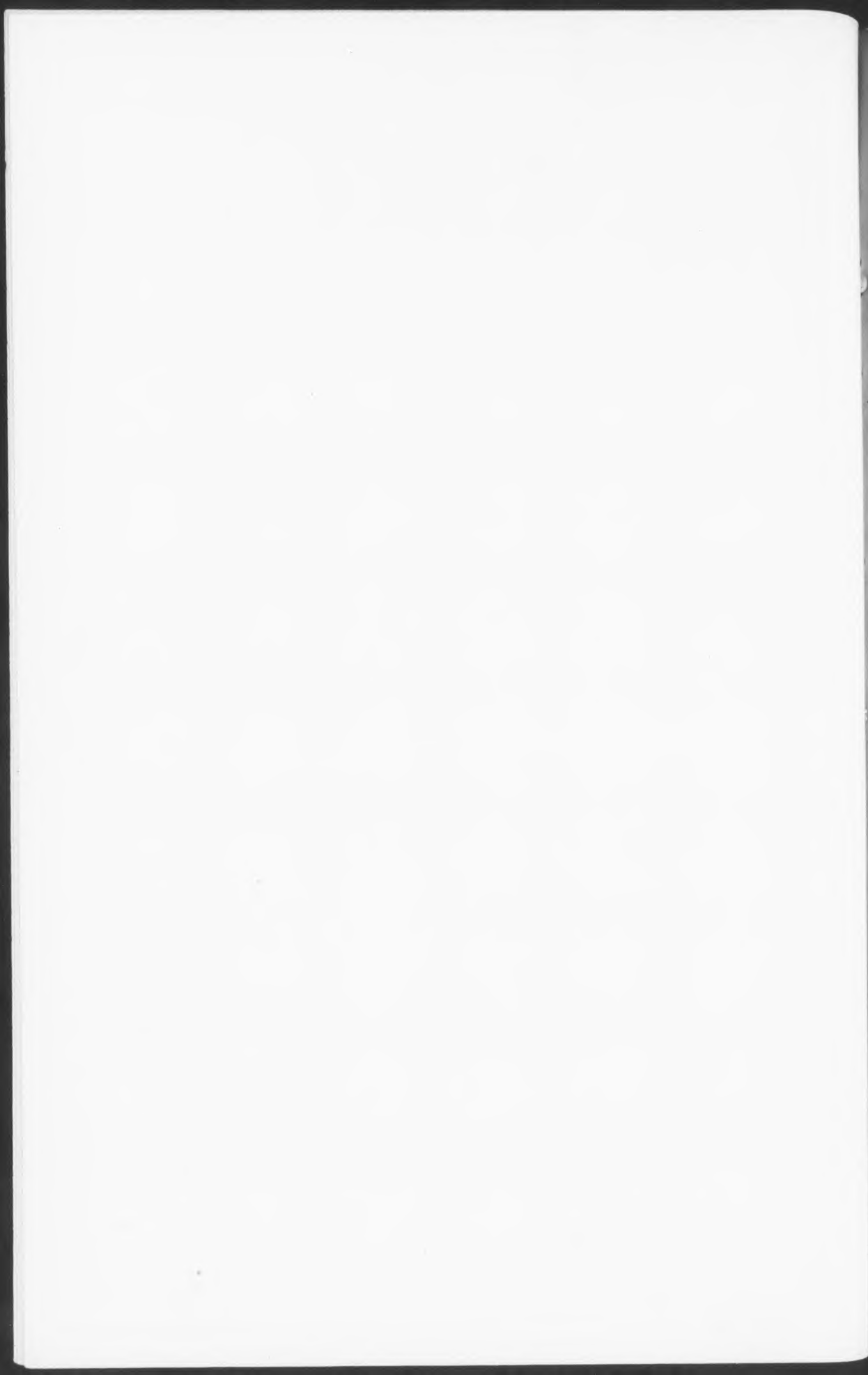
The football season of 1911 has passed into history—and we hope it will repeat itself. With the exception of Ursinus, the Muhlenberg team was the best team representing any college in the country, with a student body numbering less than 150. We had two pairs of good ends, aggressive tackles, steady guards, a reliable center and a brilliant backfield, that made some rep. This was demonstrated at Carlisle, when the team lost 32—0, but scrapped every minute of the game. The N. Y. U., game was one of our hard luck contests. New York papers said that luck lost the game. This was Blackburn's first game, and he made good fifty strong. This game boosted us higher in the opinion of Allentown fans and the followers of college football, than we ever were placed before. Williamson came next. They had tied us for two years, and they had a good team this year, but they went hinein, 17—0. This gave us a good deal of confidence in ourselves, but we never let up on the hard work and training for Gettysburg. This was another hard luck game. Dayhoff, beat us by a goal from the field. A muddy field was the cause of our downfall. The team fought to the finish, but a couple of close decisions hurt us and the game ended with the score 3—0 against us.

This brought us up to the point where we were courageous enough to face the "Champions of the State of Delaware." The "champions" were one jubilant crowd when they came; and they stayed jubilant for one-half of the first quarter. But that was all. There was not much ready cash in Delaware after that game. We trimmed the McAvoy collection 15—0.

Then Lebanon Valley, 39—0—nuf sed. Coach Wilder had a halfback whom he said "Muhlenberg would never stop." He was right; the halfback never started. This game showed us our weak points,



VIEWS OF THE INDIAN GAME



however, and the next week was spent in patching these up, in preparation for F. and M. And will we ever forget that game? The crowds and the yelling alone were enough to burn it in our memories. But when Muhlenberg smeared play after play, when Breidenbaugh was outplayed at his own game, and Jaeger was out-Jaegered; and Wacker made his touchdown! It makes a fellow incoherent in his speech, whenever he even thinks about it. Just to let Lancaster know we had it in us, Reisner's goal made the score 9—0. And then the celebration, the big bon-fire, all those speeches, it sure was going some for a while. That game alone would represent a successful season.

Bucknell hit us next, and they hit us at a bad time. This is the one game to feel sorry about. But even at that, it was far from a slaughter and that second half was a revelation.

The Indian game is still fresh in our minds. Glenn Warner sent a stronger crowd over here than ever faced any of our former teams. Instead of taking his vascity subs to Brown, as in former years, he sent them to us and took his third team to Brown. He intended defeating us, so we would be forced to play them next year. And the result shows what we have, especially when we consider the young and flourishing hospital that was established in camp. We were a bit unfortunate this year, in regard to injuries. First, Reisner, then Bixler and Groff, then Skean, Nenow, Scott, Leisey and Paul Loser, were kept out of games but we proved we had the stuff when we won games in spite of Dame Fortune.

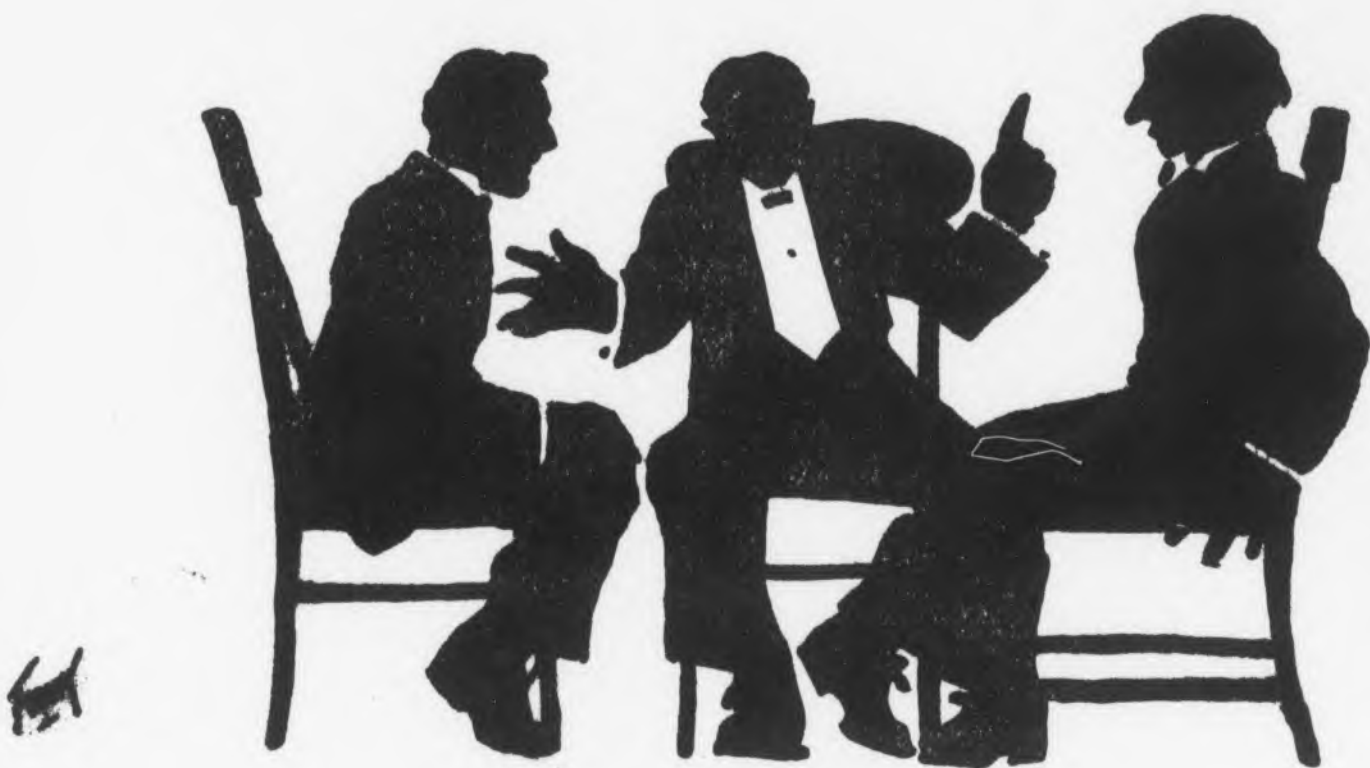
It is a poor time to throw dope, but we can say that next year's prospects look bright. Besides the regular men left, we have some valuable subs, who ought to develop strongly next season. We will no doubt have our coach again and that alone is worth a whole team. Kelly has delivered the goods, and we all swear by him. The toasts of the town, and pride of the school, are the coach and team that licked Delaware, and cleaned up the pavement with F. and M.

Basket Ball

The first news of basket ball reached the front when candidates for the Sophomore team were called. The following men responded: Captain, Fetheroff, Leisey, Coathamel, Seidel, Gebert, Phillips, Cook, Bucks, Ziemer. We will this year have no College Basket Ball Team, but there will be an Inter-Class Series similar to those held in former years.

Our next year's Thanksgiving game will be with Lehigh at Allentown.

Remember your Alma Mater on Christmas by a liberal subscription to the Fence Fund.



Alumni Notes

Alumni Day of next commencement week is June 12. Try to be at Muhlenberg on that day.

1878. On Sunday, December 10, Rev. D. H. Reiter, of Quakertown, preached his farewell sermon to Trinity Congregation of Quakertown. Rev. Reiter organized Trinity Congregation in 1891, while serving three other congregations; St. Johns, Richlandtown, Christs, Trumbauersville and Emmanuels, Franconia. The congregation is in possession of a fine church property valued at \$20,000, is free of debt, and is now a parish by itself.

The original parish, consisting of St. John's, Richlandtown; Christ, Trumbauersville; Emmanuel's Franconia; and Zion's, Zion's Hill, and which he served for a number of years, will now be served by three different pastors, besides leaving one congregation, Zion's Hill, to be served by a fourth pastor, Rev. N. Y. Ritter, who serves it in connection with St. Matthew's, of Bedminister, and St. Paul's of Applebachville. The year before he took charge of this field the entire amount raised for benevolence was \$100.25. Last year the same field raised \$988.20. During his pastorate in 1903 Emmanuel's congregation, which worshipped in a union church about three-fourths of a mile south of Souderton, built a Lutheran church in Souderton and is also a parish by itself and is served by Rev. Warren Nickel.

1896. Rev. W. H. Steinbicker has removed from South Bethlehem, to Brooklyn, N. Y.

1899. Rev. H. A. Kunkle recently assisted at the installation of Pastor Feitting at Oley, Berks County.

1900. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Meyers announced the engagement of

their daughter, Marian F., to Dr. Edgar C. Statler, at a Thanksgiving dinner.

1902. Lawrence H. Rupp, Esq., is the new District Attorney in Lehigh County.

1905. Rev. Charls H. Bohner, pastor of Trinity Evangelical Church, Easton, and formerly pastor of Ebenezer Evangelical Church, Allentown, will on Sunday next begin the final quarter of his pastorate in Easton. He has been pastor of Trinity Church five years, which is the longest period allowed by the Evangelical Church for any one pastorate. When conference meets in annual session at Bangor, in February next, he will be given another charge and his successor named for Trinity congregation.

During the time that Rev. Mr. Bohner has been in Easton, Trinity Church has been more prosperous than ever before in its history. The popular clergyman is highly esteemed throughout the city, and his efforts placed Trinity Church in a more commanding position than it ever before occupied. His departure from Easton will be sincerely regretted.

Edgar F. Romig, a student in the Reformed Theological Seminary, at Lancaster, was a delegate to a conference of students and professors of the Theological Seminaries of the East, held at Yale Divinity School at New Haven.

John Guth is at the Theological Seminary, at Lancaster.



When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
After passing of a cloud,
When a fit of laughter gits ye,
An' yer spine is feelin' proud,
Don't forgit to up and fling it,
At a soul that's feelin' blue,
For the minit that ye sling it,
It's a boomerang to you.—Ex.



Personals

We have all returned from home and the festive board, commemorating Thanksgiving Day, only to depart very soon for the Xmas vacation. Everybody wore a smile on their return and since "Doc" Kline has failed to report any cases of colic or dyspepsia we are sure the fellows can stand the strain again. May you all have a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Cupid to the Front

During the Thanksgiving recess Mr. Wallace Knerr, '13 took unto himself a wife. The bride was formerly Miss Alverda Miller, of Red Hill, Pa., and the couple were married in Philadelphia, by the Rev. Francis Miller. We extend to both the bride and groom our most sincere wishes for a long and happy married life. Come, Wallace wipe out that far-a-way look in your eyes. A few more days and you "can be by HER."

George Washington Did It

When Dr. Haas learned that Knerr, '13, had committed matrimony he threw a bomb into the camp of the Junior class by stating that the mandates of tradition prevented them from following the example of 1911, by planting ivy during commencement week. However, George Washington Bixler loomed up on the horizon and suggested that we plant a cherry tree instead. Help, safety, co-operation, assistance, succor!

Chapel Talks

During the month we were favored with an address by Rev. Bleber, '91, a representative of the Church Extension Society and by Revs. Schwedes and Steinhauser of this city. Our own Dr. Haas also gave us a good talk on "Moral Courage."

Consciousness of Kind.

Mr. Bixler has kindly consented to furnish living illustrations of the theory of consciousness of kind for the sociology class by allowing "Dutch," the mascot to continually follow him wherever he goes. Thank you, George.

On the programme of the City Teacher's Institute we note the addresses by Dr. J. A. W. Haas, whose subjects were: "How can we improve the thinking of pupils, and "New Education—Human personalities."

A Long Story—From the Perkasio News.

Mr. Jacob Savacool, of Muhlenberg College and Miss Anna Long, of Blooming Glen, spent Sunday with Mr. W. E. Savacool and family of South Perkasio.

Knerr's first. Your next.

Browsher (during an argument about the candidacy of Woodrow Wilson for the Presidency in 1912): If you are dissatisfied with Wilson why don't you electricity.

On the blackboard in the English room was noticed the following:

1808 Scott's Marmion	
1814 Scott's Waverly	..
1851 Scott's Emulsion	

Euterpea Reception

The members of the Euterpea Literary Society were the hosts on the evening of November 23rd, at a most delightful reception, card party and dance in honor of the twenty three new men who joined the Society this year. The event was held in Euterpea Hall, which was prettily decorated with pennants, plants and flowers for the occasion.

The Moll-Hunsberger orchestra of four pieces was concealed behind an arch of potted plants and played concert music during the early part of the evening and later a fine program of dance music.

At "500" the prizes were won by Miss Maybelle Foulke, Miss Margaret Robbins and Messrs. Earl Loser and T. Laury. In the guessing contest Miss Florence Lenhart carried off first honors and in the quotation contest W. Espin Groff won the prize. Elaborate refreshments were served, followed by dancing and at the conclusion of that program everybody joined in singing the Alma Mater.

The committee in charge was composed of Henry J. Brobst, chairman; Charles Esser, Samuel Henry, Robert Krauss, J. Conrad Seegers, Henry Fry and Elwood Unangst.

Potts of the Specials furnishes the following example of a near-joke: If you are thru before you are finished you can leave the Math room.

The department extends its condolences and wishes for a speedy recovery to William Heilman, '14, who was unfortunate enough to break his collarbone while descending from a Muhlenberg car.

Freshman: I don't see how Squire can board so many fellows at his house. It must take an awful lot of grub.

Sophomore: That's nuthin. I knew a man who boarded a car once.

Dr. Haas (looking over the records and calling to account those you had failed to hand in the Psychology experiments): Mr. Toecke, you're all in.

We appreciated the presence of Mr. John Sefing and his bugle at the Thanksgiving game. John is worth thirty ordinary "rooters."

The Glee Club.

The first rehearsal of the Glee Club was held on December 4th. If indications prove correct the club this year ought to equal the record of the best club that Muhlenberg has ever turned out and that is a pretty strong statement since the reputation of the college is established in that line. There were a goodly number of candidates this year and the names of those that made good can be noted below, in addition to the names of the old men. The following ought to give a creditable concert any old place at all:

First Tenors	First Bass
Snyder, '12	Kleckner, '12
Groff, '13	Frederick, '12
Stump, '12	Waidelich, '12
Blackburn, '14	Richards, '13
Friehofer, '15	Reissner, '15
	Freed, '15
Second Tenor	Second Bass
Katz, '13	Brobst, '12
Miller, P. G.	Krauss, '12
Wertz, '12	Seegers, '13
Deibert, '14	Cook, '14
Marks, '15	Moyer, '15

The following are the officers of the club: President, Krauss, '12; Vice President, Waidelich, '12; Secretary, Stump, '12; Treasurer, O. F. Bernheim; Business Manager, Kleckner, '12; Assistant Business Manager, Seegers, '13.

Senior: It seems strange that these newsboys don't freeze to death on one of these cold speeches.

Junior: Oh, no! They all have a good circulation.

Prof. Fritsch is the authority for the following:

You can always find a woman out when she isn't in.

Dr. Bauman says that he sympathizes with all the men who were injured during the football season, but he hopes that from now on we will have a little more mathematics.

In regard to the continued absence of reference books from the college reading room Prof. Fritsch says: Some men become expert book keepers without taking a course in a business college.

Henninger: My but the moon looks pale this morning.

Frederick: Anybody would that's up all night.

Freshman: Professor what is the meaning of *borae leges*, is it good legs?

Prof. of German: Was man nicht in dem Kopf hat, muss man in den Fuszen haben.

Freshman: That's why Yingst has such big ones.

Freshman translating Latin: *Fervens pecuroily liver*.

Dr. Ettinger: This Latin needs oiling. Your machinery screeches terribly.

Professor: What are you doing, learning something?

Student: No, sir, listening to you.

Father: Young man you were out after ten last night.

Son: No, sir, I was only after one.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

During the past month our college Y. M. C. A. has shown greater evidence than at any previous time, of being a living organization and promises to play a vital part in the inner life of the college in the future. Its chief aim is the fostering of a deeper and more serious spiritual and religious life here among the students.

The increase in interest is largely due to the presence of Rev. F. N. D. Buchman, '99, who spent the week of November 20th with us. Mr. Buchman is probably one of the best known of Y. M. C. A., workers. In the organization at State College, of which he is the secretary, he has built up the model of all college Y. M. C. A's. His work here was of incalculable benefit.

During his visit Y. M. C. A., interests were paramount. Meetings of every description were held—individual conferences, business meetings, Bible study meetings, etc. The key note of Rev. Buchman's teachings was "Pray and Form Ideals." He strongly emphasized the need of Bible study, and of a brotherly, manly, and unassuming Christianity. A feature of the week was a dinner given on Wednesday evening to the football squad and the cabinet of the Y. M. C. A., at which time Mr. W. J. Schieffelin, of New York, was present and made a few remarks.

After the dinner Mr. Schieffelin addressed the student body in the college chapel. Mr. Schieffelin is a business man of great ability, widely

known and honored in New York's business and social circles, and his pleasing personality and vivid style of speaking makes him especially attractive to an audience. He spoke to us on the broad, Christian effort for reform in municipal government, in the business methods of manufacturers, and among the foreign element of our large cities. He showed us that in every phase of life there is need of an unassuming vital Christianity free from the antagoism of creeds and elevated above the narrow doctrines of sects; a Christianity that seeks to do good and to do right, to help the needy and enlighten the ignorant. Such a Christianity seems to be the ideal, which if it comes to pass will be the consumation of all Christianity.

Following his address Mr. Schieffelin addressed small group meetings in various parts of the dormitories. His visit was a rare treat and heartily appreciated by all. We look forward with pleasure to having Mr. Schieffelin with us again, if possible.

Our other regular meetings have been following in due order and the splendid attendance shows an, as yet, unwaning spirit. That "as yet" should not be present. Let the spirit of the last few weeks not diminish, but steadily increase.—Y. M. C. A. Secretary.

Euterpea Literary Society has voted \$100 for the purchase of new books for its library.

Dutch has lately been the recipient of a most beautiful and elaborate necktie. It is made of leather, artistically studded with brass mountings. Since winter has set in, a project is on foot to get him two pairs of shoes. As it is, it does one good to see him stride around in his Sunday best, wearing his collar, his new Cardinal and Gray vest, and an almost human smile.

!?!—!!? Cleaning Committee !*?—*!!

While you are at home over Xmas vacation, boost Muhlenberg. Tell your friends about her athletics, her glorious football season. Tell them what our collegiate standing is, tell them about our President and Faculty, picture to them our beautiful campus and buildings, tell them of our bright future, but tell them, don't back down for any other college, you don't need to, be proud your a Muhlenberg man. Advertise our college, you may land a student, at least leave a good impression,—just incidently!



"The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatsoe we share with anothers need,
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare ;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungry neighbors, and me."

LOWELL.





Chillingham, N.H.

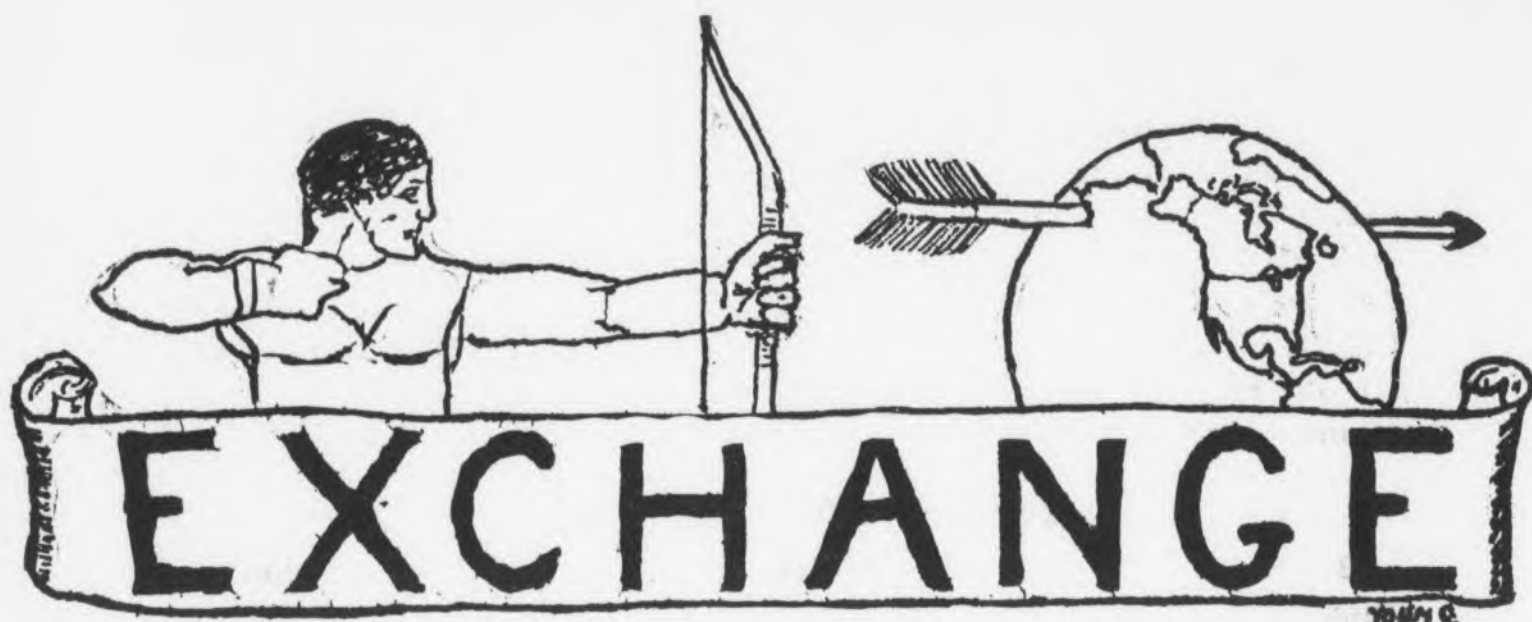
Muhlenberg Celebration at Mount Airy.

The theological seminary at Philadelphia held its celebration of the bi-centennial of the birth of Muhlenberg, Monday, November 27th. This date was selected because of it being the day on which the patriarch arrived in Philadelphia. The speakers at the anniversary were the Rev. Prof. Henry Offerman, D. D., and the Rev. Prof. H. E. Jacobs, D.D., LL.D., S.T.D. The former gave an "Appreciation of Muhlenberg;" the latter spoke on "The Theological and Ecclesiastical Position of Muhlenberg."

Camps All American Team.

End	White	Princeton
Tackle	Hart	Princeton
Guard	Fisher	Harvard
Center	Ketcham	Yale
Guard	Duff	Princeton
Tackle	Devore	West Point
End	Bomeisler	Yale
Quarterback	Howe	Yale
Halfback	Wendell	Harvard
Halfback	Thorpe	Carlisle
Fullback	Dalton	Annapolis





We indeed heartily welcome The Sketch Book from Irving College, to our list of exchanges. You are indeed to be congratulated on the excellency of your paper. All the departments are well taken care of and each one occupies its position according to prominence. One thing which is lacking in many college journals that can be found in yours magazine is short poems. These add a good flavor to an issue. A few cuts, however, would add more taste.

The Junto, Easton High School. Your paper this month does not come up to the standard of preceeding issues. If possible don't mix ads with literary material. The cut pertaining to the Easton—Phillipsburg football game is very unsportmanslike. Scrape hard, fight like sin, be a hard loser, but through it all, "Be a man."

The Otterbein Aegis. Your paper is quite attractive this month although the cover design does not show as distinctly as it should, but the idea is a very good one and very appropriate to the occasion. The article "Methuselah" is indeed very interesting and shows the vivid imagination of the writer. Your cuts are very neat and attractive.

The College Student. "The Swiss Music Box" and "A Soul For A Soul" are two well written articles. The paper still holds its high standard, but why not intersperse your story with short and attractive poems. Each college has a few students with enough ability to compose a few poems, or even some of the Alumni could aid a paper by contributing some thing of the like.

The following exchanges were received the past month:

The College Chips, Lutheran College; Decorah, Iowa; The College Student, F. and M., Lancaster, Pa.; The Otterbein Aegis, Westernville, Ohio; The Ursinus Weekly, Ursinus College, Collegville, Pa.; The Junto, Easton High School, Easton, Pa.; The Carlisle Arrow, U. S. Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.; Res Academicæ, Harry Hillman Academy, Wilkes Barre, Pa.; The Bethany Messenger, Linsborg, Kansas; The Sketch Book, Irving College, Mechanicsburg, Pa.; The Searchlight, Bound Brook, New Jersey; The Crescent, Concordia College, Moorhead, Minn.;

The Susquehanna, Susquehanna University, Selinsgrove, Pa.; The Canary and Blue, Allentown High School, Allentown, Pa.; The College Folio, Allentown College for Women, Allentown, Pa.; The Weekly Gettysburgian, Gettysburg College, Gettysburg, Pa.; The M. A. S. Monthly, New Brunswick, N. J.; The Mirror, Moravian Seminary, Bethlehem, Pa.; The Mercury, Gettysburg, Pa.; The Red and Black, Reading High School, Reading, Pa.; The Albright Bulletin, Myerstown, Pa.; The Augsburg Echo, Augsburg Seminary, Minneapolis, Minn.; The Thielensian, Thut College, Greenville, Pa.; The Echo, Hazelton High School, Hazelton, Pa.; The Buff and Blue, Gallandet College, Washington, D. C.; The Red and Black, Bethlehem, Pa.; The Tatler, Bethlehem High School, Bethlehem, Pa.; The Spectator, Capital University, Col. Ohio; Shamokin High School Review, Shamokin, Pa.; The Budget, Boyerstown, Pa.; The Lutheran Normal School Mirror, Sioux Falls, S. D.

A Senior Sentiment.

'Tis very wrong for any maid to be abroad at night alone;

A chaperon she needs, till she can call some chap-er-own.—Ex.

"Madam" he began, "I have here a can opener, which can't be beat. Candidly it can open any can that can be opened by any can opener, and if you show me a can I can—"

"Can it, or I'll call out the cannie," cried the woman cantankerously, and the canvasser cancelled all further attempts and cantered away toward Canterbury whistling a canzonet.—Ex.

Reading Matter for the Brave.

If a baby cries will a rubber ball?

If Alaska is a territory, is a real estate?

If a steamer sinks will a safety razor?

If man is a pa, is Panama?

If a bomb shakes a house will a skyrocket?

If Diana is dirty, will a vacuum cleaner.—Ex

The hungry typhoid convalescent demanded something to eat. The nurse gave him a spoonful of tapioco. "Now," he said fretfully "I want to read a little. Bring me a postage stamp.—Ex.

Two Germans who knew nothing of French were bidding each other farewell:

"Au Reservoir," said one.

"Tanks" replied the other.—Ex.

Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river; politely inquired a very stout lady.

Perhaps so, a load of hay went through this morning, was the horrible reply.—Ex.

A certain well known young lady was reprimanded the other day by her mother because her friend stayed so late.

But, mother, he left at ten.

Oh! no, he didn't. Before he closed the front door I heard him say, "Just one."—Ex.

Old Lady (with indigestion): Mr. Cleaver, how do you account for the fact that I found a piece of rubber tire in one of the sausages I bought here last week.

Mr. Cleaver: My dear Madam, that simply goes to show that the automobile is replacing the horse everywhere.—Ex.

The teacher asked: When did Moses live? After the silence had become painful she ordered: Open your old testaments. What does it say there? A boy answered: Moses, 4000. Now said the teacher, why didn't you know when Moses lived? Well replied the boy, I thought it was his telephone number.—Ex.

Honest Tommy Burns,

.. I stole a kiss the other night,
My conscience hurts, alack;
I think I'll go again to-night,
And put the blamed thing back.—Ex.

A young man being asked to lead in prayer at a meeting said in part:

Dear Lord, give us pure hearts, clean hearts, and sweet hearts.
Amen, responded several young men in chorus.—Ex.

Gentleman (to waiter): Do you serve lobsters here?
Waiter: Yes, sir. We serve anybody, just sit down.—Ex.

Bank President: What's the matter?

Bank Vice President: I was thinking. I sat next to our cashier in church yesterday and don't quite like the way he sings, "Will They Miss Me When I'm Gone?"—Ex.

A young Iowa doctor made the discovery that the ankle is placed between the foot and the knee in order to keep the calf away from the corn.

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If I can dry one tear to-day,
Hold back one soul that wants to stray,
Or show to one the higher way,
My life will fuller be.

If I can speak one soothing word,
Inspire a talent, yet unstirred,
Or check some sentence, best unheard,
My life will fuller be.

If I can spare, of my scant store,
A mite, to cheer some life more poor,
If some lost hope, I can restore
My life will fuller be.

If I can keep my thoughts all pure
My words all kind, my deeds are sure,
Some heart from evil to allure,
And life will fuller be.—Ex.





COLLEGE GROVE



The Editor's Sanctum

"The Muhlenberg" is the college monthly of Muhlenberg College, published by the Euterpean and Sophronian Literary Societies. It is so arranged that, during the collegiate year, our paper is edited by two different staffs. The first issues are edited by an Editor-in-chief, a Business Manager, an Athletic Editor and an Exchange Editor from the Euterpean Society, while Sophronia supplies an assistant Editor-in-chief, an assistant Business Manager, a Personal Editor and a Literary Editor. For the latter half of the year, the Assistant Editor-in-chief and the Assistant Business Manager become Editor-in-chief and Business Manager respectively, while the Societies elect a new staff of sub-Editors. Therefore, with this issue, the work of the present staff comes to an end. The January number is our "Exit Number." It is naturally with a sense of intermingled joy and regret, interspersed with a few flakes of satisfaction and unaccomplished desires, that the present staff bids adieu to all the friends of "The Muhlenberg." We wish the new staff a most successful term; our hope is that their issues may be better, more attractive, and reflect brighter the true Muhlenberg spirit than any numbers heretofore published. Here's success to the new staff.



A College Base Ball Team. Why Not?

Since Muhlenberg does not participate in intercollegiate basket ball, the foot ball season is no sooner over than we naturally turn our thoughts to the spring sports. The two leading spring sports at any college are base ball and track. Many of our sister institutions support both these sports, while we at Muhlenberg support only track. Why could not Muhlenberg support both these sports? Why should we have a college base ball team and since we do not, why not?

Without a doubt we have enough material, and good material at Muhlenberg, to have a first class college team. We could have a team that could make things mighty interesting for any college in our class; a team that would make a good showing against any college we play in foot ball. So it's not material that's lacking.

Base ball as far as candidates for the team is concerned, would not interfere with track. Only two or three men would be liable candidates for the base ball team, and the schedule could be so arranged as to utilize these men if necessary in both sports. It would not interfere with track candidates.

Since few base ball men take a vital interest in track, there naturally are quite a number of good athletes around college during the spring, whose ability is not utilized. Base ball would make spring interesting for quite a number of fellows who do practically nothing in the line of athletics during the spring months.

A good college base ball team would be a mighty good advertisement for our college. For a college to have a poor base ball team, in the opinion of some people, is bad enough, but to have no team at all seems to them to indicate an inactive student body.

We have a good base ball diamond, a good coach, and a student body anxious to have the sport and a student body that would support the sport.

Such are the arguments on the one side of the question, arguments that are clearly understood by our Athletic Association, yet they have not given us base ball. Why not?

The one great objection to base ball, an objection often overlooked by the students, is the question of finance. To put a base ball team upon our diamond, fully equipped, would cost no less than \$500, and the Athletic Association can't see their way clear in expending this sum. Every team with whom we would want a game wants to play "away from home." Base ball at Muhlenberg never did and never will attract a paying crowd. Guarantees will cost us at least \$300 every year, with low gate receipts.

For this reason it's impossible at the present time to run both sports. We have track because it's a more truly college sport, equipment is not so expensive and we can get meets away from home. To have both sports would also divide interest between the two sports. For a college of our size, with an Athletic Association by no means rich, to run one spring sport and make a success of it is as much as can be expected. So let's for the present be satisfied with track and expend our base ball enthusiasm on a series of interclass games.



Wanted—A System

No doubt at every institution, where "collateral reading" forms a greater part of a student's preparation for recitation, the question of arranging to have every student read the assigned work, is of no

small import. It has at least been a very annoying question at Muhlenberg. Up to this time, "collateral books" have been put into the recitation room, where fellows get them, take them to their rooms or along home, and keep them there until they're good and ready to bring them back, with no consideration whatever, for the fate of his class-mates, and in direct violation to college rulings, which says that: "No book dare be taken out of the recitation room." The question has been a puzzle to the student council, and a continuous annoyance to the Faculty, and although a severe punishment has been promised the fellow who is caught, the thing still continues.

Perhaps it has been the lack of a system that has caused so much trouble. The following system might perhaps prove a remedy:

In every subject assigned there are, usually, at least two books provided. Let each class elect two men, two responsible men, one a day student and the other a dorm student. Let the dorm representative have charge of one book and the day student representative have charge of the other. Have the dorm representative take the book to his room, arrange among the dorm students of his class as to a schedule of reading the book, have the man who takes the book sign up for it, and after a reasonable time allowed bring the book back to the man in charge. In this way the fellows can stay in the dorms to do their "collateral," and everybody will know just where the book is all the time. If it's out over time, the representative will know just where to go for it. The same arrangement would apply to the day students. This system would at least be better than the present system; you could at least keep track of the book and know on whom to put the blame. There would be somebody responsible.



The Muhlenberg



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The Growth of Eccentricity

BY W. L. W. '15



ANY people desire to be eccentric because they consider it a mark of genius. They seem to think that the continual wearing of red ties or the use of odd phrases in their conversation will give them a reputation for eccentricity. They do not know that eccentricity is an art that must be acquired gradually with great labor. And so it may be well to explain the various stages by which one may obtain this mark of genius.

The first step is taken between the ages of four and fourteen. It is at this time that many a genius is nipped in the bud. Ignorant people object to a child's eating ice cream with a fork, or pie with a knife, or wearing his shoes on the wrong feet. In Pennsylvania German speech they call him "dum," and spank him. They fail to respect the individuality of the child and they punish him for his originality. But a few of the hardier ones survive this ordeal.

These arrive at the second stage of eccentricity, known to the unsympathetic as ill-breeding. Young men between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, who persist in wearing their hats at an angle of forty-five degrees on the back of their heads, in using the so-called "boarding house reach" at the table, and in smiling at all the girls they pass, are usually designated as ill-bred, or college-bred, or both. Austere, old people raise their hands in horror, solemnly shake their heads, and declare that in their younger days no such actions were seen. Convention frowns upon the irregular deeds of the suffering geniuses. And still a noble few struggle against odds until they reach the last stage.

This step is most important. It embraces all the years a man spends in acquiring wealth, honor, or popularity. It demands that a man become famous. Either of the first two stages may be omitted, in rare cases, but no person can become eccentric unless he is famous. One does not hear of an eccentric beggar; that is not the fashion. Beg-

gars, who act in an odd manner are either partly insane or else they are burglars concocting some wicked deed. Nor are the peculiar actions of middle-class people a sign of genius. No; but they furnish spicy gossip for busybodies who exclaim. "Ain't she queer?" and, thereupon, dilate and speculate on the previous history of the victim and her ancestors. It is true that vaudeville actors are billed as being *eccentric*, but as this whimsicality is only temporarily assumed for the sake of acquiring filthy lucre, their assumption cannot be discussed.

So there remains only the class of distinguished people who can lay claim to the title of eccentricity.

Dinners at which monkeys are guests, Christmas trees for cats, and mock barn dinners are not signs of weak-mindedness, but of genius. The opera star, who will not marry a man unless dogs instinctively like him is not peculiar, but eccentric. The wealthy man whose automobile tire has been punctured and who helps his chauffeur to repair the damage has had an adventure worth retailing to the common people in one and a half columns of the morning sheet together with life-like cuts of the man, his auto, his house and his last wife.

The daily menu of some famous people is ever before our eyes, probably with the idea of the old advertisement: "Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are." And so in various ways we are spurred on to rise above our present obscure tenor of existence and to attain the birthright of a genius, eccentricity.



Do You Believe It?

BY W. H. R.

On November 11th, 1899, a shower of meteors was expected. The display in the United States was insignificant, however, only about 105 being counted. In Russia the display was brilliant. The peasants in the southern part of that country were so terrified that services were held in the churches night and day for three days. Thinking the world was coming to an end, parents murdered their children to prevent them from a worse fate.

Some ten years ago Dr. Anderson discovered a "new" star which in three days passed from an object invisible to the naked eye, to one so brilliant that it was one of the brightest in the heavens. When many people heard of this they thought it announced disaster to the government and foreboding ill to their friends or themselves. Others wondered that in this enlightened age people should be so superstitious.

We thought it would be of interest to such to know that these ideas are only the dying embers of astrology which at one time was believed by everyone, but now only by those with little education and mental training. Thus the following: The worship of the heavenly bodies had been established from time immemorial in the East where the level plains and clear atmosphere gave exceptionally favorable

conditions for making observations. Possibly several great catastrophes occurred the same time as some unusual phenomena in the heavens, and these suggested to the Magi or priestly class that these were the direct result of the peculiar heavenly phenomena. Reasoning from a few isolated incidents they assumed that all the events of life were controlled and could be predicted by celestial phenomena. The forecasting of events by this means is termed Astrology. This belief soon became world wide.

Diodorus Seculus who lived fifty or seventy-five years before Christ, said of astrologers: "They think the noblest study is that of the five stars called planets, which they call interpreters. This name they gave them because other stars do not wander like them, but have a fixed course, while these have paths of their own, and predict things to be, thus interpreting to men the will of the gods. For they say that they portend some things by their rising, others by their setting and still others by their colors to those who study them diligently."

Thus the Chinese believe that "Mars symbolizes fire and rules the summer season. Saturn represents earth, and when it meets Jupiter in the same astrological house," meaning sign of the zodiac, "it portends good fortune. If, however, Saturn, with the four other planets, should appear white and round, mourning and drought are in store for the country; if red, disturbances are to be expected, and troops will take the field; if green, floods are to be looked for; if black, sickness and death will spread over the land; and if yellow, a time of prosperity is at hand. Venus represents gold. If it looms large, and afterwards small, the national forces will be weak, and if counter-wise, they will be strong. Mercury symbolizes water, and when, seemingly, of a white color, it forecasts drought; when yellow, the crops will be scorched; when red, soldiers will arise; and when black, floods are at hand. If it appears large and white in the East, troops beyond the frontier will disperse; if not, the middle kingdom will be victorious; in certain conjunctions with Venus, several tens of thousands of men will meet in strife; and the men and ministers of the ruler will die."

The position of a star at a child's birth was deemed of the greatest importance to the child as it determined its future fate. Thus we read in the old Jewish Talmud: "The future life and portion of children hang not on righteousness, but on their star. Those who are born under the sun are beautiful and noble looking, frank and open; under Venus, rich; under Mercury strong in memory and wise; under the moon, feeble and inconstant; under Jupiter, just; under Mars, fortunate."

In 1604, when the planets Saturn, Jupiter and Mars were in conjunction in the sign of the zodiac, Pisces, a new and very bright star, appeared. Kepler, by calculating backward, found that the same conjunction and possibly the star occurred about three years before

the birth of Christ and before the birth of Moses. The Jews believed that the same conjunction and star *occurred* before the birth of Moses and *would* occur before the birth of the Messiah. "We know this man, whence he is," said the Jews about Jesus, "but when the Christ cometh, no man knoweth whence he is."

During the reign of Hadrian in 131 A. D., a new star appeared, a false messiah arose who was hailed by the Jews as "*The Christ*." One of the greatest Rabbies of the time, Akiba, supporting this belief surnamed him Bar-Cochba, meaning "Sun of a Star," and in his honor brought it about that a star was stamped on all the coinage issued. The Jews also believed the same star appeared before the birth of Adam, Enoch, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

It is said that at the birth of Mahamet a comet was visible which his mother took as an omen that some day he would be great and powerful.

On November 11, 1572, Tycho Brahe discovered a new and very brilliant star which was believed to foretell the short but brilliant career of Gustavus Adolphus.

Not only did stars rule life but also predicted death. Before the death of Cæsar, Suetonius tells us that a hairy star, meaning a comet, appeared in the East for seven days about the eleventh hour. From Josephus we learn that before the fall of Jerusalem, a star in the form of a sword hung over the doomed city for a fortnight.

The works of the great Chaucer abound in allusions to it.

Thus he attributes the Black Plague of 1348 to an extraordinary conjunction of Saturn with other planets. In his "Canterbury Tales" we find in the Man of Lawes Tale,

"In sterres many a wynter therbyfore
Was write the deth of Ector and Achilles,
Of Pompe, Julius, er they were i-bore;
The stryfe of Thebes, and of Eracles,
Of Samson, Turnus, and of Socrates
The deth."

In Julius Cæsar, Act II, Scene 2, Shakespeare tells us:

"When beggars die there are not comets seen;

The heavens themselves blaze forth at the death of a prince,"

In Henry VI, Act I, Scene 1, we find Bedford saying at the funeral of Henry V:

"Comets, importing change of time and states,
Branish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have concented unto Henry's death."

In Child Harold, Canto III, st 88, Byron says:

"Ye stars! which are the poetry of Heaven,
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires."

From the foregoing illustrations we may readily see what a strong hold astrology had on the minds of the people.

Emerson says: "Young man hitch your wagon to a star."

Following his example let our astrology merely be, that as the stars are high above us, let our ideals be high; as they nightly give us light, may we be a light to those who are in darkness; as they are fixed in space, may we have a fixed determination to do our duty as students, as teachers, as employees, as employers, and in our life work whatever it may be; that when our star of life is in the decendency and the clouds of the last hour obscure our vision we may say with King Arthur:

"I go

To the island-rally of Avilion;
Where fall not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea."
And "there is peace."



Lessons in Foot Ball

By COACH KELLY



THE foot ball season with its team and records has receded from the public eye and quietly formed a portion of a year's history of Muhlenberg athletics. The great object lesson of the season, it is hoped, will never become a part of the past, but be ever present in the eye of every varsity man and every Scrub who worked so long and faithfully for their school and the honor of their team.

The object of every college that has instituted the incollegiate game of foot ball, is not chiefly for the purpose of winning games, but rather for the developing of every student as a lover of fair manly sport; also teaching him to become a good loser as well as a good winner.

The lessons learned upon the gridiron, if they are learned thoroughly and applied practically in after life are found to be of vast importance in determining the usefulness of the individual in his run of future success.

A great many critics make the statement that there are no object lessons learned upon the foot ball field and that the game is not a good specimen of fair manly sport. Those who followed the Muhlenberg team and watched their daily grinding practice, and saw them react their lessons in foot ball, day after day, cannot but believe that foot ball is a game which demands great application, hard work and united effort. Those who have been closely connected with the team, who knew the players personally and saw them every day sacrifice their wants, and desires and even social functions, for the team's future welfare; and watched the men running interference in matched games,

who cleared the way for a team-mate carrying the ball, knowing full well that the man carrying the ball would get all the credit for the gain made. Still for the benefit of the school and the team as a unit, they performed their duty regardless of selfish reasons. Cannot this be called self-sacrifice?

Another lesson upon the gridiron which every man can observe, is the lesson of the scrub. All of his work is marked by the element of sacrifice with very little chance for the school to pay him in honor fully for his work, yet he plods on doing his best, faithfully and earnestly. Can any critic truthfully make the statement that the lesson of the scrub is not worth learning.

The Results. What are the results of such training, as is received upon the gridiron? Is it merely the physical development? In my opinion it is by far the least important part of the benefit derived from such training. The man mentally is made alert, able to size up quickly new conditions and act instantly. Morally, a manly man is developed. A man whose motto will always be fair play and a square deal. A man who will always stand first for the motto of our foot ball M., Manliness, Mercy and Memory.



The Female of the Species

"The female of the species is more deadly than the male-Kipling."



REAT crowds surged back and forth on the boulevards. At a little table on the sidewalk before one of the numerous cafes, a man sat watching the multitude that thronged the Champs Elysees. Suddenly his eyes lit up with surprise, and he called, "Jack." With a struggle a well built, light-haired man of about forty emerged from the crowd and seized the other by the hand, shouting an order to the waiter in the same breath as his greeting.

"What brings you here, Jack?" asked the first, when the newcomer had subsided into silence and a seat.

"Well, you see, Laumont, I haven't seen Paris since the days when we mixed colors at Cellini's together, so I thought I'd come over to have a last fling before settling down, and here I am. The faces seem sort of strange, and I felt lonesome until I ran across you. How are you getting along?"

"As usual. Painting, taking the pictures to exhibitions and bringing them back, after they have been rejected." He shrugged his shoulders. "I manage to get along after a fashion, but it is hard work sometimes, not having either your talent or your money."

"My talent!" The American chuckled. "You are referring to that last painting of mine at the Salon? Well, let me tell you a secret. Francois Remusat painted that. You know the kind of a fellow he

was, a consumptive, silent and jealous of his work. In some way he seemed to trust me more than the rest. So one day he took me aside, as I was leaving the studio, and asked me to come to his home to see the painting he had finished for the exhibition. Curious to see his home, I went with him and saw the picture. He called it "Chanson Derniere," and it was a peach. As he started to explain it to me a fit of coughing seized him. I called his wife into the room and we helped him to a couch in his bed room, while his youngster went for a doctor. The doctor came and said that he had an hour to live at the most. So I left the family to their sorrow, stepped into the studio, took the painting from its easel and replaced it with another picture that happened to be lying in a corner of the room. With the "Chanson Derniere" under my arm, I walked out of the house. I have since heard that within ten minutes after I left, Remusat died. A few touches with the brush, and my masterpiece was ready to present to the world. Clever, wasn't it, Monami?"

The Frenchman's face expressed his repugnance. He rose to go, changed his mind and leaned over the table, biting off his words, "We have been friends long enough. I did not know I numbered a thief among my acquaintances. Having discovered it, I shall bid you good bye."

"Stop." The other seized him by the wrist. "I'm not done talking yet. You've got to hear it to the end, and then you can go to blazes for all I care."

Laumont shrugged his shoulders. Curiosity overcame his disgust and he resumed his seat.

"After the success of the painting," the American continued, lighting a cigarette, "as you know, I left for America and entered my dad's office. Well, about three years ago, as I was sitting in the library, the maid announced a man, who said he had known me in France, but would not give his name. So I had him sent in, and it turned out that he was young Remusat. He began by telling me he remembered that I had sent him for a doctor the night his father died. Then he said that just after I left, the dying man had regained consciousness for a few moments and the doctor had hoped that he might recover after all. Old Remusat asked for his last painting, and his little daughter brought him the picture I had placed on the easel. He stared wildly at it and shook his head, muttering, "Chanson Derniere, Chanson Derniere." In all corners of the studio they searched in vain. Suddenly Remusat, impatient at the delay, staggered to his feet, and, in his haste to reach the studio stumbled and fell to the floor, dead. The wife, it seems, endured the strain for about a year after his death, and then on her deathbed made young Remusat swear an oath to search for me and avenge his father. So the son came to America. Through the seacoast cities he wandered and finally got track of me. But by that time his cash was all gone and his clothes were so shabby that he couldn't get employment. As a last resort,

he came to me, saying that he feared starvation more than the consequences of a broken oath. And I bought him a new suit and got a job for him on condition that he would forget the past. So he is content and I still have my reputation as an artist. That is what I call a clever transaction. And now, a toast to Jack Harding, the great artist!"

"I do not," the words came coldly, "drink with thieves." And the Frenchman rose and joined the slowly-moving crowd.

Harding sat as if stunned for a few moments. Then he laughed harshly. "A nice mess! Celebrating the first night of my return to Paris alone. Well, one must make the best of it. Garcon," he shouted, "another bottle."

Does Monsieur wish any flowers?" He turned quickly. It was a pretty girl of about eighteen years, blue-eyed, with a pink ribbon binding her dark hair. She smiled and repeated, "Monsieur is celebrating? Then surely he should have flowers."

"Quite right, Machere," he replied. "Flowers are necessary, but still one cannot celebrate properly alone. So if Mademoiselle will do me the honor, I shall be only too glad to relieve her of the flowers." He looked up inquiringly. She was prettier than one sees everyday on the boulevard, he thought, and more neatly dressed.

She took the seat next to him, and spread the flowers in confusion on the table. The waiter brought another glass and they drank to the health of "La Belle France." So they chattered and drank, and watched the crowd that passed in a never-ending stream. And the chiming of the great cathedral pealed eleven, and twelve, and one, and two. Then the crowds began to thin, and the diners, who had stopped on their way home from the theatres, were leaving the tables.

"Now we can walk in comfort," she suggested, "if Monsieur wishes."

"Delighted," he replied. So he paid the waiter, and arose. "Which direction?" he inquired. She took the prettiest of the roses on the table, fastened it on the lapel of his coat, and swept the rest of the flowers to the pavement. Most of them fell to the east of the table.

"An omen," she cried gaily. "We will go east."

And eastward they went beneath the tall trees that bordered the sidewalk. Now and then they passed cafes which were flooded with the illumination of thousands of electric lights, and the two heard the strains of the orchestra mingled with the laughter of the crowd. They came to one of the open-air theatres, and stopped to listen, while the popular variety performer of the day sang her favorite encore. And as they walked along, a crowd of art students passed on their way home, singing joyously. Motors of all kinds, carrying late revelers, whizzed by the slower moving hansoms.

And so, at length, the Place de la Concorde was reached. Past the obelisk and the sparkling fountains they walked slowly. Then, as they were crossing the bridge, that spanned the Seine, Harding

stopped a moment to rest against the stone railing. The wine was beginning to take effect; he saw as if through a haze. The girl looked for an instant at the black stream beneath, and then crept closer to the man.

"Does Monsieur wish to hear a story while he rests?" she inquired softly. He stupidly nodded assent. The breeze from the river would clear his brain, and he wished to stay longer.

"There was an artist," she began, "who painted a wonderful picture, for his soul was in his work, and he loved it above all else. But as he lay sick, it was stolen, and such was his grief that he died. So when his wife, in turn, lay dying she made the son swear an oath to avenge his father. But the son was weak and forgot the oath. Yet there was a daughter, who had carried to her father the wrong picture, which the thief had placed on the easel; who swore an oath unknown to her brother; who has not forgotten her oath." The words came like a torrent. The man listened, dazed. "I have waited long, but I knew he would return. I became a flower-girl. This night I heard your conversation with the man at the table. Monsieur you are the thief, the murderer; I am the daughter!"

Several minutes later a cab rattled over the cobblestones. The driver pulled up his horse at the middle of the bridge, got down from his seat and peered over the railing. He saw nothing but the dark swirling waters, but he picked up a rose that lay on the top of the railing. The lamps in the park glimmered through the trees like the light of myriads of fire-flies, and from a distance came the strains of a popular air. The cab-driver looked again at the river and shrugged his shoulders. Sticking the rose in the lapel of his coat, he resumed his seat. And the cab rattled on over the stones.

BY WILLIAM L. WENNER '15



Alumni Notes



1877. J. F. Losch died on November 26, at West Point, Neb. He was born in Allentown, April 4, 1857. In 1877 he was graduated from Muhlenberg College. He read law for two years with the Hon. John D. Stiles. In 1878 he married Miss Laura A. Strock. In 1880 he was admitted to the bar. He went to Nebraska and taught school for four years. In 1883 he located at West Point, where he practiced law, and became one of the prominent citizens. Paralysis was the cause of death. At college he was a member of Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity and Euterpea Literary Society.

1883. Among articles in the Lutheran Church Review for October (XXX,4) are the following: The first Universal Races Congress, by Prof. W. A. Sadtler, Ph. D., of '83; Comparative Religion, by Frank M. Uhrich, of 1902; A Historical and Theological Criticism of the Oxford Movement, Part II, by Edward T. Horn, of 1907; and An Appreciation of Luther, by Heinrich Heine, translated by Charles F. Dapp, of 1907.

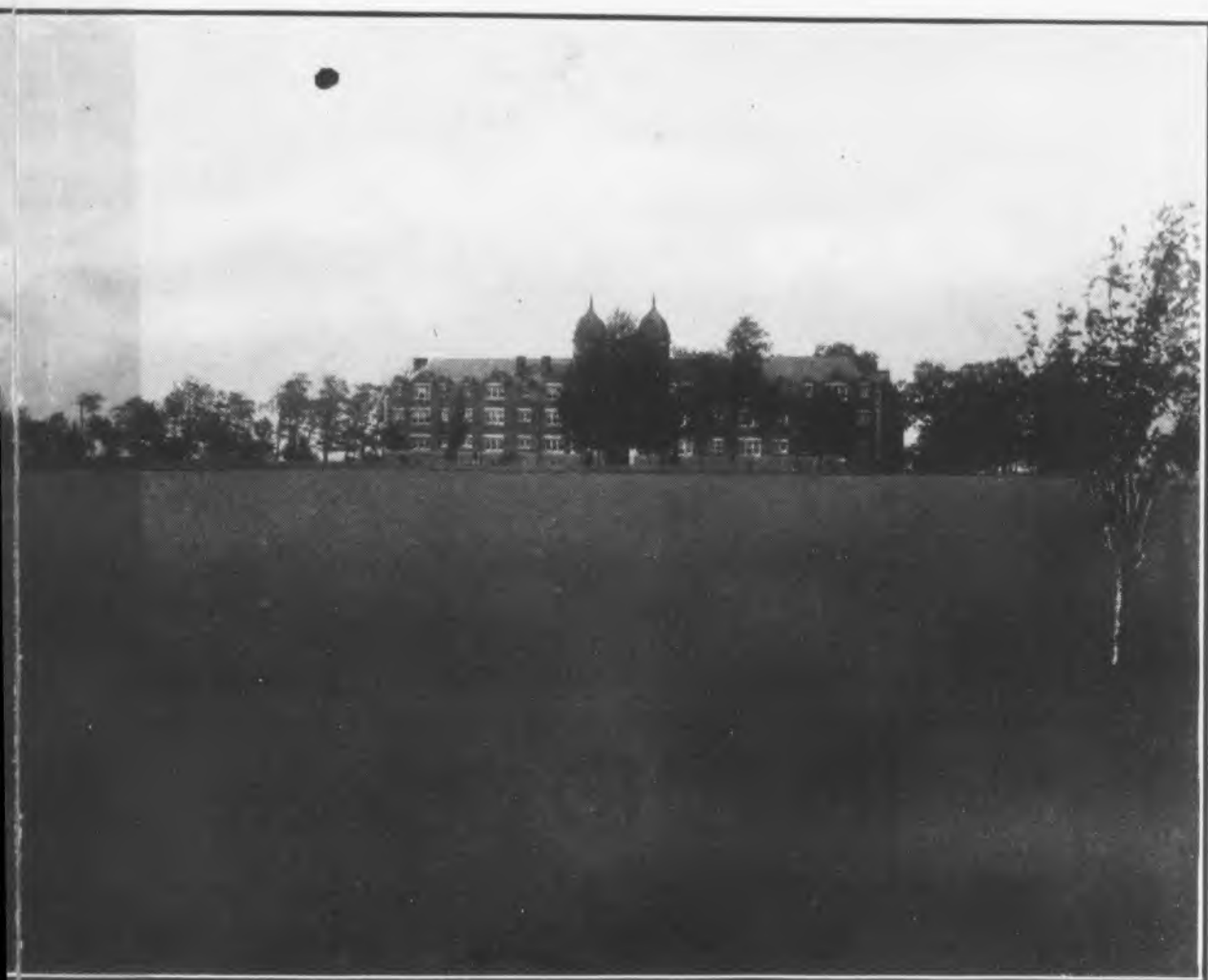
1884. It is a remarkable record that Rev. J. O. Leibensperger has had as pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran Church, South Bethlehem, the tenth anniversary of which he celebrated recently.

The church has 2000 members, and in the past decade Mr. Leibensperger has confirmed nearly 450 persons. He has baptised 796 children, officiated at 361 marriages and at 330 funerals; has preached 1590 sermons, attended 1315 meetings and made 8012 pastoral calls. The clergyman has also cleared the church of its debt.

1896. Rev. William A. Steinbicker was installed on December 5, at the Church of the Ascension, in the Borough Park Section, Brooklyn.



COLLEGE CAMPUS



US

1897. Rev. Franklin K. Fretz, Ph. D., is conducting graduate courses in Sociology and Economics at Temple University.

1899. Rev. John Kopp, has declined the call to the Church of the Reformation, New Britain, Conn.

1900. Arthur Beck, has moved from Bay City, Mich., to Exshaw Alta, Canada, where he is the chemist for a cement company.

On December 24, Rev. William M. Horn, celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of the founding of the Church of the Advent, New York City. Dr. Fry, of the Theological Seminary, at Mt. Airy, preached the sermon on this occasion. \$16,000 was reported paid on the mortgage. Mr. Horn was recently elected President of the New York Lutheran Ministers' Association.

The Easton "Free Press" says: "A congregational meeting was held in St. Peter's Lutheran Church, when the pastor, Rev. C. R. Allenbach, spoke of the creditable manner in which the regular church expenses were being met, although they amount to \$400 more than in previous years, on account of the increase in salaries and the installation of a pipe organ. But there was a floating debt of \$315 which the trustees desired to have paid before the first of the new year. Rev. Allenbach called for voluntary contributions and in twenty minutes \$400 was raised. During the past year \$1,200 was contributed for a pipe organ and with the exception of \$1,000 debt on the organ, the church property is free of all encumbrances. With increased activity in all departments the future of St. Peter's, under the pastorate of Rev. Allenbach, is most promising."

1902. "The Lutheran," of December 21, reports that Rev. Frank M. Uhrich, has recently married and returned to Quakertown.

1905. Clarence E. Keiser is a graduate student at Yale University.

1907. Rev. Edward T. Horn, is now comfortably located in Tokyo, Japan. His address is 34 Kuruma Cho, Shiba Ku, Tokyo.

1908. The marriage of Rev. Paul H. Rudh to Miss Mary Debold, at the Church of the Reformation, Brooklyn, is reported.



Personals



Sophs Had a Jolly Time



THE members of the Sophomore class on the evening of Friday, January 5th, assembled at the home of their classman, Ralph Bieber and naturally nothing but a rousing good time could follow. A season of progressive "500" with Elmer Sylvester Kidd and Henry Fry gobbling up all the favors introduced the luncheon period, followed by a series of impromptu addresses, all of which was liberally punctuated with college yells and the singing of college songs. The Bieber home was beautifully decorated in garnet and turquoise, the class colors and cardinal and gray, the college colors. The menu cards were also in class colors. All present declare they had a good time.

Prof. Alexander (assigning subjects for English reports): How would you like to take Shakespere's burlesque on the theatre?

Bixler, '13: I don't belong to the regular Friday night class at the Lyric.

At a certain conference of ward leaders, a German citizen arose and made the following speech: "Fellow Sherman's, I don't vant to say nodings about nobody, but look at dem Irish in the Tenth Ward. Vot haf they got? Paved shtreets. Vot haf ve got? Mut! Mut! Come let us put our heads together and make a block pavement."

Sophronia Reception

Forty couples attended the reception to new members, tendered by Sophronia Literary Society, on the evening of December 15th.

Sophronia hall and the entrance to the hall were tastily decorated with the society colors, bunting and college pennants. Cozy corners were placed at various points and Madame Heller, the fortune-teller told the past, present and future of all guests.

Klingler's orchestra played the music for a fine program of sixteen dance numbers. Tables were also reserved for those who cared to play cards. Mrs. Lizzie Church served a fine collation.

The committee which had charge of the affair was composed of, W. W. Brossman, '12, Chairman; Fred Butz, '13; and H. P. Cressman, '13.

Dr. Haas (to Juniors in Religion): What is the subject to-day gentlemen?

Junior (bluffing): Jeremiah.

Dr. Haas: Don't get me off on Jeremiah or there'll be some Lamentations in this class.

The department extends its sincere wishes for a speedy recovery to Paul V. Taylor, 14, who was operated on for appendicitis at the Allentown Hospital, on January 10th, 1912.



A Few Minutes with Shakespere

Prof. Alexander is authority for the following:

Now gentlemen when I assign a play of Shakespere's I want you to read the play and not Lamb's Tales from Shakespere. Lamb's Tales (talls) are a very weak support to cling to.

Prof. Fritsch tells a story of a man who came on the stage in the role of Hamlet and went off as omelet, but the following also illustrates the receptive spirit of a modern audience when one of "Billy's" dramas is being enacted.

A stock company, on its last legs financially speaking, was playing Richard III in a small Pennsylvania town. The leading man feeble and emaciated stepped forth and exclaimed in the lines of the play: "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

An inebriate, who had been sleeping during the entire performance, awoke and emitted the following drawl: "Well if yer shtop now, yer may be in time ter ketch the 10.30 trolley."

Another story is told of a minstrel show, which was presenting an act from the tragedy "Othello." During the act one of the actors cried very loudly: "Othello, whar am dat handkerchief?" No answer. "Othello, whar am dat handkerchief?" This seemed to get on the nerves of an old colored lady up in the gallery, so she cried out: "Wipe your nose on your sleeve and gwan wid de play."

Dr. Ettinger to Wertz (in Pedagogy): How often in walking down town, you have met with a beautiful woman wheeling a baby carriage,

when suddenly the youngster in the carriage cried out to you da-da, da-da!

Bixler, '13, has already begun training for the approaching track season by putting in a hard night's work, pumping the organ at Y. M. C. A. Meeting.

Prof. Bossard (quoting Scripture in a History lecture): Better is he that conquereth his wife than he that takes a city.

Gebert, '14, while reading Latin mistook an exclamation for the name of a God and was immediately reminded by Dr. Ettinger that people that fooled with Bacchus generally made those mistakes.

The following have been elected to serve on the various class basket ball teams:

- 1912. Captain, Hummel. Manager, Retschler.
- 1913. Captain, Butz. Manager, Blatt.
- 1914. Captain, Phillips. Manager, Fetherolf.
- 1915. Captain, . Manager Schmoyer.

The Editor wishes to thank the various class reporters for their hearty co-operation in the maintenance of this department and also to extend his heartiest wishes for success to its next Editor.

Vale, bene est.



The Foot Ball Banquet

On Thursday night, December 14, the dining room of the Hotel Allen was the scene of a most glorious Foot Ball Banquet, given in honor of Coach Kelly and the college foot ball team. It was a most successful culmination of our most successful foot ball season. Faculty, student body and friends of the college to the number of one hundred and seventy five were present and jolly good fellowship reigned supreme. As far as the material side of the banquet was concerned, the inner man was a picture of complete satisfaction; the spread was truly unapproachable. The speeches were good, snappy, to the point, and in some instances more or less instructive, yet the fact that they furnished instruction in no way marred their entertainment, as the knowledge imparted was on the "History of Foot Ball" told by "Pop" Reese in his own most unique way of telling things.

After feasting from 8.30 to 10.30, the speech making commenced and for another hour and a half, the feast of wit and reason was ushered in. Hon. Judge Frank M. Trexler, of the class of '79, occupied the chair of toast master and his witty introductions were in themselves enough to make the banquet a success.

Dr. Haas, was the first speaker introduced, and his popularity

was shown by the demonstration of enthusiasm that greeted him on taking the floor. He opened his address by paying a most flattering tribute to foot ball in regard to its relation to college activities. "Muhlenberg, her intentions and plans," formed the secondary scheme of the President's remarks, in which he most beautifully launched out into the ideals toward which Mulenberg is striving. "Mulenberg, he said, "Is not aiming for unlimited growth, but its aim is to produce men so trained as to be able to grasp the problems of the day, in whatever state of society they may engage, and elevate every community and society in which they move."

Rev. Jacobs who had been an active member of the Athletic Association paid a distinguished tribute to the varsity. Among other things the speaker said, "Team work is the underlying idea in foot ball under old rules, new rules or future rules. You have to learn to play with the other fellows. You have to learn that you are fighting for something bigger than yourself or the team. When that grips and holds you and you forget all about yourself, control and deny yourself, allowing the other fellow to get the cheers, you will be satisfied because it was for a bigger thing that you were fighting."

With another funny story by the toast master, Rev. W. E. Brooks was introduced and spoke on "The Scrubs." The speaker showed clearly the value of the men who take the poundings and yet wins no laurels and how thru all ages, history had repeated itself with regard to the countless thousands who have aided in making great men, but themselves have died practically unknown.

District Attorney Rupp, '02, entertained the gathering with a wealth of stories told in perfect Post Prandial style, but in his graver moments paid a deserving tribute to Judge Trexler, as a most loyal supporter of all college activities. He concluded his remarks by appealing to the people of Allentown, to support their college, and to appreciate the prestige it adds to the city.

Reuben J. Butz, '87, next responded to a toast, "The Future" in the form of a dream which happened about 1914. He pictured quite vividly a victorious Muhlenberg team, in which the players played with a spirit as though their lives depended on the result of the game.

Hon. Claude T. Reno spoke on "College Spirit" and Coach Kelly on "The Trials of Coaching."

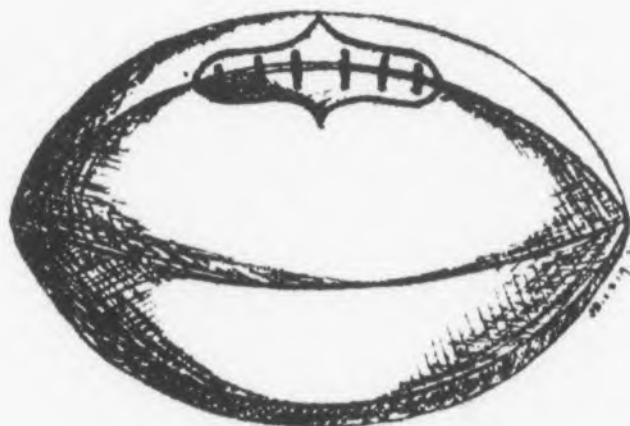
Then came "Pop" Reese's discourse on "History of Foot Ball," which proved quite interesting and exceedingly instructive. In his most entertaining style he showed that foot ball was not a recent concoction, but dated back to the year 750 B. C., at which time it was not only a sport, but the most general of all games played at that time. The wind up of his speech, proved perhaps the most interesting and anxious of all moments spent at the banquet. It was the awarding of "M's." to the players, and a most handsome silver loving cup to Coach Kelly. The cup was a gift from the student body in appreciation for his season's work.

In the awarding of "M.," Muhlenberg this year advanced a step, by presenting a beautiful cardinal sweater in connection with the letter.

The sweaters and "M's., were awarded to the following: Captain Savacool, '12; Snyder, '12; Krauss, '12; Bixler, '13; Wacker, '13; E. Loser, '13; Katz, '13; Flexer, '13; Nenow, '13; Leisey, '13; Reisner, '15; Sermoulin, '15; Blackburn, '15; Scott, '15; Skean, '15.

Then came the election of Captain for next year. This honor was conferred, and most justly conferred, upon Geo. Bixler. Bixler has played end and halfback on Muhlenberg teams for the last three years, and the record he has made as a player need not be recited here: every body who has been intersted in our team the last three years, cannot help but associate Bixler with the advance of our standing in the Foot Ball world. A good, hard scrappy player, a fighter to the finish, a man filled with the true Muhlenberg spirit, a good leader and a good follower, characterizes our next year's Captain. We wish Bixler all success with his 1912 team, and we know that it will be the best team Muhlenberg has ever produced.

With the announcement of the election of the Captain for next year, and the singing of the Alma Mater, the evening's festivities came to a close.





ATHLETICS.

A Fence for the Athletic Field



At the banquet the above proposition was promulgated, and the need of such a procedure is apparent. Since then the matter has been pushed steadily. Each of the classes have taken subscriptions amounting to \$350, payable in Fall, for funds to erect a substantial reinforced cement fence around the foot ball field. Moreover, several of our town friends have promised donations and building material, so our hopes are way up for seeing a fence around the field next year. At the present time the cash subscriptions amount to some what over \$1100. This will confer a twofold benefit. In the first place our gate receipts will be appreciably increased, as deadheads will be eliminated. In the second place our morality will be raised infinitely, for no greater temptation to profanity can be imagined than to see the owner of a "1911" model Packard (vulgarily speaking) "skinning" out of paying the admission price and viewing our contests from Liberty Street.

But speaking seriously—this fence proposition is good dope, and it's decidedly up to us to push it for all we have in us. To raise \$3000 with an \$1100 start should not be an impossible feat. Here's a good chance for the Alumni to do their Alma Mater a good turn. God loveth a cheerful giver. in other words, send the Registrar your subscription.

Basket Ball

Everything points to a snappy basket ball series this winter. The teams appear much more evenly balanced than they were last year. Of the champion Senior team—"Wospel" Frederick is lost, and so they are weakened. His lucky shots determined many a contest. The Juniors who finished next, have lost David and Reno, their regular forwards. The Sophomores, appear somewhat stronger, as they have had last year's experience and have gained a new man in Phillips. Not much is known of him, but at least he has had some experience and will bear watching.

The Freshmen aggregation is, as yet, an unknown quantity, but a team which will likely furnish a surprise or so is the "Special Quintet." Dan Blackburn has had four years' experience in prep school teams and that means a strong man for one of their forwards. Like the Sophs they have last year's experience. So, by reason of the fact that the two stronger teams are weakened and the two weaker strengthened, with the Freshmen the X of the Equation, the season looks interesting. The schedule has been arranged and is given below. By the way, the services of "Butch" Cressman have been secured in his old capacity of official scorer. The schedule; subject to any necessary changes is as follows:

1. 1913 vs. 1914—Wednesday, January 10,—4.10 P. M.
2. 1912 vs 1915—Tuesday, January 16,—4.10 P. M.
3. 1913 vs. Spec.—Friday, January 19,—4.10 P. M.
4. 1912 vs. 1914—Wednesday, January 31,—8.00 P. M.
5. 1915 vs. Spec.—Friday, February 2,—4.10 P. M.
6. 1912 vs. 1913—Tuesday, February 6,—4.10 P. M.
7. 1915 vs. 1914—Friday, February 9,—8.00 P. M.
8. 1912 vs. Spec.—Tuesday, February 13,—4.10 P. M.
9. 1913 vs. 1915—Friday, February 16, 4.10 P. M.
10. 1914 vs. Spec.—Wednesday, February 21,—4.10 P. M.
11. 1912 vs. 1915—Friday, February 23,—4.10 P. M.
12. 1913 vs. 1914—Monday, February 26,—8.00 P. M.
13. 1915 vs. Spec.—Wednesday, February 28,—4.10 P. M.
14. 1912 vs. 1914—Friday, March 1,—4.10 P. M.
15. 1913 vs. Spec.—Monday, March 4,—8.00 P. M.
16. 1914 vs. 1915—Friday, March 8,—4.10 P. M.
17. 1912 vs. 1913—Tuesday, March 12,—4.10 P. M.
18. 1914 vs. Spec.—Friday, March 15,—4.10 P. M.
19. 1913 vs. 1915—Tuesday, March 19,—4.10 P. M.
20. 1912 vs. Spec.—Wednesday, March 20,—8.00 P. M.

1913-23—1914-14

The basket ball season was officially opened on Wednesday, January 10, when the Juniors toyed with the Sophomore crowd. The Juniors goal was never in danger and only their confident carelessness allowed 1914 to score.

The game was eloquently speaking somewhat raw. Rough house was the rule, and as "Doc" Orr hates to call fouls, rough house continued to be the rule during the entire game. Philips and Quinn put up the best game for the Sophs, while Heilman who is recuperating from a broken collar bone, played a great game in the short time he was in. Butz put up the best fight for 1914. The line up:

Leisey (Heilman)	L. F.	Kelm
Phillips	R. F.	Wacker
Cook (Seidel)	C.	Butz

Quinn

R. G.

Loser

Fetherolf

L. G.

Esser

Goals: Phillips, 4; Heilman, Quinn, Butz, 2; Keim, 4; Wacker, 3; Loser. Foul Goals: Phillips, 2; Keim, 3. Officials: Shelly and Orr. 25 minute halves.

Track Prospects

Far, far (and not yet so far, either) looms the track season on the horizon. The prospects, while they are rather hard to discern, but still it seems as if we should have a better team than that which represented Muhlenberg on the cinders last season. Smith is the only man we loose, and his place seems pretty well provided for. There are rumors of good long distance men among tre Fresh, while Blackburn and Miller should surely make good, with the track experience they have had. Manager Hummel, has been after several dates and one with Delaware has been landed. We will doubtless be represented by even a better relay team than the one that took first place last year. Moreover, we will have better training than we had last year, so no repetition of several unfortunate occurences are likely to happen. Perhaps the one weak point, so far, is the pole vault. In speaking to Coach Kelly on a track write up, the only thing he said was "Advertise for a pole vaulter." Here's a chance for some fellow to become popular. In the weights, we are well fixed. The jumps seem all right and the men for the hurdles are getting along nicely. Thus in taking a birds-eye view of the situation we may feel confident of a most successful track season,—if we work.

\$500. REWARD

for the arrest and conviction of the gentle (?) man who takes the "Cosmopolitan" out of the Reading Room and **keeps it out.**

Exchanges



With this issue the present Editor finishes his duties. It has been a source of great pleasure to read the numerous exchanges received and we hope that all criticisms made were taken in the spirit in which they were given. Our best wishes go to the in-coming Editor.

The Mirror, Central High School, Phila. It would indeed be unfair if we should pass by your magazine without giving some praise. Your magazine is on a par with a number of college Journals. All of your departments are well outlined. The cuts of the different departments are excellent. Congratulations to the staff that is responsible for such great advancement.

The Normal Vidette, Keystone State Normal School, Kutztown, Pa. Your magazine has a high standard. The stories are well written and deserve great praise. The story "His First Patient" is indeed very well written. Your paper could be improved by a number of cuts at the heads of the different departments.

The following exchanges have been received:

Augsburg Echo, Augsburg Seminary, Minneapolis, Minn.; Shamokin High School Review, Shamokin, Pa.; Old Penn Weekly, U. of P., Philadelphia, Pa.; The Farnum Tatler, Beverly, N. J.; High School News, Lancaster High School, Lancaster, Pa.; The Normal Vidette, Kutztown, Pa.; The Mirror, Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa.; The Lutheran Normal Mirror, Sioux Falls, S. D.; The Searchlight, Bound Brook, N. J.; College Chips, Luther College, Decorah, Iowa; The Buff and Blue, Gallandet College, Washington, D. C.; Res Academicæ, Hillman Academy, Wilkes Barre, Pa.; The Budget, Boyertown High School; The Breeze, Blair Academy, Blair Hall, Blairstown, N. J.; The College Student, F. and M., Lancaster, Pa.; The Narrator, Schuylkill Seminary, Reading, Pa.; The Red and Black, Reading High School, Reading, Pa.; The Argus, Findlay College; The Mirror, Moravian College, Bethlehem, Pa.; The M. A. S. Monthly, New Brunswick, N. J.; The Comenian, Bethlehem, Pa.; The Monthly, Hartwick Seminary, New York; Carlisle Arrow, Carlisle, Pa.; The Gettysburgian, Gettysburg, Pa.; The Ursinus Weekly, Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pa.; The Sorosis, Pittsburg, Pa.; The Perkiomenite, Perkiomen Seminary; The Meedland, Atchison, Kansas; Sweet Charity, Allentown, Pa.; The Lincolnian, Lincoln College, Lincoln, Ill.; The Parrot, New Rochelle High School.



Angry Customer: Waiter, there's a spider in this ice cream.

Waiter: Serves him right, let him freeze to death, he was in the soup yesterday.—Ex.



Teacher: Your answers are about as clear as mud.

Pupil: Well, that covers the ground doesn't it.—Ex.



A man in a very deep state of intoxication was shouting and kicking most vigorously at a lamp-post, when the noise attracted a near-by policeman. "What's the matter?" he asked the energetic one.

"Oh, never mind, mishter. Thash all right," was the reply, "I know she'd come all right—I shее a light up stairs!"—Ex.



If we noticed little pleasures as we notice little pains,
If we quite forget our losses and remember all our gains,
If we looked for people's virtues and refused their faults to see,
What a comfortable, happy, cheerful place this world would be.—Ex.



Is that marble? asked a customer pointing to a bust of Kentucky's famous statesman.

No, sir, replied the conscientious dealer, that's Clay.



He: Why has he put her picture in his watch?

She: Because he thinks she will love him in time.—Ex.

Mike (in bed, to alarm clock as it goes off): I fooled yez that time. I wasn't asleep at all.—Ex.



Black, a white man and White, a black man, thought a fellow named Brown was pretty green and tried to sell him a white horse. But Brown was well read and deceived them both. Now Black and White are blue.—Ex.



"Who ne'er has suffered he has lived but half,
Who never failed, he never strove or sought,
Who never wept, is stranger to a laugh,
And he who never doubted, never thought."—Ex.



See here, waiter! I found a collar button in this pie!
Didn't see nothin' of an umbrella, did you, boss. Dah was one lost here last night.—Ex.



The Exchange Editor may write,
Till the tips of his fingers are sore;
But someone is sure to exclaim:
Oh pshaw! I've heard that before.—Ex.



What is an epistle? asked a Sunday School teacher of her class.
The wife of an apostle, replied the young hopeful.—Ex.

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Discontent.

Let me do something perfect, before death;
Some least of things, so be it whole, and free
From any faltering touch; that none may see
One faintest flaw; that not one lightest breath
May dim the grace my sure hand fashioned
I know there is not any strength in me
To work this deed; oh, may Thy power be
Fulfilled in weakness, as Thy scriptures saith!

My soul is sick of half-accomplishment,
Of deeds, that are no deeds, of victories
Uncrowned by triumph; stranger to content
Until Thou work in me some excellence,
That my heart may have rest ere I go hence;
Blind voyager across the bitter seas.

By Edmund Barss in "The Atlantic Monthly."





PROF. R. R. FRITSCH, '00.
Author of "The Saloon In The College Town"
[See Page 158.]



In the Editor's Confidence

"The Muhlenberg"

Nearly thirty years ago appeared the number of "The Muhlenberg" (then called the "The Muhlenberg Monthly,") which the editor labeled "Vol. I, No. 1." Only one issue appeared in that year—the year of eighteen hundred eighty-three—and that one issue appeared in June. This paper in "embryo" was in the shape of a small booklet about five by seven inches in size, and contained about twenty pages. However, the right step was taken and "The Muhlenberg" grew steadily from that time onward. In truth may we say that if the class of eighteen hundred eighty-three stand for nothing else in the history of Muhlenberg College, they deserve credit—much credit, too—for the initial step in publishing a representative college paper.

It is not necessary to fill our first editorial page with details in order to show the growth of "The Muhlenberg." We are sure, however, that the five issues of "The Muhlenberg," which appeared during the first semester, are the best that ever appeared. Much credit is due the retiring staff for their efforts in publishing such an excellent paper.

The new staff hopes for the co-operation of the students and alumni so that "The Muhlenberg" may never recede, but ever advance. Therefore, what about that story? Yes, certainly, your poem will be considered. Surely shall we be glad to accept your subscription. Thank you.



Rare Indeed

How rarely do these three things meet—a man who wants something, is fitted for it, and any great number of persons who think he ought to have it.—Ex.

"The Saloon in the College Town"

We beg to call the reader's attention to the article in this number entitled "The Saloon in the College Town." We regard this article as a most virile tirade against this national curse. The ability of the author ("R. R. F., '00,") to handle a subject of this nature was well known to us, and we knew we should make no mistake in arranging to have him write for publication. "R. R. F., '00," has promised to again favor "The Muhlenberg" with some of his work—and for an early issue. We are sure that our readers will receive this announcement with interest.

The saloon in the college town has become a serious proposition—as has the saloon in any other town for that matter. To quote our author: "This very wet subject is being discussed in a very dry, matter-of-fact way." Therefore, the publication of the article mentioned above.

May much profit favor the careful reader, as a compensation for his time! Our thanks to "R. R. F., '00," for his interest in "The Muhlenberg."



The Difference

The difference is that the pessimist finds fault with every thing else and the optimist finds fault with the pessimist.



College Opinion

Beginning with this issue, we are instituting a new department, viz,—“College Opinion.”

The purpose of this department is to provide a place in "The Muhlenberg" where letters from the "Muhlenberg" readers may be printed. If you are a student of Muhlenberg and think your college course is incomplete without shower baths on the third floor of the Administration Building,—or if you are a member of the Faculty and are annoyed by Dutch, the college mascot, rambling into your class room, and breaking the slumber, and you think the poor dog ought to be sold for this reason,—or if you are an alumnus and wish your opinions placed before the under-graduate—in short, if you are any one of these and have any message at all—write it down and send it to us. We shall be glad to consider it for publication.

Some stipulations, however, are made, as follows:

I. Every article intended for publication must be signed by the author, as an evidence of good faith. The author's name will not be printed, however, if the author wish his identity concealed and in such a case his identity will under no condition be revealed. In spite of this, however, the editor reserves the right to reject any or all

articles if in his opinion they are unsuitable for publication. He will not be responsible for any opinion expressed under "College Opinion."

II. Any articles intended for publication must be type written and must be in the editor's hands before the twentieth of the month preceding publication.

III. Writers under "College Opinion" are asked to be as brief as possible as space is valuable.

IV. Under no circumstance will scurrility, personal invective, or calumny find place in this department.



Clothes and the Man

Lots of men don't make nearly so much noise in the college world, as the clothes they wear.—Ex.



To St. Valentine

From that far land where journeys end,
Where dwell our great unnumbered ranks,
We lovers all unite to send,
To you, this day our note of thanks;
For tender hearts and smiling eyes,
And that which bids us read them true,
For soft spring days and moonlit skies—
St. Valentine, our thanks to you.

Our thanks to you, for that deft art,
For which you ask no greater pay,
Than turning some sad hopeless heart;
To one in which, but joy can stay.
For all the magic you command,
To make the ardent lover view
Meek maidenhood as beauty grand—
St Valentine, our thanks to you.

From every heart, no matter where,
The sad, the happy, old and new,
The brave, the doubting, faint and fair—
St. Valentine, their thanks to you.—Ex.



A Matter of Sight

If we saw ourselves as others see us we might not believe our own eyes.—Ex.

College Opinion

"PETER PREFF" ON EXAMINATIONS

Editor of "The Muhlenberg."

Dear Sir:

The introduction of the department "College Opinion" in your monthly publication, opens a privilege to the student body which has heretofore been withheld. I am an unassuming student and have never created a sensation throughout my college course. Naturally modest, I would refrain from comments altogether were it not that this department allows for the anonymous publishing of free-thought articles. The minute and exacting arrangements of the Faculty for the conducting of future examinations at Muhlenberg stirred my soul deeply. Being heartily in favor of "The Watch System" I have labored hard upon the production of a set of rules which I think are as complete as time and thought can create. I submit them timidly, nevertheless, hoping that they will find favor in the eyes of those who are in authority,

Yours truly,
"Peter Preff."

Suggested. Rules for the Conduction of the Examinations.

1. The examinations will hereafter be conducted upon the **STRICTEST** watch system, the Professors to be furnished with Colt rapid-firing revolvers; and pieces of six inch ordance will be placed a all doors and windows. In case of necessity, mines will be laid in the basement with connections by which they can be secretly sprung by the **Janitor**.

2. Every student intending to take an examination must, in the presence of the Faculty Committee, take a hot and cold shower-bath followed by a vigorous rub-down. Hair must be trimmed to a reasonable length and all nails must be filed to a regulation size.

3. The Faculty will supply neat swimming trunks to all students intending to take examinations. The charges will be nominal and will be deducted from the Breakage Fee.

4. Passports will be issued by the Dean, and students will be challenged for production of the same before entering any room. After all formalities have been satisfied the student will be **admitted to the examination**.

5. Upon being seated, all men are required to **refrain from winking, coughing, sneezing, and ALL UNNECESSARY breathing**.

6. Any unnecessary movement of the head, arms or body will be construed as a breach of Rule 5.

7. Students are under **NO CONDITION** allowed to cross their legs and during the entire examination the left arm must be held **vertically** in plain view of the professor.

8. Should a student fail to comply with ANY of the above written laws, the Professors are authorized to fire upon him immediately, thereupon bringing him before the Faculty alive or dead.

9. A student convicted by the Faculty of the slightest infringement of ANY of the above written rules, will be shot at sun-rise by a committee of five students appointed by the Student Y. M. C. A.

Post Scriptum:

The Faculty will meet for target practice on the gridiron, the Friday of the week preceding examinations.



A College Sport

(By BERTON BRADLEY)

College seals upon his letters,
College pennants on his wall,
College letters on his sweaters,
College clothes and shoes, and all;
College slang he's fond of slinging;
With no end of savior faire,
College songs he's always singing,
"College cut" he wears his hair!

Oh, he tells of college capers,
And he has a college walk,
And he reads the college papers,
And he talks the college talk,
Sports a college belt and buckle;
Wears a college fob and chain,
Laughs with quite a college chuckle,
Swears in quite a college strain.

Then he dances college fashion
And he eats at College Inns,
And he has a perfect passion
For displaying college pins.
And you'd never in creation
Guess this student—calm and cool—
Got his college education
In a correspondence school!

—Univ. Weekly News.



The Saloon in the College Town

(By R. R. F. '00.)

(This subject is discussed at the request of the Editor—Author's note).



ONE of the very best scientific lectures on the influence of alcohol on the human system ever heard by the writer was delivered by Dr. Taylor, of Boston, in 1910, and should there appear in this article anything he said in the course of his lecture, it is because he gave the writer, in a personal conversation, full liberty to use any statement of his in order to help along the good cause of enlightening the people as to the evils resulting from the use of alcohol as a beverage. In recent years this very wet subject is being discussed all over the country in a very dry, matter-of-fact way. No longer a matter of maudlin sentiment, it is now realized by those who think and know that the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage is the cause of more evil in our country than any other single cause. In the words of John G. Woolley, the spirit of alcohol is 'the cockroach of human industry; it is the louse of human liberty; it is the San Jose scale upon the orange trees of youthful ambition; it is the cut-worm, the Hessian fly, the canker worm, the caterpillar of the growing crops of character; it is the filthy footed housefly of domestic love; it is the fever-bearing mosquito of politics; it is the flea-bearing plague rat that plants pus in the moral fiber; it is the slug that eats life's roses from the cheeks of happy wives; it is the pander of paresis, insanity and crime; it is the world's most notorious and accomplished sneak thief and it does its larceny in broad day light as well as in the dark.' Although highly figurative language, each statement can be proved; alas, has been proved only too often. Every merchant knows that he would be doing more business; every tax payer knows that he would be paying less taxes; every criminologist knows that we would need fewer jails, reformatories, penitentiaries and asylums; every judge knows that the courts would have less work, every demon knows that hell would have fewer inhabitants and every angel that heaven would

have all the more, while on earth there would be less of hell and more of heaven, were the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage to cease. A reading of the report of the Chicago Vice Commission will convince any reader of the intimate relations between the brewery, saloon, and every form of vice. This report, which the writer had the privilege of reading this summer in the Cleveland City Library, can of course not be secured by the many thousands of people who have written for it. Articles unfavorable to the liquor business are usually not widely distributed, whereas alleged failures of prohibition, increased consumption of liquors, and increased revenues therefrom are invariably printed on the first page of our newspapers, which, because of heavy liquor advertising, even admit into their columns the statement that beer is a food, and once each year publish for the information of the tax payers of our country, the large amount of license money paid by wholesaler, retailer, and manufacturer, forgetting, however, the important footnote that for every dollar received, three to five, if not more, must be paid out of the public treasury, synonymous with the taxpayer's purse, to pay for the care of the drunkard and criminal, the finished product of the saloon; to say nothing, of course, of the murders, **stabblings**, divorces, broken hearts and homes, wrecked careers and ruined lives; forgetting also to advertise that in states like Kansas, for example, where prohibition laws are enforced, there is more happiness, prosperity, and wealth, and less crime, poverty, and sorrow to the square inch than in our liquor-controlled states.

Poisons have what is called selective affinity, that is, they like some part of the body best. Arsenic attacks the lining of the stomach; digitalis, the heart; mercury, the salivary glands; morphine, the nervous system; and alcohol, the cells of the brain, because a ready solvent of the oils and fats of the brain cells, breaking them down and immediately interrupting the working of these cells. Thus mental, moral and spiritual activity is interfered with and impaired. In the case of a moderate drinker, the system will for some time be able to repair the damage; but eventually some of the brain-cells will be completely destroyed and in the case of the hard drinker can be restored by no power on earth. Various groups of cells are attacked, a group here, a group there, causing men to become unbalanced, foolish or clever as the case may be. Alcohol first attacks the higher brain cells, the one developed last, that is, those controlling reason, will, and conscience. Thus the constant use of alcohol is not only followed, but accompanied, by sexual passion, free rein to speech, a saying of what would not have been said, a doing of what would otherwise not have been done. In Massachusetts, of twenty four thousand criminals who committed crime under the influence of liquor, only four thousand were drunk when they did it; for with but a small quantity of alcohol the judgment is slightly impaired, conscience cannot moralize, the will is lowered in tone, the emotional nature refuses to control the brakes as the will would have done, impulse gives out the **bad word**,

a quarrel ensues, blows are struck, the crime is committed—an every day occurrence.

Thus as the frost attacks not the roots, branches or leaves of a tree, but its most delicate and sensitive parts, the flowers in the bud; as a file drawn indiscriminately across a razor and a pocket knife injures the razor first and most; so does alcohol attack man's spiritual faculties first. A man thus affected, sees not God, loses moral obligation to God and man. Unable to work steadily, he and his family are soon confronted with the bread and butter question in this world, and as for the drunkard, according to nature's law, he neither shall nor can inherit the Kingdom of Heaven—for no drunkard can keep what he inherits longer than it takes him to hand it over to the saloon keeper. How true that 'drink first dims, then darkens, then deadens, then damns.'

Alcohol is not a stimulant, but an irritant. The heart beats faster to get rid of the poison, reaction leaving its action below the normal. Alcohol as a stimulant is no better than a nest full of hornets; they too only irritate, leaving a decidedly uncomfortable after effect. Of the two sets of nerves controlling the heart, the propulsive and the restraining nerves, alcohol paralyzes the latter, leaving the heart to push on abnormally. In like manner also are the vaso-motor nerves, which keep the capillaries from expanding under blood pressure, paralyzed, allowing more blood to pass through the capillaries and appear on the surface. The heart pumps faster to keep circulation going, causing the ruddy complexion of the drinker. Thus does 'many a red nose, like the proverbial gas-meter, register even more than is actually consumed.'

Finally, the statement that beer is a food may serve to bring trade to the advertiser, but it is not a scientific fact. Alcohol in beer, far from allowing it to serve as a food, hinders digestion. It does not pass out of the stomach through the natural alimentary canal passage, but crosswise into the portal vein, the heart, and the brain, while the lungs do all they can to get rid of the poison as quickly as possible, thus accounting for the ease with which alcohol can be detected on the breath of a drinker.

And now as to our subject, "The saloon in the college town." If our colleges are to produce *men*, the saloon should forever be banished together with the brewery, from every college town and every other town. Not only will the body be healthier and remain so longer; not only will the mind be healthier and more acute; but we shall have what we so much need, more men whose spiritual nature will be developed instead of atrophied and often sloughed off altogether. If our churches, our schools and our colleges were more effectively instructing the men and women, young and old, with reference to this most serious question, instead of hesitating and refusing to do so for fear of offending those responsible for conditions as they are, Allentown and other cities would have fewer young men loafing on the streets.

crowding cheap show houses, smoking cigarettes, lying drunk on the floors of club rooms, debauching themselves and ruining young girls. Instead, churches would have more men to listen to virile sermons, we should be able to support at least one public library, more of our young men would be fired with an ambition to attend our institutions of learning in order to make something of themselves, and many a liquor dealer now hiding behind screens, shades, curtains and frosted glass would be glad to get out of a business which curses all connected with it, to help our city to rise instead of hindering it. No city advertises its breweries and saloons as an asset. No saloon ever did any good, and every saloon has always been a source of evil. Never has there been a legitimate argument in favor of one. It is the most potent instrument the devil has to accomplish the destruction of the race, and that is the devil's business. That our country should tolerate its presence in the face of the preamble of our Constitution is hypocritical; that the church should refuse to fight it is cowardly; that the schools should fail to inform their pupils as to its iniquity is negligence; that voters should allow its continuance is criminal; that college men should patronize it is fatal to their careers; that any man should patronize it is suicidal in more respects than one. As long as parents will drink, so long will children have neither heredity nor environment in which to grow to normal maturity, and our coming generations will have to look back and up to the heights of national glory whence they have descended, all because of the fatal mistake that we allow our government to be directed by the liquor trust, so that they may debauch our homes under the guise of raising revenue from the nefarious business to carry on the government. Regardless of moral law and fearful of civil law only so far as it is enforced, the saloon does not respect the Sabbath day except when compelled to do so through fear of losing its license; cares nothing for the meaning of Christmas, running wide open in full view of decent people, filling our streets with staggering drunken men by the score, while places of business are closed out of respect to the spirit of the day; opens early in the morning to entice a nickel or two from the working man on his way to work; wide open until after mid-night to cater to that class which shuns the light of day, only to walk the streets at night in search of immoral pleasures.

College-man! The bar of the saloon is a bar to the success, happiness and prosperity of the individual as well as of the nation. As the liquor press is glorying in the increased consumption of liquor, we must see accompanying it increased lust, crime and divorces. College men throughout our country, especially college graduates who are seriously studying sociology, economics and good government and able to see the relation between cause and effect, are publicly declaring that the saloon must go, that the liquor forces must no longer be allowed to control the politics of our land, if we are to have honest elections, better laws and what is still more important, enforcement of law. College-man!

What will you do about the saloon? Avoid it absolutely, persuade others to do so and help as far as possible to hasten the time when it shall no longer be tolerated as an institution sanctioned and protected by our government.

No hero like Lincoln has arisen since his day and none ever will until another shall arise to liberate our nation from a greater bondage than physical slavery; for just as little can a great nation remain great while half drunk and half sober as it can endure half slave and half free. But such a liberator will have to endure the same opposition, the same curses, the same ridicule, and that from well-meaning people too, as Lincoln did in his day, before he shall have accomplished his purpose. But the same God will help him, and a more grateful nation will perpetuate his name as the Saviour of his country. The introduction in December by Rep. Hobson, of a bill calling for a national constitutional prohibition amendment (another fact not very widely advertised) is a prophecy of what will one day become a reality.

We are sure that the banishment of the saloon will not mean the coming of the millennium, but we are sure that when the millennium shall have come, there will be no saloon, for there is no possible relation between the two.



The Nash Case

(By J. CONRAD SEEGER, '13.)

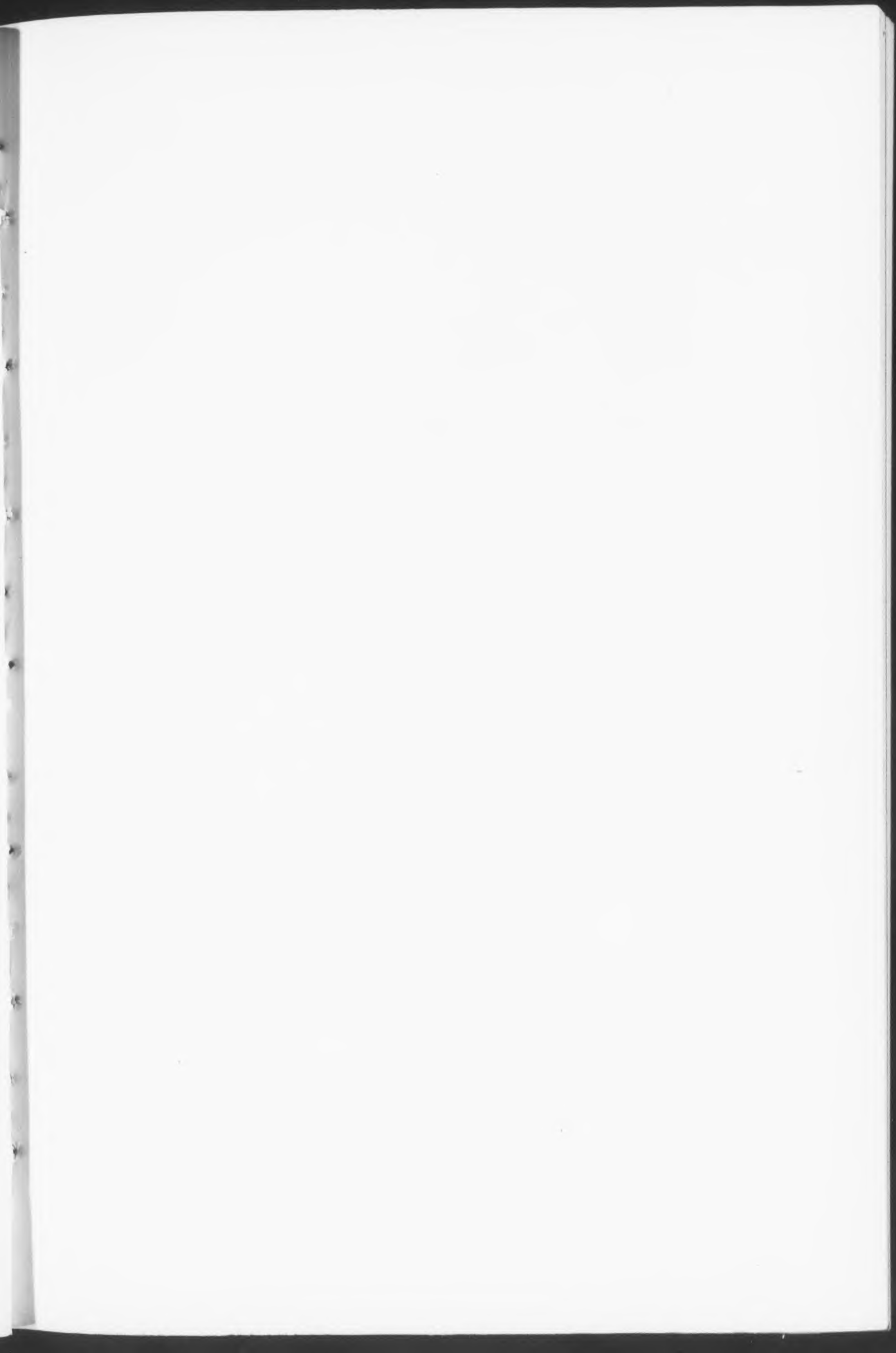


HE lawyer opened the door and coughed. The crabbed looking inventor looked up. The lawyer, Nolan by name, was not used to condescending, but he thought it best to lay a storm aside and asked, tho a bit coldly; "Prof. Walder?" The inventor looked steadily over his iron framed glasses at a test tube and thrust his cigar stump in the general direction of a card on the door, which was still open. The card told the world that Prof. Walder held his abode there, and incidentally advised the world to shut the door.

Nolan bit his lip, but smiled. Then he gave Walder a letter. Walder read it and stopped chewing his cigar long enough to say, "Why the devil didn't Reed come himself?" thru his grizzly whiskers. Then he pounded some H Cl in a tube, and continued masticating the cigar stump while Nolan turned fifteen different shades of red.

"Possibly because Reed is still serving his eight years," he answered at length..

For the first time Walder looked at Nolan for more than thirty consecutive seconds. Then he swore. He put some more H Cl in the tube and then got a stool, thrust it at Nolan, and grunted. "Tell me about it. Thought he was free."





ERNEST J. REITER, '12.
Editor-in-Chief
"THE MUHLENBERG"
(1st Semester)



LUTHER F. WAIDELICH,
'12.
Business Manager
"THE MUHLENBERG"
(1st Semester)

"Well," began the lawyer, "you see Reed pleaded guilty to the Colorado bribery charge, and got eight years. It is only after this that Arizona intends to prosecute him for murdering Nash. Now when we got your letter offering to supply all evidence needed in the Nash case, of course we came at once. You know the particulars, do you not?" The inventor grunted and shook his head in negation, so Nolan continued. "On the morning of August 12th, 1942, Nash was found on the border of the vast Arizona waste lands, stabbed to the heart. Reed was the only man whom any one had seen with Nash that day, and naturally was arrested. Different testimonies showed that at eight o'clock the two men had set out together, walking. At nine, Nash was discovered. All this was brought out in the coroner's inquest. A warrant was issued for Reed, but he was previously arrested for the bribery case. Everyone believes he pleaded guilty then to gain time to work up a defense in the murder trial, for the Arizona Judge was his political foe. It looks fishy for Reed, because Nash, you know, was former governor and was Reed's sole important opponent in the coming election. Now please tell me two things. Why are you interested in this case, of which you profess ignorance, and how do you hope to gain the evidence?"

If Nolan had been a trifle more observant he might have noticed Walder's hand quiver as the inventor replied that he merely wished to demonstrate a new invention of his, and his interest was solely scientific. Then the man suddenly seemed to take on a new personality. His wrinkled encased eyes grew fiery, and he said forcibly—"Meet me to-morrow noon at the Raven's Rook. Bring anyone who wishes to know the evidence and" (he fairly shouted this) "has plenty of nerve!! And I don't want any fool married man, because we may be gone for a couple of years." Then as Nolan started to ask a surprised question, he again became the peevish, stump-chewing inventor, and directed Nolan's notice to the second line of the card on the door; and as this line read, "This door has a habit of staying shut. Don't break up good habits." Nolan took the hint and left. First he called the two detectives working on the case to his office, and told them his story. Then he telegraphed to Reed, and told him to hope a *little*, and underscored the *little*.

On the next day, Nolan and the detectives went to the Raven's Rook, a cliff three miles from a house and found Walder, and about a ton of paraphernalia. The inventor was chewing his eternal stump, and poured H Cl into a large basin-like structure, twenty feet square, filled with a strange, dark blue metallic substance, and enclosed and roofed. Finally he glanced at the three men and said to Nolan—"How do you know they have any nerve?" Nolan declined to answer, but one of the detectives, Pauler, said, "What is your plan?"

Walder chewed and muttered, "Reckon I had better tell them." Then he commenced the longest speech which had jerked its way over that grizzled beard in years. He said—

"This substance has as its symbol WA. I have invented it, and it neutralizes the force of gravity. H Cl releases all of the metals in the compound, which respond to gravitation, in a two hour reaction. All of this other stuff is provisions and clothes for a six year trip for four men. The food is condensed. These cylinders are springs to give us force. Now you know, light takes a certain amount of time to travel through space. The nearest star is four and a half light years away. Now we are going to that star. That is why I have the air chambers and air generators. This is Xina, the telescope which my brother invented and proved beyond all doubt in 1938, that the moon is uninhabited. Now we shall, by virtue of these springs get to this star in two years; in other words, just three months before the light rays conveying the scene of Nash's murder reach it. So all we have to do is to look through this powerful Xina glass and we can see the affair as it actually occurred. Now come here!"

He then stepped on the vat and held a card toward Nolan. Naturally the three men came, and so exactly had Walder timed himself that as they looked at the card the springs suddenly expanded and the four men were shot through space in the direction of the star, as figured out by Walder.

It is needless to recount their journey and arrival. The star was very cold, and but for Walder's electrical heaters all would have frozen; but at last the patient watching through the telescope was rewarded. They actually saw Nash stab himself, after he had parted from Reed at the cross roads.

Walder for once was jubilant, "At last I have proved my scheme feasible. I waited a year for some blessed crime to give me a chance to use that collected paraphernalia," he said. Then he roughly ordered the party on his "air raft," generated, or made his metal and two years later landed on the earth. The sensation produced by the discovery of that same Xina glass, which made the moon appear but four miles distant. Reed's warrant was repealed and he was elected governor of Arizona. But Walder went to his dingy old laboratories and threatened to shoot any reporters who bothered him.

A priest came to him one day; the day in fact, after he had sent back the \$45,000 Reed had sent him as a testimonial and a means to construct more out-fits, and said, "Son—you know not what a benefit you have done men. Thousands will escape hell, since they will fear detection by your invention, and remain unsullied by crime."

Walder glared at the poor fellow, chewed his stump and said, "Hell! Hell! Not half enough go there now." Then he turned to his test tube and the priest left "sotto voce."

I rather expect a poisoned letter myself, for telling even this much but the chances are nothing of this will ever reach the ears of the brown-clad, stump-chewing old cynic; at least such is my hope, desire and even my prayer.

The Story of a Vanishing Race

(A Lecture By EDWARD S. CURTIS)



ONE of the most distinctive lectures ever heard was that in the Lyric Theatre, Thursday, January 24th, when Edward S. Curtis spoke on "The Vanishing Race." For two and a half hours the large audience was held spell-bound by the interesting talk and the many views flashed upon the screen, with the accompaniment of the deep primitive intonations of the orchestra.

Every phase of Indian life was covered. But Mr. Curtis devoted most of the time to impress upon the minds of all that the Indians are primarily a deeply religious race; observing many rites; going through weird incantations of various kinds; regarding many inanimate objects and natural phenomena as visible expressions of a supreme deity; and most of all that they believe in predestination.

Before any pictures were shown, Mr. Curtis gave a talk on the ground to be covered during the evening and explained that the collection of photographs would pictorially record all tribes of Indians in the United States, Canada and Alaska.

The preliminary talk was prefaced with a prelude by the orchestra. "The Spirit of the Indian Life," a characteristic outburst of strangely harmonious sound, vibrant with the unbridled primitive impulses of the native Americans. The orchestra work throughout the evening proved a big feature.

It can be better understood when it is explained that Mr. Curtis gathered the music by means of phonographs and had it transposed by Henry F. Gilbert, of Boston, the orchestra leader. By faithful practice the sounds of the Indian musicians were perfectly mimicked. There are nine men in the orchestra.

The pictures themselves, both the stereopticon and cinematographic, were superb masterpieces of the photographer's art. The stereopticon views were colored true to nature, showing scenes of sunset and dawning days that defy description. The beautiful language employed by Mr. Curtis in explaining each picture lent a refining touch to the occasion.

He had gathered inside information on the religious traditions handed down from generation after generation for countless years and related his life studies with the illustrations. Besides showing the religious ceremonies, Mr. Curtis dwelt upon the Navaho, the Apache, the Sioux, the Cheyenne, Piegan and numerous other tribes.

The closing scene was very effective, depicting the vanishing of the race. An evening scene suggested the thought of the race, already robbed of its tribal strength and its primitive faith, stripped of its pagan dress and going into the darkness of its unknown future. It was perhaps the most beautiful of the entire evening.

At the conclusion of the lecture Mr. Curtis and Mr. Gilbert met many of the audience and answered questions relative to the Indians.

Afterwards Mr. Curtis was entertained at the Livingston Club by Col. H. C. Trexler.

* * * * *

Mr. Curtis spoke informally at the Club and was just as interesting at the dinner table as on the platform. He said among other things that the old notion that the Indian is a descendant of the lost ten tribes of Israel is silly. That the religious ceremonies of the Indian resemble in part, those of other tribes of the ancient world must be attributed to the similarity of the human mind and the identity of the mental powers wherever the people happen to be. The parallels of practices are due to this fundamental fact. The independence of the Indian was a characteristic trait. The Indian regards himself as the superior of other people. And this accounts for his so-called unprogressiveness. The Indian's mind is static not dynamic. He does not adapt or assimilate. He is not like the Jap, an imitative creature nor, like our American negroes, copyist of the white men. The Indian stands alone. He is picturesque. The grandeur of nature enters into his consciousness. He is a part of nature, elemental, primitive nature. Hence education as we moderns regard it, does not change him much. The Indian has not developed a literature, although he has a language with a vocabulary and many songs, prayers and incantations. But these songs have not been written down. When the Indian dies, all that has been remembered, goes with him to oblivion. Therefore the urgency of preserving as much material as can be gathered of our native racial heritage is apparent. Now the Indian was not wholly a hunter. He developed a rude agriculture; grew corn for example. The Hopi Indian's very life depended on corn. He smells of corn. Compared to other races, the Indian has not been as conspicuous, nor given to us such art as the Greeks or Romans have. He has none of the spiritual concepts of the ancient Hebrew prophets. But the Indian has not had the fullest development. He was a splendid individualist. What might have resulted had the white man not driven him from his land, is a problem no one can answer. He feels keenly the loss of his land. His depression is pathetic. He is dispossessed and so is vanishing."

Indian music, like that of all barbarous people, lacks form and harmonization. The Indian music cannot really be expressed in our musical forms because the musical scale used by civilized people has a scale made up of tones and half tones. The Indian musical scale has quarter tones. Besides, the music is fragmentary and the composers, such as Gilbert, Cadman and Fletcher, have colored the music, preserving the peculiar intervals that characterize it, and especially the use of the descending interval, which is characteristic of the music of savage races.

To Muhlenberg College is due the thanks of the auditors for the interesting lecture, for it was the College that got Mr. Curtis to speak here.

Mr. Curtis has spent the last fourteen years of his life uninterruptedly living with the Indians of the West, Northwest and Southwest, and he still has six years of work mapped out for him. All of his work is original and as the result of observations and studies made at first hand he has already published eight volumes. Twelve more are contemplated, making a total of twenty. In addition there will be upwards of twenty folio volumes of crude notes, which will be a storehouse for the future investigator on Indian lore, Indian language, customs, religion and every phase of the life of a people. The edition of these books, because of their extreme cost is limited to only five hundred sets. Most of them will eventually find their way into public libraries and museums.

* * * * *

The work when completed will have cost \$400,000.

Features of this work, that would not have been possible in the day of Francis Parkman, the original investigator among the Indians, but who did not go into the subject with anything like the comprehensiveness that Mr. Curtis has set for himself, are phonographic records of the speech and songs of the Indians of the different tribes. These have been transcribed and the record of them has been made for these priceless volumes. (From "The Daily City Item"—Saturday, January 25, 1912).



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WALTER W. BROSSMAN
'12.
Editor-in-Chief
"THE MUHLENBERG"
(2nd Semester)



JAMES B. SCHOCK, '12.
Business Manager
"THE MUHLENBERG"
(2nd Semester)



Of Local Interest



Edited by CHAS. H. ESSER, '13.



Suppose we shall have to do as the others did and let the college know that a new editor is about to take charge of this department, and that we need the co-operation of all the students to help gather the personals. Give us all the jokes you hear, the result of the various elections, the contents of any talk or lecture you have heard. Make this department more lively; help to fill it with spicy jokes and personals. If you make an extended trip it will interest others. "The Muhlenberg" is the paper for Muhlenberg students; this department is for the local news and doings about college. So fellows, have your eyes and ears open for news, and see if you cannot fill this part with "classy dope."



Mid-Winter Meeting Of Board Of Trustees.

The cold and stormy weather did not keep the law-makers of Muhlenberg from assembling in the Faculty room and transacting business on January 4th. We are glad they came, for they filled a long desired need and want, viz—a refectory. They considered bids and decided that a dining hall should be erected this summer. Its location will be between the dormitories and the athletic field, close to the grove. It is to be a one-story building capable of seating a hundred and fifty students. It will be so arranged that the Alumni Hall can be added to it at any time. Thus finally we shall have a place for social gatherings and dances.

The trustees, also, decided that the name of the Y. M. C. A., had to be changed, and affiliations with the state organization dropped. They also increased the salaries of the professors.

Muhlenberg Christian Association Notes

At a meeting of the Y. M. C. A., in January, it was decided to change the name of the organization to the Muhlenberg Christian Association. The date of the meeting of the Bible classes was also changed to Wednesday night, after the regular exercises of the Association.

On Wednesday, January 25th, Rev. Ambrose Hering, of Philadelphia, who is connected with our settlement work there, gave us a very interesting discussion on his work and its results. Mr. Hering, who has just started this work, told us that their duty was to bring the young boys and girls to their home in the evenings, thereby keeping them off the streets. His work is difficult, but a great good can be accomplished and the field is large. They do not talk religion to the unfortunate denizens of the under world, but have the boys read and play basket ball and the girls sew and enjoy themselves in many other ways. Rev. Hering is a member of the '06 class of Muhlenberg.

On January the 31st, the weekly meeting of the Association was held at the home of our President, Dr. Haas. Mr. Snyder was the leader. He was assisted by Messrs. Cressman, Knerr and Deibert. Dr. Haas then offered a few remarks, after which Mrs. Haas served delightful refreshments. Several members entertained the rest with piano selections and the Glee Club members present offered vocal selections. Everybody enjoyed himself thoroughly, and the general comment was "A bully time." Many thanks are due to our President and his wife for a very pleasant evening.



Muhlenberg Again Represented On The Executive Committee Of The Pennsylvania Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Union

Chas. H. Esser, Secretary of the union, attended the meeting of the executive committee at Reading, January 27. At this meeting the business pertaining to the coming contest, which is to be held at Gettysburg sometime in the early part of March, was transacted. Fellows get busy! We want to bring home first honors this year. Do not put it off, get busy at once.



Muhlenberg Again On The Top

The Allentown Democrat some time ago informed its readers that Herman Fogel captured first prize at a widely renowned bean guessing contest. Herman was rewarded with two free seats at the "Noflaw Treatre." Ring the bells, Herman.



Telephone Company Booming

There is a rumor afloat that Schlegel, '13, is going to install a private phone in his room. Can any one tell why?



New Winter Sport At Muhlenberg

Who held the record at Faculty target practice, January 29?

Freshman's Idea Of Beauty

In literary society MacAdam, '15, was asked to discuss the putting of the electric wires which run from the main building to the dorm. underground. He very openly declared that the placing of the electric wires underground would beautify the campus to a great extent.



New Brand Of Cigars

(Keim to Knerr): Do you want a musical cigar?

Knerr: No.

Keim: All right, I will leave the band in my room (stamping of feet heard from above).



A Faculty Joke Permissible

Dr. Haas (to a gathering of students): I hear you intend to have a "Dickens" of a time in your society.



From The Zoo

During examination week Deibert asked Fox why he was going to stay at school over Saturday and Fox very pleasingly informed him, "to encourage my Greek and Latin note books."



Second Term Begins

The mid-year examinations are over and forgotten by many, except by a few who still dream about them. Our recess was not of a very long duration, so that we were all back at work Monday, January 29. We hope the second term will be filled with many joys and that it will excel the first term in all ways. It is with some pride, however, that we can boast that our list of conditions is smaller than it has been for many terms.

The second semester gave us a new list of class officers, also new society and dramatic association officers. The officers elected are as follows:

Senior Class Elections: President, Ernest Reiter; Vice President, Paul Keever; Secretary, S. J. Henry; Treasurer, Geo. P. Stump; Monitor, C. Troxell.

Junior Class Officers: President, Wm. Drehs; Vice President, Paul Loser; Secretary, Wallace Knerr; Treasurer, Henry A. Wacker; Monitor, J. Conard Seegers.

Sophomore Class Officers: President, Henry Fry; Vice President, A. P. Grammes; Secretary, H. Sell; Treasurer, Ellwood Unangst; Monitor, Warren Phillips.

Freshman Class Officers: President, E. R. Kelter; Vice President, Henry Bagger; Secretary, Richard Schmoyer; Treasure, Nevin Loch; Monitor, Levi Yiengst.

"1914" Ciarla Board Election: Editor-in-chief, Edgar Crouthamel; Assistant Editor-in-chief, A. P. Grammes; Associate Editors, A. R. Deibert, Henry Fry, Elwood Unangst, Charles Gebert. Business Managers: Martin Fetherolf, Charles Seidel. Assistant Business Managers: Elmer Kidd, C. Jensen. Artists: David Bucks, Harry Ziemer, Paul Taylor, Ralph Bieber, Wm. Heilman. Photographers: Elwood Unangst, Harry Zeimer, Walter Mock.

Dramatic Association Election: President, C. D. Hummel; Vice President, Chas. H. Esser; Secretary, Clarence Troxell; Business Managers, James Henninger, Fred P. Butz, Adam Miller.

Euterpea Literary Society Officers: President, Carl Toebke; Vice President, Chas. H. Esser; Secretary, Elwood Unangst; Treasurer, Wm. Katz; Critics: C. Snyder, Geo. Stump, Monitor, David Frederick; Chaplain, Phares Beers; Pianist, Arthur Deibert.

Sophronia Society Elections: President, C. C. Troxell; Vice President, Wm. G. Bowsher; Clerk, M. D. Fetherolf; Critics, J. R. Kline; J. F. Henninger; Monitor, D. G. Marks; Pianist, G. Norgang; Chaplain, Herbert Frederick.



Member Dropped Out Of Junior Class

We are sorry to inform our readers that John Laub, '13, was obliged to leave school on account of weak eyes. He intends to continue his studies next year.



Reform The Faculty First

Dr. Haas, having some time ago caught Bowsher, '13, smoking in the philosophy room asked him in class a week later to remove his pipe, which he had left hanging in the chandelier. Bowsher hesitated for a moment and replied that perhaps he could speak to the Faculty better.



Sarah Deserted—Matrimonial Item

Freshman Seidel says that there is a desert in Africa called the *Sarah*. We presume a later report will come that *Sarah* has been deserted.



As Advertised

"What's your time?" asked the old farmer of the brisk salesman.

"Twenty minutes after five. What can I do for you?"

"I want them pants," said the old farmer, leading the way to the window and pointing at a ticket marked, "Given away at 5.10."—**Ex.**

Creat Mar. Heroed By Our Daily Papers

Some time ago together with a picture and daffydil of Coach Kelly, there was also a good representation of our Dean, Dr. Ettinger, in the "Daily Dope" of the "Democrat." In it Dr. E. says "Germs live on the water, while Germans live on er—er—beer."

In order that our readers may recognize the perpetrator of the above "Germ—German" pun, we print a cartoon of him, for which we are indebted to the "Allentown Democrat."



Glee Club Notes

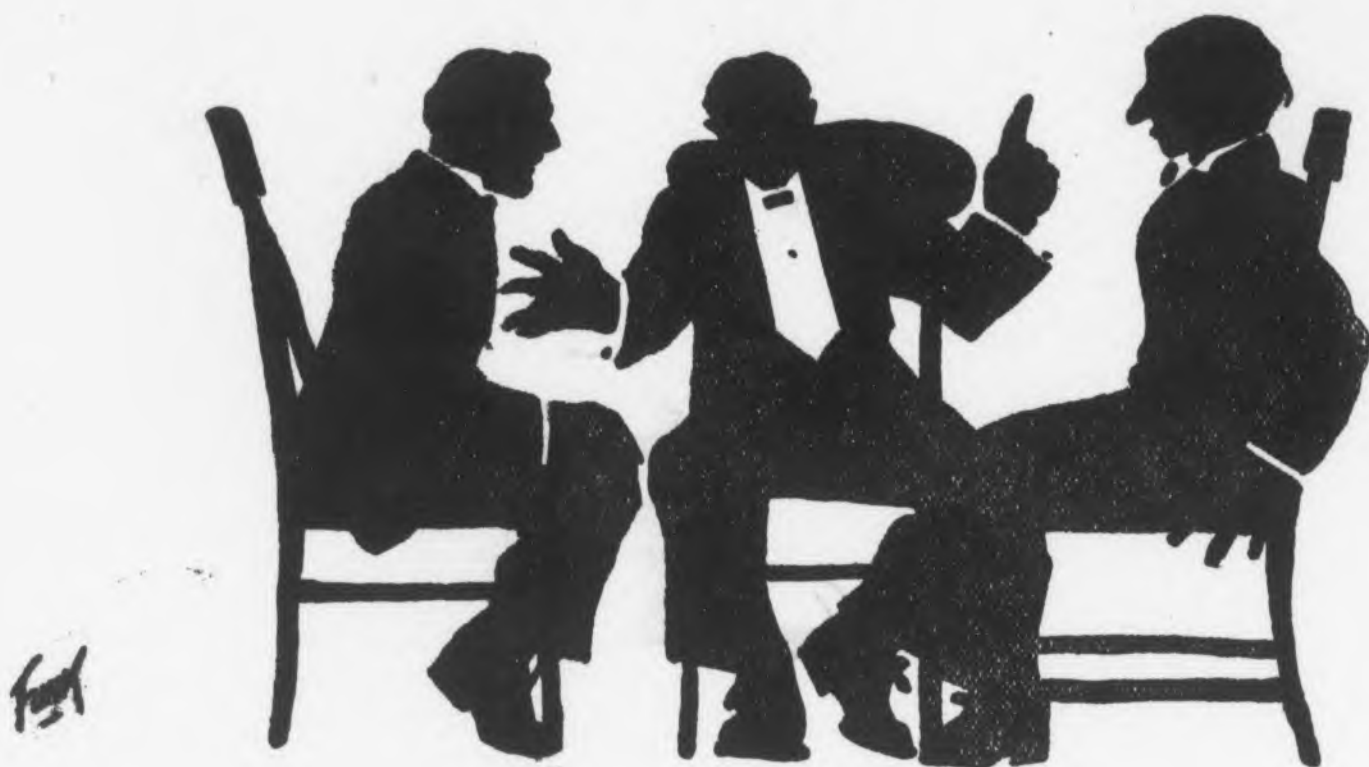
The Glee Club has again resumed its tours, and from all indications will have a most successful season.

Dr. Clement C. Marks, of the Faculty has stated that this year's club is the best balanced in the history of the organization. The Pre-Lenten itinerary is as follows:

- January 12. Tamaqua, Pa.
- January 16. Sellersville, Pa.
- January 27. East Greenville, Pa.
- February 6. Easton, Pa.
- February 9. Lancaster, Pa.
- February 10. Denver, Pa.
- February 16. Lebanon, Pa.
- February 17. Myerstown, Pa. (Albright College Gymnasium).

A large and appreciative audience composed largely of Perklomen Seminary students attended the concert at East Greenville.

Alumni Notes



Edited By R. C. HORN, '00.

'82. The Republicans of Berks County, which with Lehigh forms the 13th Congressional District, have this year accorded the honor of the Republican nomination for Congress to Lehigh. So far the only candidate is former County Chairman David R. Horne, who on New Year retired as Sheriff's Solicitor. Mr. Horne is a son of the late Rev. Dr. A. R. Horne, a noted Lutheran divine and educator, who established the Bucks County Normal and Classical Institute and was also, for a time, principal of the Keystone State Normal School at Kutztown. Mr. Horne is a graduate of Muhlenberg College, Class of 1882, and besides practicing law has been identified with the founding of important industrial enterprises. He is actively engaged in circulating his petition, and it is not believed he will have any opposition for the nomination.

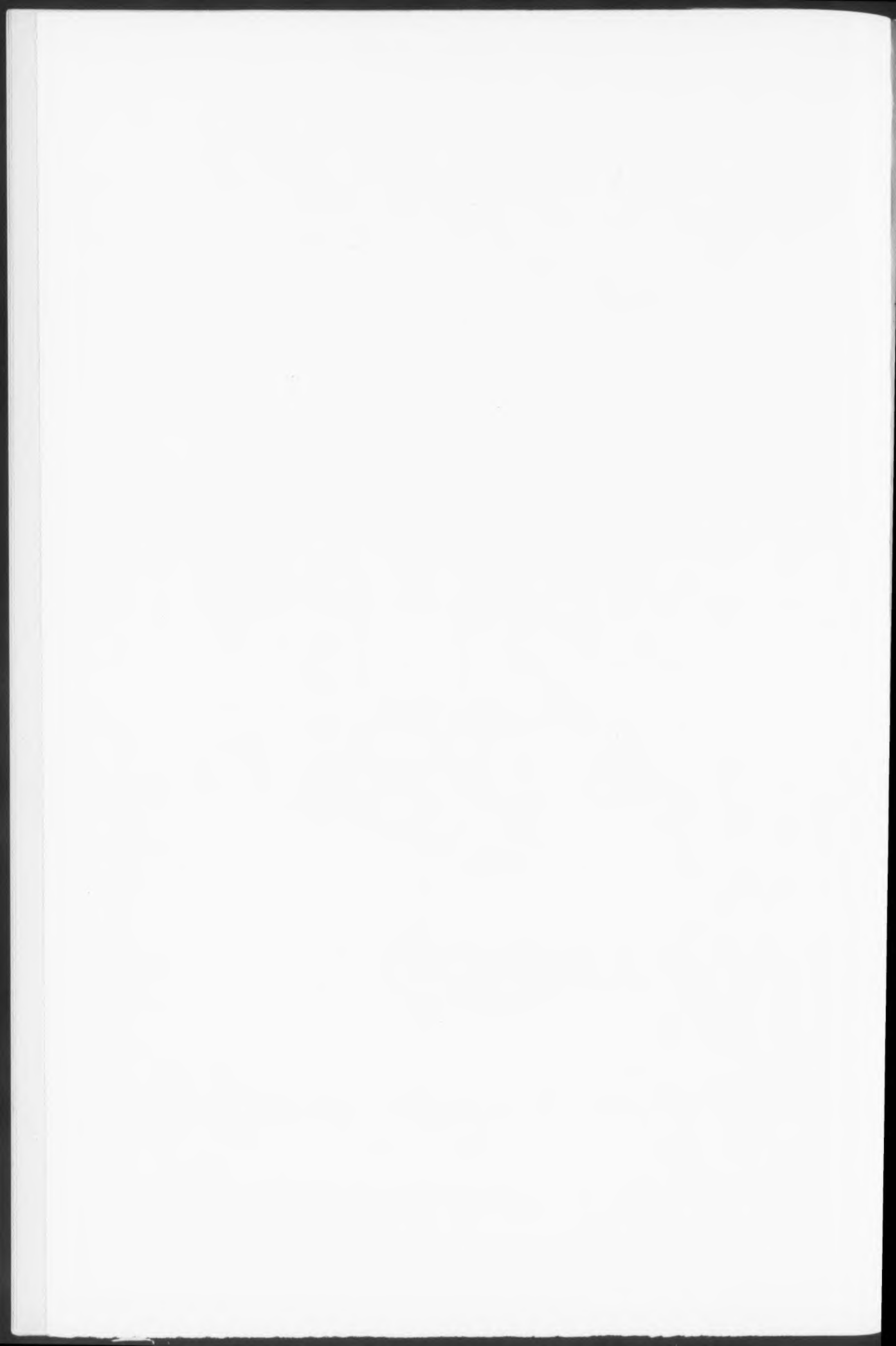
'84. Rev. J. H. Kuder has tendered his resignation to the Lutheran congregation of Siegfried and Howertown, to accept the call from St. Mark's Church, at South Bethlehem. Those congregations recently voted not to accept the resignation. Mr. Kuder has been pastor of the Siegfried-Howertown charge for twenty years.

'96. Rev. Paul Z. Strodach, of Canton O., has accepted a call to the pastorate of Grace Lutheran Church, Roxborough, Philadelphia, to succeed Rev. John Hauser. Mr. Strodach, who is a son-in-law of George H. Kleppinger, the wholesale grocer of this city, is a graduate of Muhlenberg College and Mt. Airy Seminary.

'01. The Finance Committee of City Councils elected Daniel W. Hamm, one of the Faculty of the High School, to prepare the city tax



PROF. R. C. HORN, '00.
Alumni Editor of "The Muhlenberg"



duplicate and make out the bills by May 17. This work for years was done by the late Jacob S. Renninger. The work is to be begun at once and the committee will pay \$500. The former appropriation for the work was \$475, but because of the addition of the Fourteenth Ward the committee raised the appropriation. In his proposition to the committee Mr. Hamm agrees to forfeit \$5 per day for every day beyond May 17, that he does not complete the work.

In doing this work Mr. Hamm will assist the City Clerk who has sole charge of the preparation of the duplicate. At its meeting the Finance Committee also approved all the bills submitted to it by Councils and approved the report of the Sinking Fund Commissioners.—“Chronicle and News.”

'04. Prominent Lutherans participated in special services in the Church of the Resurrection, 52nd and Thompson Streets, Philadelphia, to consecrate the recent extension and improvements made upon the building. During the morning there were addresses by the Rev. D. I. Sulzbach, under whose pastorate the church has been made self-supporting, and the Rev. Dr. J. A. W. Haas, President of Muhlenberg College, who preached the consecration sermon. A vested choir, under the direction of G. W. Weldy, sang for the first time at this service.

In the afternoon the Sunday School rally was addressed by the Rev. Charles Gauger and the Rev. J. W. Heintz. A new pipe organ was consecrated at the evening service when the Rev. Comer C. Rees, President of the Philadelphia English Conference, preached the sermon.

'07. Rev. Edward T. Horn, is to leave Tokyo for Kumamoto, where he will be a teacher in the mission school there. His new address is care of C. L. Brown, D. D., 138 Shinyashiki, Kumamoto, Kyushu, Japan.

'09. J. Calvin Schuger, who was a student at Heidelberg, after his graduation at Muhlenberg, is now an instructor in German at the University of Pennsylvania.

'10. Geary E. Everett is principal of the Bryce High School, Bryce, Graham Co., Arizona.





Edited By H. P. CRESSMAN, '13.

1912-31—1915-7

The second game of the season proved to be very one-sided with the Seniors at the larger end.

As is usual in the early games, the teams were rather weak in shooting from the field and the Seniors' foul goal shooting failed miserably, getting but three points from twelve trials.

The Freshmen made up for their lack of knowledge of the game by hard playing. Their fouls were all of a minor nature, mostly three men on the ball, caused by their eagerness to get at the leather-covered sphere, their anxiety getting the better of their discretion.

Hummel led the scoring for the Seniors with five baskets, while Shelly was a close second with four. Schmoyer starred for the Freshmen scoring five of their seven points.

1912		1915
Shelly	Forward	H. Snyder
Rentschler	Forward	Reisner (Capt.)
		(Yingst)
Hummel (Capt.)	Center	Schmoyer
Schock	Guard	Gelss
(Altheen)		
Fink	Guard	Yingst
		(Bagger)

Field Goals: Shelly, 4; Rentschler, 3; Hummel, 5; Fink, 2; Reisner, 1; Schmoyer, 2. Foul Goals: Fink, 3; Schmoyer, 1. Officials: Phillips, '14; Butz, '13.

1913-22—SPECIALS-4

In the third game, the Specials made their debut and met their defeat at the hands of the Juniors, 22—4.

During the first part of the contest the Specials displayed a remarkably well-developed defense and kept pace with the Juniors, but as the game progressed, the pace wore on them to such an extent that they "blew up" in the second half and failed to score a point. More "hard-

ening up" practice, with improved team work, will put the **Specials** in the championship race.

1913		SPECIALS
Keim	Forward	Miller
Wacker	Forward	Blackburn (Capt.)
Butz (Capt.)	Center	Fogel
Esser	Guard	Potts
P. Loser	Guard	Orr

Field Goals: Keim, 4; Wacker, 2; Esser, 2; Butz, 1; Blackburn, 2. Foul Goals: Keim, 4. Time of halves 20 minutes.

SPECIALS 25——1915-13

In a game resembling primitive warfare, the Freshmen secured undisputed possession to last place by losing to Specials 25—13.

The first half was an evenly fought contest with the Freshmen having a slight advantage at the close with a score of 9—7. In the second half, the Specials came back strong and ran up 18 points, while the Freshmen could net but 4.

The Freshies had a renovated team and played faster and stronger than in their previous game, but the new men became excited when under fire the first time. They let up in their defense and it was "Good Night." The Specials showed quite an improvement over last week's form and bid fair to come in strong at the finish.

SPECIALS		1915
Miller	Forward	Reisner (Capt.)
Potts	Forward	Geiss
Blackburn (Capt.)	Center	Ettinger
Orr	Guard	Royer
		(Yingst)
Fogel	Guard	Yingst
		(Walters)

Field Goals: Potts, 4; Blackburn, 4; Orr, 2; Fogel, 1; Reisner, 1; Geiss, 1; Ettinger, 2. Foul Goals: Potts, 3; Geiss, 5. Officials: Butz, '13; Leisey, '14.

	WON	LOST	PER.
Juniors	2	0	1.000
Seniors	1	0	1.000
Specials	1	1	.500
Sophomores	0	0	.000
Freshmen	0	0	.000

Track



RACK reveille was sounded in the January number and it is now time to turn our attention to rounding out material. In track, scrubs are just as necessary as in foot ball, not to whip the varsity into a compact machine with no loop-holes, but to spur each individual on to greater efforts. In foot ball, experience is a large factor and a man with several years of experience has the advantage of a novice—; but in track, experience is but of minor importance, for the inexperienced man who can cover the ground included in a hundred yards in ten seconds certainly has the best of the veteran who can do it in but ten and one-half seconds in his prime.

Even if you fail to make the varsity and sit on the bench, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that **you made that varsity man** bring out every reserved energy he possessed to get the place you desired. When you see the men wearing the Cardinal and Gray break the tape in every heat, you will experience (as you say to yourself, "I helped train that man,") an indescribable divine feeling of joy such as you never had before. If you doubt, ask the scrubs who sat on bench during the F. and M., game how they felt when the "common enemy" was thrown for a loss every time they started something and when the final score stood 9—0. It was the nearest approach to a feeling of heavenly bliss they had even tho' they didn't get into the game.

We need have no fear as to success of our track season since we have in our student body every class of athletes. The classical men are all *Able Bodied* men and can take care of the weights, while the scientific men are the *Best Sprinters* to be had, their closest rival being Mercury himself, who bears our letter. The jumps and hurdles will be amply cared for by the specials who form a class of *Salient* athletes. But in track, as in all activities of college life, **unexpected problems** arise which require strenuous means to combat and since the philosophical students are all *PHe*nomenal Boys they can easily overcome any emergencies that may present themselves.

Fellows, it is none too early to begin training. Track efficiency requires long training and a good physical condition, so begin *now*. Practice basket ball, take part in gymnasium work, let up on **tobacco** and above all, be sure and show up on the track as early as possible. We need good pole-vaulters and hurdlers and you may be a star *in embryo*.

This year every man in the student body has an opportunity, not only to win his letter and fame, but also to perform that higher and nobler duty, serve our "Fair Muhlenberg" and increase her athletic fame. Remember our slogan, "For Muhlenberg, I Will!"

Exchange Department



Edited by C. D. HUMMEL, '12.



WITH this issue, the readers of "The Muhlenberg" will note a new Exchange Editor taking charge of this department. In this short introduction we wish to congratulate the retiring staff for the decided strides it has taken toward advancement. However, to say that there is no chance for improvement would be empty flattery and, therefore, with that in view the work will be undertaken with the aim for advancement. We hope that as time passes by, we shall have satisfied our most earnest desires in this respect. Thanks for the kind wishes of our predecessor.

The exchange department of this publication and of all the publications received will indeed receive all the attention possible. This work will certainly afford us the greatest of pleasure, for in reading the issues of other college publications with which we exchange we cannot help but realize the great value derived from them. It is hoped that in the future many more exchanges may be added to our already extended list.

In performing our duty allow us to state, frankly, that we believe in praise and criticism and shall endeavor to judge as nearly as possible only for the best interests of our exchanges.

Do not think that we wish to criticise for the mere pleasure involved in it. On the contrary we wish to urge nothing but constant advancement and improvement. It is our earnest belief that by offering suggestions, from time to time, and noting the minor defects the various publications may manifest we shall be able to improve and to "soar to the great heights." It is, therefore, with these intentions that the following are written:

"The Mirror" (Moravian Seminary and College for Women, Bethlehem, Pa.) The neat appearance of the January issue attracts our attention. This, however, is not its only good feature, for it compares very favorably with college papers in contents. We would suggest that one more story would make it a more balanced and interesting paper.

"The Shamokin High School Review" is a very interesting and well-balanced paper. Your paper would make a neater appearance should you improve your cover design. Your "Exchanges," we think need improvement. Longer comments would add very much to this department.

"The Susquehanna" could be made more interesting by adding a few short stories. to our mind there is nothing more interesting than short stores in a publication and it is highly essential that a college paper should have some. The students of your own student body would be interested in a story written by one of your number. We would also suggest that you place your "Student Organization Notes" under the "Personal Department," instead of having them on your front inside cover, which space you might fill with advertisements.

The January issue of "The Midland" is sadly lacking cuts. We are convinced that you have artists in your student body, but why not make use of them? The story "New Year's at Krotone Hall" is well written and is full of college life. It brings out strongly the frivolities and pleasures of New Year. The characters are well drawn.



Culled From Our Exchanges

Judge: "Well, Pat, what brought you here?"

Pat: "Two policemen, your honor."

Judge: "Drunk, I suppose."

Pat: "Yes, sir, both of them."—Ex.



Freshman: "I got zero in Algebra today."

Senior: "That's nothing."

Freshman: "What's nothing?"

Senior: "Zero."—Ex.

He: "What did your father say when you told him my love was like a broad and gushing river?"

She: "He said, 'Dam it.' "



When on his way to evening services the new minister of the village met a rising young man of the place whom he was anxious to interest in the church.

"Good evening, my young friend," he said solemnly, "do you ever attend a place of worship?"

"Yes, indeed sir, every Sunday night," replied the young fellow with a smile. "I'm on my way to see her now."



Literally

Jinks (pointing): There is a millionaire who began his career in a cigar store.

Binks: Yes, I heard some one say that he had risen from the ranks.



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Lenten Number

MARCH, 1912

VOL XXX NO. 7

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What Is Lent?

What is Lent?

A Season to repent,—
A time to sigh and groan,
To weep and wail and moan,
And supplicate the Throne,
Wrath to relent?

What is Lent?

Drear hours of discontent,—
Restraint and irksome trial,
Sackcloth and self-denial,
Reck'ning of days and dial,
Till it be spent?

What is Lent?

Some weeks at worship bent,—
With pomp and pride and show
Of alms, and head bowed low,
While other months we go
On sin intent?

What is Lent?

Days of devout intent,
At prayer beneath the cross,
Where trivial things count loss;
And fame and gold seem dross,
With Christ content!

O blessed Lent!

When sincere souls consent
To keep the dear Lord's fast,
Ashamed of follies past,
Seeking the joys that last,
This is true Lent!

By S. Ezra Melkirk in "The Allentown Morning Call."



In the Editor's Confidence

When Lent Hits The Campus

Lent, as the average reader knows, is that period of the year beginning with Ash Wednesday and extending to Easter—embracing forty-four days. To the church it is a period of *devotion* and *sacrifice*. To Muhlenberg College, it is also, to some extent, a period of devotion and sacrifice. Numerous chapel talks and a "Lent Number" of the "Muhlenberg," show, after a fashion, that Lent breathes a spirit of devotion.

It seems as though real devotion could not be had without sacrifice. Devotion and sacrifice, in other words, apparently go hand in hand. The College Glee Club, the Dramatic Association and the Varsity Basket Ball Team—all rest. Even the not overworked "Press Club" relaxes a bit in its labors as some one whispers that Devotion means Sacrifice.

But be the above as it may!

We are willing to be quoted, that, to our mind, when Lent hits the campus of Muhlenberg, it brings with it a spirit of quiet and peace which after many arduous activities isn't unhealthful. In our humble opinion, too, we are sure that the student may do well to take stock account of himself, at least once a year—lest he go bankrupt through inattention to his moral resources. No fair minded person will gain say that good follows, "When Lent Hits the Campus."



Trouble and the Hen

Why brood over your troubles? Any half-way intelligent hen will tell you you will only hatch more.—"The Gentle Cynic."

Uniform College Hat Bands

At a recent meeting of the student body, it was decided to adopt a regulation college hat band. By the time this issue appears this band, will in all likelihood, have been adopted. We wish to say only this—we regard the idea as a very sensible one. The adoption of a regulation college hat band will mean that not every lad down town who wears peg top trousers and sings something about somebody's son who was—or is—a college boy—can strut the streets in student stride, because he wears a cardinal and gray hat band. These new hat bands can be procured only at college and only by Muhlenberg men.

Perhaps even those who have attained unto the heights of Senior dignity, when they see the beautiful regulation *college hat band*, may place the gown and mortar board aside a moment to wear the college colors—and be young in college spirit once more. "Hooray, hoorah—" but we dare not forget ourselves at this time to indulge in our college yell!



Prout

The only aim some people have in life is to prove that they might have been worse than they really are.—Again "The Gentle Cynic"



"Keep off the Grass"

Elsewhere, in these pages, one who sings himself "Clean Campus," takes up what we wanted to impress. At this time of the year, the grass is again beginning to green. To have a pretty campus it is absolutely necessary to "Keep off the Grass." In addition, boxes, papers, cigarette boxes, etc., we are sure aren't going a long way to keep it pretty, either.

Fellows, let's have college spirit. College spirit plus a little home training will assure our campus being beautiful. Let's have a campus to which we can point with pride. Our buildings are all that could be desired. Our campus may be the same. It's up to you! Are you up to the proposition? "Keep off the Grass" signs are for *babies*. Grown-ups should know better—no reminder should be necessary at every exceptionally green spot. And to throw paper! No comment necessary!



Laugh

Laugh at your troubles. Even trouble can't stand ridicule.—Once again "The Gentle Cynic."

With Cupid as Chauffeur

The road lies white beneath the light
Of a rising honeymoon,
And the rushing sound as the wheels spin 'round
Swings into an old love-tune,
And every rut on the road of life
Is seen through a rosy blur;
But there's never a fear that the way's not clear,
With Cupid as chauffeur.

And little they care if the neighbors stare,
As they speed through the land of dreams;
While the old love-light as a signal bright,
Ahead on the highway gleams;
And there's never a hill of care so steep,
But succumbs to the gentle stir,
That is bound to start in a lover's heart;
With Cupid as chauffeur.

So speed they may on their primrose way,
To Arcadian lands afar,
May they travel fast till they step at last
In their wedding touring-car.
And grant them this, oh, lad who feels
A love that is strong for *her*,
May the right extend to the journey's end,
With Cupid as chauffeur.

—R. S. PICKERING

...College Opinion...

(To provide a place in "The Muhlenberg" for opinions and suggestions of its readers. Communications invited. Board of editors not responsible for opinions expressed under this heading.—Editor.)



To The Under-Classmen

Realizing the desirability of having some College Social Function, directly before or directly after Easter, the Junior Class—1913—has decided to hold a Junior Hop, during the latter part of April. It is the desire of the Juniors, that this be established as a precedent, and that the succeeding Junior Classes, consider it as part of their duties as Juniors to maintain this custom.

Owing to a limited floor space, the Class of 1913, has decided to make this event exclusive for the Faculty, upper-classmen and ex-members of the present Junior Class.

The Juniors hope that—if this function is established as a precedent—the under-classmen will regard it and look forward to it as one of the "niftiest" events of their college life.—"Junior."



Our Neglected Campus

What is there about a school of any kind that adds to its beauty more than a clean, well kept campus?

Muhlenberg, with its beautiful buildings, has a campus that under proper conditions might be boasted of, but in the one respect of its being clean and well kept, it is sadly lacking. Look in whatever direction one chooses, he cannot help but find the ground literally covered with bits of paper, tobacco cans, apple cores and every other kind of rubbish describable and the other. It's very evident that the general taste of beauty, as far as landscape goes, runs along the lines of a typical barnyard, or back alley lot. Were this not so, one's eye would not have to be pained with such sights as beaten paths deliberately made across the front of our campus, by those too lazy to follow the especially laid out walks; or, by large piles of dirt left lying after a repair under ground. All this unsightliness might easily be eliminated by placing garbage cans nicely painted here and there about the grounds, and by erecting signs about the campus with the inscription, "Keep off the grass—the walks were made to walk upon."—"Clean Campus."

A Study In Pianos

Let me first state the facts in the case and then proceed to their natural application.

There are four pianos on the premises of this college of ours. Two of them—the Gym and the Euterpea Society pianos—are simply punk, the third—the Sophronia piano—is of a dubious quality, while the Faculty Room Piano is the best of the four. The first one is open to the general public, the second and third are subject to the discretion of the respective society presidents, while the only good piano is by order of the Faculty, absolutely forbidden to be used.

This whole preamble, as one may already have inferred, leads up to the simple fact that a good piano is needed for the use of those students who are musically inclined. Think of the many evenings that could be pleasantly spent in cultivating one's musical taste in preference to aimlessly wandering around from room to room, or playing cards, or "taking in the Orpheum," etc., etc. If only a decent piano were attainable!

Among other oddities in this world this also seems peculiarly odd, namely, the fact that a good course in music is offered for our benefit on its theoretical side, but when it comes to the practical side, there is no decent piano around the place on which we can prove the correctness of our musical theories. Wherefore this deplorable state of affairs? Is the case then so utterly hopeless? By no means, crieth the optimist. Let us consider a moment. Why not make use of the Faculty Room piano, which after all does not get proper handling, as it is only used two hours a week. The only objection that appears to exist against the use of it on the part of the students, is that any Tom, Dick or Harry would "drum" on it and thus spoil its excellency. This, however, could be remedied by putting the piano in the charge of some trust worthy upper classman, who would personally take care of it and see that it was properly handled, and who would use his own discretion and caution in permitting the fellows to use it. Such then is the problem and its solution. May its presentation have the desired effect.—Walter M. Rentschler, '12.



A Lack Of Muhlenberg Spirit

"Is there a man with a soul so dead who never to himself hath said" those are the strains of my dear Alma Mater, and out of love and loyalty to her I must rise from my seat and pay her homage and reverence by standing until the last sweet strains have softly died away? Ought it even be necessary for one to have to say this to himself? Shouldn't he naturally and unconsciously rise to his feet when he hears the tune he loves so dearly, and not only stand in reverence, but also raise his voice filled with the true spirit of a loyal Alumnus?

And yet there are such men. There are such Alumni, I'm sorry to say, of our own dear Muhlenberg, who at a most recent Glee Club Concert, sat through the entire program enjoying it as only Alumni could, and who didn't have enough good old college spirit in them to rise, let alone sing their Alma Mater.

It is true our present Alma Mater is unfamiliar to many, but for the benefit of those in the audience of that recent concert there were printed programs that specifically stated that "the last number on the program would be the singing of the Alma Mater. Alumni, is that the true Muhlenberg spirit?—Louis de Rensier!



Lent

The armies of accurs'd night
Performed their worst that day;
While Heaven's hosts stood patient by,
And watched the dying Agnus Dei.

Our Saviour King in triumph now,
Sits high at God's right hand;
While Satan's herd, on vengeance bent,
Seeks blood amidst Christ's chosen band.

The royal Lenten Sacrifice—
By humble watchful prayer—
Doth arm us with the King's own strength,
To devastate the Serpent's lair.

—F. C. W. '11



These Hard Times

An economically-minded citizen stopped in a hardware store and asked, "How much are children's bath tubs?"

"From three dollars up," responded the clerk.

"Whew!" whistled the customer. "Guess we will have to keep on washing baby in the coal-scuttle."



Continuous

The weary model gets no rest
Her life o'er run with woes is.
She poses all the day with zest,
And all the night reposes.



Robert Louis Stevenson as an Essayist

(By PAUL H. KRAUSS, '12)



HERE is something fascinating about the literary career of this pale, imaginative, young Scotchman. His literary career was spent in a definite attempt to square up with his ideal of literary style, namely, that which was fresh, fantastic, sparkling with an original fervor, without any trite or lifeless elements, a style that should be a smooth flowing harmonious whole. And although he occasionally drew near the danger line of affectation, yet the result, judged as a whole, satisfied his ideal. What Robert Louis Stevenson said of Thoreau, that "his art possesses an accompaniment like a singing brook by a path" might well be said of himself.

If we consider his descent from the stern old Scotch Calvinism that was wont to damn all the grace and humor from life, it is surprising to find in him a delicate poetry and a sense for the finer shadings of things; that sense which must be instinctive and intuitive rather than reasonable. This double heritage of conscientiousness of purpose and delicate poetic charm is probably responsible for one of the most striking attributes of Stevenson's work, his versatility in handling the various forms of literary expression.

In most men of literary genius we find the highest development in one fixed form, and a limitation of ability to it, a certain form in which alone we find the "divine fire." Burns brings us his best in Scottish dialect poetry, certainly a definite limiting. He might have been an essayist, he might have constructed powerful character study novels, but he did not. Scott broadens somewhat, for he probably is as famous for the "Lady of the Lake," as for "Ivanhoe," but even him it is most natural to associate first with the novel. It is doubtful if Thackeray, Dickens, or George Meredith, could have written in the strain of "The Child's Garden of Verses," or "Virginibus Puerisque." In short these lords of literature specialized and we associate with each a definite literary form in which each earns his position. Dickens

we associate with David Copperfield, or The Tale of Two Cities, Hazlitt or Landor, with the critical essay, Browning or Swinburne—The Ring in the Book, or Atlanta in Calydon, Stevenson—what? Shall it be "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," or Familiar Studies"? "The New Arabian Nights" or "Pan's Pipes"? Some will say the novel, didedly, and yet they who take this stand must bear up under the broadside of numerous contrary critics. It is true, he produced great novels; take, for instance, "The Master of Ballantrae" or "Treasure Island," but it would be difficult to prove that his essays were not equally effective in enhancing his fame, or that his poetry, which possesses charm and appeal that has endeared it to all young hearted mankind was insignificant in comparison with his fiction and essays.

Stevenson also displays the versatility of his genius in the range of subjects he treats upon. He will write a novel of feud and bloodshed in the Californias, such as "Silverado Squatters," and at the same time will give to the world the delightful meditations that appeal so humanly in "An Apology for Idlers." In his "Familiar Studies" he begins with John Knox and ends with Francois Villon, discussing in the mean such extremes as Yoshida Torajiro, Samuel Pepys and Walt Whitman. And all are discussed with a keen analysis and portrayed with an appreciative sympathy that assures the reader that now he is obtaining a just estimate of the subject.

It seems the province of the modern author, with the world grown together as a result of modern invention, to cover a larger range of the experiences of man, and Stevenson seems to be the forerunner of a literature that shall be cosmopolitan in character and international in scope. How far removed seem the "Treasure Island" and ghostly burial place of the Master of Ballantrae on the shores of Lake Champlain! Prince Otto of the "New Arabian Nights" and Alan Breck Stewart! As he himself writes in his preface to the "Familiar Studies," "these nine worthies have been brought together from many different ages and countries. Not the most erudite of men could be perfectly prepared to deal with so many and such various sides of human life. In truth these are but the readings of a literary vagrant. One book led to another, one study to another," he continues, "the first was published with trepidation, and since no bones were broken the second was launched with greater confidence. And so a young man of one generation sets himself up to write the wrongs of universal history and criticism."

Thus, in his essays, Stevenson devotes himself to men and literature, and within these bounds he covers great territory. He loves to analyze man, his emotions and traditions, his petty respectabilities and confinings, to mock at the mob and honor the individual. Take the subjects of the various essays for instance. "Crabbed Youth and Age," a title which explains itself, "An Apology for Idlers," on the joy of wisely planned idling, "Aes Triplex," in part his philosophy of life, "Pan's Pipes," an allegory on the emotions of man, and so on throughout the entire catalogue of his subjects. In all of them he ex-

pounds his philosophy, a philosophy of practical acceptance of the bare facts of life, to be made the most of in an individual way, and fortified by a splendid faith in the fulfillment of ideals. In his "Familiar Studies" he shows keen appreciation of the vital differences in men that make them memorable; with sure penetration he pierces the mold of ordinary clay and lays his finger upon the spot of greatness. In writing of what he did, therefore, Stevenson showed his love for mankind, its higher ideals and fine faiths.

In structure Stevenson conformed to the manner of the essay working upon no plot or constructive outline, but rambles along in a smooth, even, continuous flow, developing his ideas, re-emphasizing them, diverging in a manner altogether delightful, and that has the quality of keeping the mind pleasantly on the "qui vive."

It is this variety of color, this sparkle and vigor in his construction that is also the most charming attribute of his style. Stevenson had little use for anything that was trite or prosy, and in his essays it is difficult to find a lifeless sentence. We have a continual flow of bizarre ideas, old ideas in new, strangely worded setting, concealed metaphors at every turn of the thought road. Take, for instance, the very characteristic opening sentences from "Pan's Pipes": "There is an uncouth, outlandish strain throughout the web of the world, as from some vexatious planet in the house of life. Things are not congruous, and wear strange disguise; the consummate flower is fostered out of dung, and after nourishing itself awhile with heaven's delicate distillations, decays again into indistinguishable soil. . . . Nay, the kindly shine of summer, when tracked home with the scientific spyglass, is found to issue from the most portentous nightmare of the universe, the great conflagrant sun: a world of hell squibs, tumultuary, roaring aloud, inimical to life. . . . And yet it is by the blaze of such conflagration to which the fire of Rome was but a spark, that we do all our fiddling and hold domestic tea-parties at the arbour door." Or, for picturesqueness, for purple opulence of imagination what can compare with the following taken from the same essay: "For it is a shaggy world, and yet studded with gardens, where the salt and tumbling sea receives clear rivers running from among reeds and lilies; fruitful and austere; a rustic world; sunshiny, lewd and cruel. What is it the birds sing among the trees in pairing time? What means the sound of the rain falling far and wide in the forest? These are all airs upon Pan's Pipes, . . . The coarse mirth of herdsmen, shaking the dells with laughter and striking out high echoes from the rocks; the tune of moving feet upon the lamplit city or on the smooth ballroom floor; the hooves of many horses beating the wide pastures in alarm; the song of hurrying rivers; the colour of clear skies; and the smiles and live touch of hands; . . . these are his joyful measures, to which the whole earth treads in choral harmony." Here we have action, color, life, in all its brilliancy and sparkle! In a few "joyful measures," redolent with the perfume and sweetness of life, Stevenson seems to give us the inspiration that can grasp the "choral harmony" of the spheres.

There is no time when Stevenson drones along. The sparkie, the liveliness of his similes and comparisons, the rapid interplay of ideas, lend sprightliness to his work. He seems himself to enjoy the alertness of his mind, he repeats and refashions a thought for clearness, he turns it about and throws the light upon its facets from all directions, so that its farthest limits may be intelligible.

One might conclude from this that his work lacks ease and grace, that such vigor and verve would preclude gracefulness, but quite the contrary is true. An essay leaves the impression of a smooth, harmonious whole, his paragraphs and sentences have a dignity and gracefulness of structure, which is perhaps unusual to find connected with so much vivacity. Take, for instance, the following excerpt from "Ordered South, on the pleasure of the invalid, "Some day he will find his first violet, and be lost in pleasant wonder, by what alchemy the cold earth of the clods and the vapid air and the rain, can be transmuted into colour so rich and odour so touchingly sweet. Or he may see a group of washerwomen relieved, on a spit of shingle, against the sea, or a meeting of flower-gatherers in the tempered daylight of an olive garden; and something significant or monumental in the grouping, something in the harmony of faint colour that is always characteristic of the dress of these southern women, will come home to him unexpectedly, and awake in him that satisfaction with which we tell ourselves that we are the richer by one more beautiful experience."

Besides gracefulness this serves to illustrate another point it is well to make here, namely, the beauty and richness of his imaginative style. The entire essay, "Ordered South," is a succession of beautiful word pictures that would tax the art of a Titian or a Corot. His nature was so impressionable that it was keenly alive to every detail of beauty that came before him, and when he turns from some striking arraignment of commonality in man, or other psychological analysis, to an expression of the beauties of some real or imagined scene, he describes it with an unusual sense of proportion and color.

Nor is his poetic prose simply beautiful and picturesque. It possesses a masculinity, a vigorous strength that we do not often find in the aesthete, for such Stevenson surely must be termed. It was, perhaps, his Scottish Presbyterianism, a trace of the Shorter Catechism, that exerted this influence. Take such a sentence as this one from "Pan's Pipes," "Highly respectable citizens who flee life's pleasures and responsibilities and keep, with upright bat, upon the midway of custom, avoiding the right hand or the left, the ecstasies and the agonies, how surprised they would be if they could hear their attitude mythologically expressed, and knew themselves as tooth-chattering ones who flee from Nature because they fear the hand of Nature's God." There is little softness or sensuousness about that. Or this from "Aes Triplex": "We live the time a match flickers; we pop the cork of a ginger beer bottle and the earthquake swallows us on the instant. . . . Philosophy, in its more rigid sense, has been at the same work

for ages; and after a myriad bald heads have wagged over the problem, and piles of words have been heaped one upon the other in dry and cloudy volumes without end, philosophy has had the honour of laying before us, with modest pride, her contribution to the subject; that life is a Permanent Possibility of Sensation. Truly a fine result! A man may very well love beef, or hunting, or a woman; but surely, surely, not a Permanent Possibility of Sensation!. . . There is a great deal of vile nonsense talked upon both sides of the matter, tearing divines, reducing life to the dimensions of a mere funeral procession, and melancholy unbelievers yearning for the tomb as if it were a world too far away. Both sides must feel a little ashamed of their performances now and then when they draw in their chairs for dinner!" Or again, from "Virginibus Puerisque." "To marry is to domesticate the Recording Anger. Once you are married, there is nothing left for you, not even suicide, but to be good." Certainly there is the strength of brevity. It is evident that Stevenson's prose can be striking, strong, and conclusive in statement, in short, vigorously masculine. And we need only turn to his life to see the same quality worked out. Stevenson was no idle, beauty-loving dawdler. When we think of the terrible struggle with disease, during which he manfully continued his work, perhaps propped up in bed to dictate between exhausting hemorrhages, masking the pain under a patient smile, our admiration for him must increase exceedingly, and the love of those who could claim his friendship is easily explained.

After all, perhaps, it is this stern, smiling, unflinching devotion to duty, as it was presented to him, that is most admirable in the makeup of this many-sided genius. Robert Louis Stevenson was essentially a student of mankind, his analyses are wonderfully sure, and withal, pleasant to the ear. His own beautiful, practical philosophy, expressed in the conclusion to "Aes Triplex," seems perfectly to fit his life, and we can do no better than to close by quoting his idea of noble living, practiced so ideally by the preacher. "By all means begin your follo; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be done in a week. A spirit goes out a man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely end. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall and in mid-career, laying out vast projects and planning monstrous foundations,. . . is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? and does not life go down in better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably dragging to an end in sandy deltas. In the hot-fit of life, a tip-toe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel are scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him in clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land." Gloriously he preached, more gloriously still he practiced.

The Madness Of Cordelia

("M")



THE Misses Wims lived on a fashionable side street. 'Tis true, that in itself the street was an unpretentious one; but then it crossed the boulevard on which the town's elite made their residence only a short half square from the Misses Wims' home.

To the Misses Wims this proximity to the fashionable section seemed to give their own home an added air of aristocracy, and incidentally of course some of it was also imbibed by themselves. Their house, though small, appeared to hob-nob quite sociably with its more pretentious neighbors, and to the Misses Wims it had the true blue blood tinge of exclusiveness. Some slight deficiencies it did have, such as the lack of a marble carriage block or gravelled drive way. But then after all such things are mere trifles.

The younger of the Misses Wims, Cordelia, had social aspirations. In her more youthful days she had once loftily outlined her policy of life. "I am going to be a lady, with plenty of servants and money." And to this statement she had tried to live as consistently as possible. It had been the one abiding and unchanging theme of her life. Many a dollar had been spent to maintain her ideas of social respectability, but somehow or other all things seemed to have conspired together to bring disaster on her efforts.

Since her brother's death many of Cordelia's expectations of conquests had vanished. Good reasons they had for it too, since the where-withal was gone. During her brother's lifetime his existence had been rendered thoroughly miserable by the ambitious and nagging temper of Cordelia. She had by her violent and ungovernable disposition driven him from home, and he had taken to clubs like a duck to water. It was even whispered that at times he would come home in a cab late at night and be helped to the front door by the cabman. Evidently the clubs had disagreed with him, or perhaps he had a naturally weak constitution easily effected by the night air.

Two weeks after the brother's obsequies, accomplished amidst a portentous display of flowers, mahogany coffin and a numerous train of cabs, Cordelia took sick. Whether it was remorse for the ill treatment of her brother or chagrin and disappointment from the loss of her highest hopes, would be hard to say. Her temper had not been improved by the change in her state of health. It rather seemed to take on a sharper and more cutting edge. Added to this came the knowledge that her sister Rosella intended leaving her, because of her temper and because financially they were no longer able to maintain their present home.

It was some time since her brother's death, and Cordelia was well on the way to recovery. She was seated before the gas grate in which

the asbestos log crackled and sparkled. Her coiffure showed by its somewhat disheveled condition that she had just arisen. The clock on the mantle-piece showed the hour of nine and from below stairs came the gentle clatter of dishes.

"Rosella," she called petulantly, "is breakfast nearly ready?"

"Yes, it has been waiting for some time," came the quiet answer.

Cordelia now leisurely descended the stairs and entering the dining room waited for breakfast to be served. The repast was almost finished when Cordelia querulously asked, "Why don't we have oranges for breakfast?"

"You know," remarked Rosella cheerfully, "that the Doctor said you shouldn't eat them."

"You don't care if I get anything that I want or not," Cordelia retorted sharply. "What difference does it make to you? Your own selfish welfare is all that concerns you. Ever since our poor brother died you have been different."

Rosella said nothing. But she thought of how the said poor brother's life had been rendered unbearable through the whims and fancies of Cordelia. How she had driven out of his life all that was best and noblest, and how all her own prospects had been sacrificed for the sake of Cordelia. But now that their brother was dead and Cordelia's temper growing worse rather than better, Rosella was determined that they must separate. No other course was possible.

After her last statement Cordelia burst into an hysterical fit of sobbing and moaning, and with this usual ending of all her outbursts of anger she rushed from the room.

It was through such behavior on the part of Cordelia that Rosella finally determined to break up what might be called their home. And especially since their brother was now dead for whom alone she had remained thus long with Cordelia. Of late, Cordelia had become more irascible than ever, and her outbursts of passion more violent and frequent. The idea of Rosella's leaving seemed especially to incense her.

"Rosella" she demanded, angrily that afternoon, "do you still intend breaking up our home?"

"You know what I have said about it," replied Rosella, "and I am fully determined in my course."

"What do you care for our home," Cordelia fairly shrieked. "It makes no difference to you that it will be broken up, that all we have worked for these many years will be lost."

"But what would we do with this big house, and how could we keep it up?" continued Rosella.

"Oh—Oh—All these years gone for nothing," Cordelia would moan, walking up and down the floor. At times she would shriek like a mad person and again moan and wring her hands.

The very thought of her lost illusions and disappointed hopes seemed to madden her. They had been her chief aim and purpose in life and now they danced before her as delusive, tantalizing phantoms,

all the more valued because they were vanishing from her world.

The daily program varied but little from this, Rosella's friends had repeatedly advised her to leave Cordelia for fear she would harm her in one of her spells of madness.

"No, I won't leave her now," had been the invariable answer. "What would she do if I left her at present. She would be as helpless as a child. I will stay as long as possible and do all I can for her."

Another and more important advisor had also urged her to leave at once, but with no better success.

"I can't leave her now, and so we will talk no more about the matter." This had ended the discussion. But looks are sometimes more eloquent than words, and they had not ceased to plead for an end to this tragedy. But even they were of no avail.

For several weeks affairs continued in this state. Violent outbursts of anger being succeeded by relapses into states of maudlin childishness. Each day seemingly wore than the one before, until even Rosella's endurance was ready to break.

It was the day before the one set for Rosella's final departure. She was clearing off the supper table. Cordelia had gone up stairs and could be heard restlessly pacing to and fro in the room overhead. Her semi-insane ravings at times came floating down the stairway. "Oh—what shall I do—what shall I do," she would moan repeatedly. "There'll be murder yet." This she would fairly yell at the top of her voice, and then there would be an interval of silence.

Rosella shuddered at the thought of Cordelia's madness, and of what she might do if she worked herself into a passion. The ravings overhead increased and grew more violent, then suddenly ceased and all was quiet.

Not a sound disturbed the stillness of the house, and sudden fear seized on Rosella, for the silence was ominous. She listened intently to see what would happen. Soon the door opened and Cordelia entered. She was wild eyed and disheveled. Her eyes and nose were swollen and red from weeping, her hair was loose and flying about her. From her blood-shot eyes there gleamed a demoniacal power of evil doing. She slowly entered the room gazing intently all the while at Rosella.

"Do you still intend leaving our home," Cordelia asked, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands.

"Cordelia, we don't want to discuss that subject again," Rosella answered quietly.

"You don't care what may happen to me. What difference does it make to you if our home is broken up, and the work of years scattered to the winds."

"I will take nothing in the house but my personal belongings. Every thing else you can keep yourself," Rosella replied with quiet emphasis while watching Cordelia's movements.

Meanwhile Cordelia was slowly approaching Rosella who tried to keep the table between them.





MUHLENBERG COLLEGE GLEE CLUB
ALLENTOWN CONCERT—APRIL 24—LYRIC THEATRE
PHILADELPHIA CONCERT—APRIL 13—NEW CENTURY HALL
READING CONCERT—APRIL 19—RAJAH TEMPLE

"Rosella you are the most hateful person on the face of the earth," Cordelia shrieked at the top of her voice. "You do everything to aggravate me, you don't care for me nor for the appearance we make before other people."

"But you know"——

"I hate you. I hate you" Cordelia interrupted with a scream.

"You know I've done"——, Rosella tried to continue.

"None of your impudence to me. You're worse than Satan himself, with your lying deceitful face."

Cordelia had worked herself into a perfect transport of fury and anger. And now with her hair flying about her and her arms tossing wildly she threw herself with a shriek at Rosella.

Rosella tried to offer resistance but Cordelia seizing a knife from the table again flung herself against her. There was a brief struggle, a shriek, a crash and then silence.

Darkness thick and oppressive brooded over the house. Mice scampered unmolested over the kitchen floor, the clock on the wall struck the hour. The moon shone through the window and stretched in a golden streak across the room. For awhile it rested on a motionless object on the floor and then passed on. It revealed no sign of life. All was silent and quiet.

Three days later from the one time home of the Misses Wims there moved a silent funeral cortege. And as it turned the corner of the boulevard a gust of wind came sweeping down the street and almost tore from the door a placard, bearing on it the fateful legend, "For Sale."



CARELESS.

"What's the matter with the candidate?"

"Sh! He's very ill."

"Isn't it rather sudden?"

"Very. He smoked a cigar from the wrong pocket."

The Muhlenberg



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Of Local Interest



Edited by CHARLES H. ESSER, '13

Y. M. C. A. Notes



THE Christian Association of Muhlenberg is still very much alive and has given its members fine opportunities during the past month to get a wider outlook on the present day problems of Christianizing the foreigners.

Paul H. Krauss, '12, led the weekly meeting on February 8, assisted by Edgar Crouthamel and David Bucks. The subject, "Training of Christ" was discussed very fully.

On February 15, the Rev. A. L. Ramer, gave a most interesting address on Slovak Mission work. Dr. Ramer has devoted practically his whole life to the studying of the language and customs of this race and is without a doubt an authority on the subject. He told the Association many interesting facts regarding the work and the great need of being able to speak the language of the people. He was accompanied by Rev. Mr. Schlenker, who is Secretary of the Mission, and travels about trying to raise funds for the furtherance of the work.

The "Character of Christ" was discussed by J. Robert Kline, '12, and Charles Seidel, '14, on Wednesday, February 21.

A rare opportunity was afforded the Association, Wednesday, February 28, when Dr. E. T. Horn, President of Mt. Airy Theological Seminary, gave an excellent talk on Japan. Dr. Horn brought out how Japan was becoming a world power and fast excelling many of its eastern neighbors. He described the mission work in Japan. His address was listened to very attentively by 100 students and the fact that the Association is able to get men of such calibre is evident that its work is telling and is bound to thrive.

Chapel Talks

The second semester has given the students a change in that they have to attend chapel more regularly, but it is plainly evident that they do so more willingly since nearly every morning we are able to hear a short discourse on some subject. Throughout the past month we have received several very interesting and instructive talks from our President, and from our dear Chaplain, also from several visiting clergymen. The following is a list of the speakers:

February 6. Dr. Wackernagle—"History of the Hymns."

February 8. Rev. Mr. Schindel, President of Muhlenberg Alumni Association.

February 13. Dr. Wackernagle—"Defenders of Lutheran Church."

February 14. Dr. Haas outlined the chief qualities of Abraham Lincoln, whom we commemorated as, 1. One who made the most out of small opportunities. 2. Honest. 3. Neither a stand-patter nor a radical. 4. Sacrifice for his country.

February 15. Dr. Haas.

February 20. Dr. Wackernagle—"Early Pioneers of Lutheran Church."

February 23. Dr. Haas—"Doctrine of Providence."

February 26. Rev. Mr. Harry Kline, Bethlehem, "What Constitutes Christian Faith?"

February 27. Rev. Mr. Ulrich, Quakertown, "Attacks on Christian Faith."



Honor Paid To Charles Dickens

One of the greatest treats of the month was an excellent lecture on Charles Dickens, delivered by Dr. Marx, Librarian of the Easton Public Library, on Wednesday morning, February 7, in commemoration of the great author. Mr. Marx very beautifully brought out all the influences which helped this great man to become noted. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Marx and it is the wish of many to hear him again.



Muhlenberg Students Appear To Be Staunch Supporters Of Wilson

Although the Societies have been discussing the question whether Roosevelt is a logical candidate for the Presidency or not, and although Phares Beer became quite eloquent over the matter, sixty Muhlenberg men were seated on the left wing of the stage to hear one of the most eloquent speeches ever delivered on the Lyric stage, that one delivered by Gov. Woodrow Wilson, on February 8. Through the work of the Executive Committee of the Woodrow Wilson Club were the boys able to secure those fine seats. The boys all met the Governor and cheered him before and after his speech.



DORMITORY, MUHLENBERG COLLEGE

"DeCose" Notorious

Miss Rachael Bell, of Adamsville, Ohio, who has just passed her 100th birthday anniversary, maintains that she was never kissed, even, although she had many ardent suitors in her younger years.—News Item.

From the obscurity of our editorial office we venture that she never knew our "DeCose" Snyder, possessor of acute osculatory tendencies. We print the following cut to show the careful pose of "DeCose" as he is about to osculate. Notice the "fairy" whom "DeCose" has hypnotised.

Question.—How could Miss Bell have resisted such a lover?



"DE COSE" and the Fairy

All Nationalities Represented At The Purim

Elwood Cohen Unangst, Henry Johannes Fry and Thomas Kelly attended the Purim Ball, on Tuesday, February 20, Mealey's Auditorium. Some one told us that the first two had their "legs pulled" afterward, eh!



Ladies Home Journal

How would you punctuate the following sentence, John? "A five dollar bill ran around the corner."

John: Make a dash after it.

Commission Form Of Government

This was the subject of discussion at the February meeting of the Ph. B., Club, which was held February 15. A very interesting discussion was given by Herbert Frederick, '12, and John Wenner, '13. Dr. Haas and Prof. Bossard gave the Club some interesting remarks. Dr. Haas promised to give the whole student body a talk on the analysis of Ibsen's play "Dissection of Society," to be under the auspices of the Ph. B., Club. After the regular meeting a business meeting was held and the following officers were elected: President, Herbert Frederick; Vice President, Chas. H. Esser; Secretary, John Wenner; Treasurer, Fred P. Butz.



Empire State Club Meets

The annual meeting of the New York State Club was held in the dorms. on February 2. The meeting was mostly to discuss pleasant reminiscences and to enjoy a sociable evening. Card playing was indulged in. Refreshments were also served. The Club consists of: Paul Keever, '12; Henry Wacker, '13; Luther Scheehl, '13; Karl Toebke, '13; Christian Jensen, '14 and Henry Bagger, '15.



Freshmen Feed

As the Allentown papers stated, the first Freshman banquet ever held on the college campus was that held by the Freshmen at "Granny's" on February 13. The Freshmen were treated to a fine banquet, consisting of everything from Blue Points to Cigars.—Ice cream alone excepted. They claim, although their "hearts" disappeared, they had some ice cream, but the editor has found out that it was a very little, merely that left over from Sunday.

Speech making followed the feed. Edward H. Stolzenbach very ably filled the chair of toast master. Dr. J. A. W. Haas delivered a toast on "The Possibilities of a College Course." Walter Reisner then talked on "The First Lap," after which Raymond Walters discoursed on "The Banquet," which was followed by a toast on "Muhlenberg" by Henry H. Bagger, also by a toast on "The Professors," by G. Donald Marks. Ernest R. Reiter concluded the list of toasts by discussing "1915,—Her Failure and Ideals." The boys all expressed themselves as having an uproaring good time. Their decorations did not remain long on the walls. Why?



Where Will His Wit Lead Us To ?

Dr. Ettinger (to Sophomore Class, who were having a short discussion on divorce: How can a Mrs. be a Miss even though she missed it?

Sick Man Returned

We are glad to see the pleasant countenance of Paul V. Taylor, '14, again at Muhlenberg and hope he may fully recuperate so that he can again be a faithful track man.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣
Who Stole The Hearts?
♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Personal Authority Better Than Books

For any information regarding time of train to or from any town in Pennsylvania, or for number of miles between any stations apply to Henry B. Shelly, salesman for Nassau Fertilizer Company,—and a student at Muhlenberg College when the company's business permits.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣
"Jeppy" Savacool's favorite song—"I've Been a *Long, Long* Time Looking for a Girl like you."

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣
Richards, '13: If Raker's fingers are frozen would that make alumi—num (b)? Yes, Madam, the ware is 99 per cent pure! Enamel rusts.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣
The Board of Education appointed by the Synod of the Lutheran Church met on February 17th, at College, to discuss beneficiary aid for needy students. No examination was held this time, for which all the young men receiving aid, were very thankful.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Glee Club At Albright College

On February 17th, the Muhlenberg Glee Club gave a concert at Albright College. After the concert the club was entertained by the Kappa Upsilon Phi Fraternity. The Muhlenberg boys enjoyed their reception at Albright very much. They take this means to express their thanks.

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Donnerwetter

Rumor has it that way up on the third floor in "Bobby" Fritsch's German room they translate "Donnerwetter" as "bless me."

♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣
Glee Club Notes

The 1912 Glee Club Season will end with Allentown concert to be given Wednesday evening, April 24th, in the Lyric Theatre. Other engagements are:

Wilmington, Del. April 12th, Dupont Assembly Hall.

Philadelphia, Pa. April 13th, New Century Hall.

Quakertown, Pa. April 16th, Broad Theatre.

Reading, Pa. April 19th, Rajah Temple.

Wilkes Barre, Scranton or White Haven, will be booked for the 8th, or 9th, of April.

Alumni Notes



Edited by R. C. HORN, '00

'94. Max S. Erdman, Treasurer, and Claude T. Reno, Secretary of the National Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity, attended the Providence Conclave of the Fraternity at the Copley Square Hotel, Boston.

Mr. Erdman is one of those who have been most active in efforts to get league baseball for Allentown.

'95. The following notices are copied from recent numbers of the "Chronicle and News:"

'97. Rev. M. B. Schmoyer, of this city, preached in the Weissport Lutheran parish last Sunday and conducted the election for a new pastor. Rev. Aaron H. Klick, of Hegins, was elected. There was a total of 41 votes cast of which 38 were favorable. It is expected that Mr. Klick will accept the call and that he will begin his pastorate in this field at once. The charge consists of three congregations—St. Paul's, Big Creek, and St. Matthew's, North Weissport. It was served during the past few years by Rev. Theopolis Zuber, who on account of failing health was obliged to relinquish his labors.

Mr. Klick is a native of Lebanon County, was graduated from Muhlenberg College class '97 and three years later from the Mt. Airy Seminary and has served congregations in Schuylkill County.

'05. Prof. Joseph R. Tallman, well known in this city and a graduate of Muhlenberg College, was elected Superintendent of the public schools of Pottsville at a salary of \$1800 per year.

Mr. Tallman is a brother of Oscar Tallman, proprietor of Tallman's Cafe. He was graduated from Muhlenberg College with the

class of 1905 and since that time has taught in the public schools in several cities, spending most of the time, however, at Pottsville. He has many friends in this city who will be pleased to hear of his promotion.

'07. We hope alumni will find interesting a few extracts from a recent letter of Rev. Edward T. Horn, Jr., of Kumamoto, Japan. "If I could do as much work writing at night as I would like to maybe you would hear from me oftener. But I become so drowsy early in the evening, seldom is it later than ten o'clock when I retire. Besides, here in Japan there is a nervous malady which they call "a Japanese head," and they say that should you become so afflicted your working days for a year or more are over. Studying at night or too close application to anything for long periods after dark are said to be frequent causes. Since we have come here hoping to stay, we wish to avoid all risks. Old stagers say that they would advise new arrivals to sleep not less than nine hours out of every twenty-four. There is no doubt that the atmosphere does not possess the invigorating properties of our American air. There is only one-third the amount of ozone in the air down here in the "plaiier" that there is in most localities in the States. Kamizana up in the mountains, some hundreds of miles north of Tokyo is said to be the best place in Japan to recuperate from an illness, because of the larger percentage of ozone in the air.

"You will not have the pleasure of addressing us at Keeorema Cho any more. This A. M., there came a cablegram from Mr. Drach instructing me to go to Kemamoto. And since Dr. Brown represents that the school work in K. is hampered by the fact that they lack a teacher. I shall go within the next three weeks. We rather looked for this notification eventually, but not so early. I am gratified at this action of our Board and am glad to have my work thus definitely laid out.

"I could write a great deal about the Japanese language which might interest you, but hesitate to begin. It does not take long to learn enough to get abotu in street, shop and public conveyances. We manage to give our instructions without much difficulty, and buying is not hard even at places where the dealer knows no English. But when you catch a glimpse of what it means to try to talk politely you are awed and discouraged by the vast usage of meaningless workings that you have to know how and when to use. The more you say to mean the least, the politer you are.

"It is worthy of remarking how many of the missionaries here in Toyko and elsewhere are Pennsylvania Germans from Berks and Lancaster Counties. Landis, Hoffamer, Miller, Gerhardt, Seiple (whom you wrote of) are some of the names, and I have heard of several others."



Edited by H. P. CRESSMAN, '13

1913-20—1912-14

IN a hard fought contest, the Sophomores defeated the Seniors, 20—14, on February 8, 1912. The victory came as a surprise to many, as the Seniors look exceptionally strong this year, but they were handicapped by the loss of Shelly, their star forward. The Sophs played a fine defensive game and the Seniors were bad in protecting their basket especially in the latter part of the first half, when many of the shots were free.

The Seniors led by one point at the end of the first quarter (5—4), but in the next ten minutes the balance swung to the opposite side Sophs 12—Seniors 6. In the last half, the Seniors scored 8 points, while the Sophs could get but 7, but the lead obtained in the second quarter saved the day for the Sophomores.

The heaviest scorer was Philips, '14, with 5 field goals and 4 foul goals; Heilman shot 2 goals. None of the Seniors scored more than 6 points. Line up:

1912		1914
Hummel (Henry)	Forward	Heilman
Rentschler	Forward	Phillips
Kleckner (Hummel)	Center	Fetherolf
Fink	Guard	Leisey (Quinn)
Schock (Kleckner)	Guard	Seidel

Field Goals: Philips, 5; Heilman, 2; Quinn, 1; Hummel, 3; Rentschler, 2. Foul Goals: Fink, 4; Phillips, 4. Officials: P. Loser, '13; Esser, '13.



1913-26—1912-12

On Tuesday, February 12th, the Seniors received their second defeat. They met their doom to the tune of 26—12, the said tune

being rendered by the Junior quintet, trained and directed by Hock Musicus Blatt.

The Seniors showed the same laxity in guarding their goal* as they* did in the previous game, with the same disastrous results. The Juniors prized their basket more highly and always had a guard near it, who spoiled many a Senior's opportunity to win personal glory by shooting a field goal.

The foul goal shooting was—well—the less said about it the better. From 21 trials but 2 goals were scored—now form your own opinion.

Unlike their deeds in the game with the Sophs, the Seniors, at no time were dangerous. At the end of the first half the score stood 8—2 with the Juniors holding the larger end. During the second half the Juniors, thinking it would look bad if last year's champions could score but one field goal in a game, let up on their guarding, allowed them to score 4 more goals, after which they fastened the clamps again and the Seniors gave up hope of scoring.

In this game, Butz, '13, equalled the championship record of 7 field goals in one game. The record was established by Shelly, '12, of last year's champions, alias—present Seniors, in their game with the then Seniors (1911), on Thursday, March 2, 1911, which game 1912 won, 38—7.

Keim came in a short distance behind Butz with 4 goals, hard pressed by Shelly, '12, who captured 3 goals.

The officials, Blackburn and Philips, '14, did exceptionally good work and the department extends its congratulations. The line up:

1912		1913
Shelly	Forward	Keim
Rentschler	Forward	Wacker
Hummel	Center	Butz
Kleckner	Guard	P. Loser
Schock	Guard	Esser

Field Goals: Shelly, 3; Rentschler, 1; Hummel, 1; Butz, 7; Wacker, 2; Keim, 4. Foul Goals: Rentschler, 2. Officials: Phillips, '14; Blackburn, S. Time: 20 minute halves.

1914-23—1915-6

The Freshies took another spurt in their race for last place by losing to the Sophs, 23—6.

The Freshies and Sophs represent the primitive and the one-step-above-primitive man in college life and they play basket ball accordingly. What they lack in skill they attempt to make with force and if every man would have been armed with a club a stranger could have been led to believe that he was witnessing a pre-historic battle among primitive men in a primeval cave instead of a modern basket ball game. This impression was enhanced by the introduction of Messrs. Nenow and Ziemer, by the Sophomore management which thought the gladiatorial contest was "showing up."

The Freshies passed the ball beautifully into the hands of the Sophomores, evidently laboring under the delusion that the Sophs were playing according to the Golden Rule and would pass it back to them, but the Sophs failed to live up to expectations and so the Freshies lost.

Fetherolf, Soph manager and guard, played a star game, shooting 5 field goals and keeping his man covered continually. Philips, forward, cornered 4 fields and 1 foul goal. None of the Freshies could get more than 1 field goal. Yingst played a good game at guard position for the Freshies. Line up:

1914		1915
Phillips	Forward	Reisner
Heilman (Leisey)	Forward	Gueiss
Cook	Center	Snyder
Fetherolf (Quinn)	Guard	Yingst
Seidel (Nenow) (Ziemer)	Guard	Royer (Bagger)

Field Goals: Fetherolf, 5; Philips, 4; Heilman, 1; Cook, 1; Reisner, 1; Snyder, 1. Foul Goals: Phillips, 1; Reisner, 1; Geiss, 1. Officials: Butz, 13; Fink, '12. Time: 20 minute halves.



1914-16---SPECIALS-14

In the most closely contested game of the season the Sophs won their third successive game of the season by defeating the Specials 16—14.

The teams played each other to a standstill in the first quarter, but in the second quarter the Sophs took the lead, 7—4. The Specials came back strong in the third quarter, but were unable to catch up and the Sophs rested with a lead of one point, 12—11, but in the fourth quarter the Specials ran ahead and held the lead for some time, but by means of two opportune field goals, in the last few minutes of play, the Sophs won out, 16—14.

Both teams showed a remarkable development in team work. Each man worked with his team-mates and consequently no individual player stood out above his mate in playing.

The guards attended to their work so diligently that but one man netted 3 goals, all the others being held to 1 or 2 field goals. Line up:

1914		Specials
Phillips	Forward	Potts
Heilman (Leisey)	Forward	Blackburn
Fetherolf	Center	Orr
Leisey (Quinn)	Guard	Miller
Seidel	Guard	Fogel

Field Goals: Fetherolf, 3; Leisey, 2; Philips, 1; Seidel, 1; Potts, 2; Blackburn, 2; Orr, 2. Foul Goals: Philips, 2; Blackburn, 2. Officials: Fink, '12; Rentschler, '12.

1912-13----SPECIALS-13

Close games seemed to be in order the last few days and on Tuesday, February 20, the Seniors and Specials played a tie game, 13—13.

Due to an error on the part of the scorer, the score was announced as 14—13 in favor of the Specials, but the error was discovered later and the game will be replayed in the near future.

As to the playing of the men, it is needless to speak as the score shows better than words can tell the high class game played by each team. The Seniors led in each period of the scoring, but by some fast playing the Specials were able to tie the score in the last few minutes of play.

Shelly of the Seniors and Potts of the Specials were the heaviest scorers, each getting 4 field goals. The line up:

1912		Specials
Shelly	Forward	Blackburn
Rentschler	Forward	Potts
Hummel	Center	Fogel
Fink	Guard	Miller
Kleckner	Guard	Young

Field Goals: Shelly, 4; Fink, 1; Potts, 4; Fogel, 1; Blackburn, 1. Foul Goals: Fink, 3; Blackburn, 1. Officials: Philips, '14; Quinn, '14.



1913-39----1915-7

On Wednesday, February 21, 1912 A. D., the extremists of the Inter-class Basket Ball League of Muhlenberg College met when the Juniors, who have won every game played and lead the classes, clashed with the Freshmen, who have lost every game played, and, so form the foundation for the other teams to build on, and the Freshies were defeated, 39—7.

In looking over the available records of other years, the department finds that this is the most decisive victory recorded for any class team. The mark had been set by the 1912 team in last year's series when they defeated the 1911 quintette, 38—7, on Thursday, March 2, 1911. It might be of interest to note that in 1912 vs. 1911 game of last year the 1912 class played their regular team without a substitute, while this year 1913 was compelled to play a substitute guard, due to the absence of P. Loser. Further, 1912 scored but 36 of the 38 points credited to them as a field goal was donated to them by Wunder, '11 and the 1913 scored the 39 points themselves. Again, in the 1912 vs. 1911 game, Shelly shot 5 foul goals, but was credited with but 4 because he stood in front of the foul line, instead of in back, in shooting the last foul goal and it was, therefore, declared illegal. Also, the 1912 victory was scored against the team which ended the season in third place, while the 1913 victory was scored against a team in last place. It was in this same game that Shelly

established the record of 7 field goals in one game, as related in a previous write up.

Every man on the Junior team got at least one field goal, but Reiser was the only Freshman to get a field goal. In the first half the Juniors scored 10 points and the Freshmen 2 points (2 foul goals) and in the second half the Juniors gained 29 points more, while the Freshmen were attaching themselves to 5 more. Line up:

1915		1913
Geiss	Forward	Keim
Reiser	Forward	Wacker
Snyder (Werner)	Center	Bixler (Butz)
Bagger	Guard	Esser
Royer (Freed) (Yingst)	Guard	Butz (Bixler)

Field Goals: Butz, 5; Bixler, 5; Wacker, 4; Keim, 3; Esser, 1; Reiser, 2. Foul Goals: Keim, 3; Geiss, 3. Officials: Shelly, '12; Orr, Specials. Time: 20 minute halves.



Standing Of Teams

	Won	Lost	Pec.
Juniors	4	0	1.000
Sophs	3	1	.725
Seniors	1	2	.333
Specials	1	2	.333
Freshies	0	4	.000



Foot Ball Schedule Complete

Manager Keim, '13, has completed the football schedule for 1912. Following is the complete schedule:

- September 28. Lafayette College—Easton, Pa.
- October 5. New York University—New York.
- October 12. P. College of Pharmacy—Muhlenberg Field.
- October 19. Webb Academy—Muhlenberg Field.
- October 26. Delaware College—Newark, Del.
- November 2. Gettysburg College—Muhlenberg Field.
- November 9. Franklin and Marshall College—Muhlenberg Field.
- November 16. Lehigh University—South Bethlehem, Pa.
- November 26. Ursinus College—Muhlenberg Field.

Exchange Department



Edited by C. D. HUMMEL. '12

By glancing over the department columns the reader will notice a few minor criticisms, which, if heeded, will greatly add to the attractiveness and quality of our sister exchanges. There is one thing in particular that is called to our attention at this time, and that is the fact that so many of the publications do not appear on time. The January issue does not reach us until it is time for the February number; and, many of the February issue have not appeared for this month's publication. We realize that there are various tendencies to cause such tardiness and wish to apologize for the tardiness of "The Muhlenberg's" publication and to resolve to have each issue ready at the proper time. Let us hope our exchanges will try and do the same.

"The Comenian" (Moravian College, Bethlehem, Pa.) has a very striking cover design, but sustains a weakness in artists, since there are practically no cuts to brighten it. There is hardly an institution which does not have good artists, and we believe that if your student body would consider the absolute necessity of cuts in your publication,

you would produce a much neater paper. We wish to congratulate the author of Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King' upon his full treatise of that kind of literature. It shows that he is thoroughly acquainted with his subject and we would like to see that kind of work continued. An Alumni department is another essential part of a paper.

"The Otterbein Aegis." Your cover design for February needs improvement. It does not compare with your former copies. Neatness will create attraction to every paper and by the attractiveness of a paper your publication will win favor with the public and with your Alumni. Your exchange department is extensive, but, to our ideas, the present editor does not interpret the true value of an exchange department. The principle intention of this department should be to criticise the contents of other publications so that they may be improved thereby. Your stories are excellent and we wish to comment the author of "A Glimpse at 1930" for his optimistic views. We enjoy the spirit which a forecast of this nature will surely bring to the Otterbein student. We hope the remaining parts of this story may prove as delightful reading as the first part has. "The Turning Point" is another well written story, worthy of much praise.

"The Red and Black" (Bethlehem Preparatory School) presents us with a most neatly arranged paper. Its cover is elegant and its contents are well arranged. "The Characterization of Lincoln" is an article worth reading, since it so vividly portrays "Honest Abe's" nature and temperament. It is short but to the point, and deserves praise. The only objection to your paper is that it is entirely too brief.

"The Canary and Blue" (Allentown High School) has brought to our notice a most interesting paper. It is artistically arranged and every department deserves praise for the attention given it. Splendid cuts head every department. A goodly number of well written short stories brighten the February issue very much. Let us hope you may continue the excellent work.

"The Mirror" (Central High School). Although your January edition was rather late in its arrival we welcome it most heartily. Your cuts are excellent and we are glad to see the cartoonist page, something which will prove of great interest to the publication's patrons. The fact that this was your graduation number may explain the omission of short stories in your literary department. Several short stories would mark improvement. We would say continue your good work!



He: She left me for some reason or another.
Consoling Voice: Probably another.

"Where," asked the medical student, as he looked around for specimens he was dissecting, "are my brains?"

"I have often wondered that myself," volunteered the professor.



Right Side With Care

Henry was very prud of the new kittens, and went for them, to show them to the visitors. His mother heard them coming along the hall and, alarmed at the noise of the procession, called out, "Don't hurt the kittens, Henry,"

"No, mother," came the reassuring answer, "I'm carrying them very carefully by the stems."



Something That Was Worse

I friend once wrote Mark Twain a letter saying that he was in very bad health, and concluding: "Is there anything worse than having toothache and earache at the same time?"

Twain wrote back: "Yes, rheumatism and Saint Vitus Dance,"



A boy took a position in an office where two different telephones were installed.

"Your wife would like to speak to you on the 'phone, sir," he said to his employer.

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Easter--Spring Number

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'Tis Spring !

'Tis Spring!

How life doth well and swell, and, bursting, bloom
In every blade and bush and tree and vine!
It spells the knell of death and wintry tomb,
And over Nature breathes a breath divine.

'Tis Spring!

Ah, yes! and let the floods of life rush on
And captivate the soul of man as well,
For why should he, Creation's paragon,
Not feel the pulse of Nature's rising spell?

F. C. W. '11.



In the Editor's Confidence

Easter---Spring.

"Easter-Spring Number" is our humble way of paying tribute to a great day of a great season. However, in this tribute-paying number we do not wish to ransack our vocabulary in a desperate effulgence on Easter lilies, Easter hats or Easter bunnies. Neither do we wish to weary the reader with wild bursts of exuberance over the fact that vernal spring is again with us after an absence of a year.

On the other hand, we trust, that Easter will cause the average chap a serious thought, at least as the story of our Saviour's death, burial and resurrection is very much in place at this season of the year. We trust, too, that the significance of the Easter season will not be lost sight of by the student in his wild chase for knowledge.

As for *Spring*, we cannot do better than to reproduce an editorial from the so-called "National Weekly," which editorial is entitled "The Coming of Spring" and which reads as follows:

"The Rage of winter is about to end. It's fury dwindles and blends into open and rejoicing days. Passing away from rigors and biting airs we shall soon be at home in life and draw near the heart of being. Nature reveals again her intimacies. As we stroll down the greening lawns, bright-faced and random weeds lay bare their wayside beauty. Frost bitten starlings and chick-a-dees are sunned from their forlornness. Prowling village cats, putting off their starved cathood, recover sleek prosperity. That

haunch of beef in the storehouse through which but yesterday a saw could hardly bite, loses its rigidity. No longer, up out of the well, comes the bucket edged with splinters of ice. The barn yard lately wiped bare by nor'westers, is full of inhabitants in motion, and finds again its various voices; a cackle, a mellow mooing, and the scratching, pawing, stirring of re-awakened life.''

M M M

Fortune Speaks.

Fortune no longer knocks at a man's door; she presses the button and expects him to do the rest.—Smart Set.

M M M

Our Glee Club to Appear in Allentown.

On Wednesday, April the twenty-fourth, the attraction at the Lyric Theatre will be the Muhlenberg College Glee Club. The Glee Club has had a very successful season to the date of this issue going to press, due to the exceptionally fine concerts which the club has rendered.

On the evening of the twenty-fourth, every man on Muhlenberg's enrollment ought to be at the Lyric Theatre with a friend. Our songsters deserve encouragement. Let's *encourage*, and, let's get our girl friends to help.

M M M

In Spite of Us---the Inevitable Easter Hat

Talking of flowers many an Easter hat has a little due on it.—Judge.

M M M

Muhlenberg Wins Inter-collegiate.

Although elsewhere in this issue account is made of Muhlenberg's great victory in this year's oratorical contest conducted by the Pennsylvania Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Union, and, although, the winner's picture is published—in spite of all this, we deem the matter of sufficient import for editorial comment.

Muhlenberg achieved a great victory at Gettysburg on Thursday evening, March the fourteenth. Her man won first place competing with the silver-tongued representatives from such institutions as Gettysburg, Ursinus, Franklin and Marshall and Swarthmore.

In the last six years, Muhlenberg has made an enviable record in the Union having won two first places—in nineteen hundred seven and nineteen hundred twelve—and a second place in nineteen hundred eleven.

"The Muhlenberg" extends congratulations to the winner of this year's contest.

M M M

Hearts vs. Diamonds.

In the game of hearts, when in doubt lead diamonds.—"Smart Set."





ONE SIGN OF SPRING

No Baseball! Why Not Tennis?

Sometime ago, some of our baseball enthusiasts suggested having a varsity baseball team at Muhlenberg, and to play this season, in so much as Muhlenberg's Track Team would be away from home nearly every Saturday. For this reason, it was advanced expenses for athletics at Muhlenberg this spring would be very low. Therefore, why not, argued the pro-baseballists, have a baseball team? The matter was duly presented to the executive committee of our Athletic Association, but after much discussion and consideration of the ways and means, it was decided to forego baseball until next year, for the reason that the commons which is being erected, needs the careful and undivided attention of our financiers. However, we received the roseate promises of varsity teams next year in both basket-ball and baseball, in addition, to football and track, in which we are already thus fortunate.

But now, we make bold to suggest another matter. Why not have a tennis team this season? We have excellent courts and tennis matches could be arranged at home with nearby institutions. The sporting element of Allentown would patronize tennis since they will not be able to see any inter-collegiate track meets this spring.

As to expense—equipment for three men, balls, etc.,—it should be a mere trifle, much less than baseball. Lehigh has already written the Athletic authorities of College re a tennis match.

We trust to see this matter taken up by the student body. Why not have a varsity tennis team this spring? We can't see one valid objection to tennis.

M M M

A Real Spring Sign.

You may tell me that a mild south wind is blowing,
You may tell me that the ice has left the creek,
You may say spring beauties in the woods are growing,
And violets will blossom by next week;
You may mention friends from Florida returning,
You may tell me of spring fashions, I suppose;
But here's a better sign for discerning—
The first small freckle on Aurelia's nose.

—“Judge.”

M M M

The difficulty with those people who do not know much is that they cannot refrain from telling it.—Smart Set.



The Corresponding Other Half

BY HENRY J. FRY, '14



HE grating clamor of large surface cars, the deadened rumbling of heavy drays, the smooth gliding of powerful machines, the spiteful, irritable chucking of taxies, the deafening roar of loaded trucks, the faint growling murmur from subway entrances, the whistle-calls of mounted police, the quick hurrying bustle of many people, and all steeped in the sultry humid atmosphere of an early spring day,—this is Broad and Market streets in April. The Public Buildings, with their great shaft topped by the bronze statue of William Penn, rise majestic in sombre grayness. To the west stretches Market Street, with hundreds pouring in and out of the Penna. Railroad Station; to the north, Broad Street, black with the oil from thousands of cars, and teeming with traffic; to the east rises the great Wanamaker Store of white granite, lined at its base with scores of yellow delivery trucks; and in the distance can be seen the tip of the Delaware ferry buildings; to the south, the trust companies' sky-scrapers, with the Bellevue topping them all. Over the whole scene there is that peculiar yellowish glare caused by the smoke of thousands of furnaces, and everywhere the penetrating busy roar of a great city.

Bill Miller was in a big hurry. He had just left Broad Street Station, and was passing through the Public Building on his way to the Terminal. He had barely five minutes for making train connections, and as it was a little past noon, the unusually large crowd impeded and irritated him. He was momentarily blocked by a patrol-wagon coming from the court through the west entrance, and also forced to speak a few words to a passing acquaintance, so when he came out at the east arch he had just three minutes. Taking a fresh grip on his suitcase, he started to cross to the opposite corner, but the warning arm of a policeman stopped him, as a solid stream of vehicles, which had been blocked, began to pass. He knew that there was no way of getting through, until that same warning arm bid the traffic wait again, and let the rapidly accumulating crowd hurry on.

As he was impatiently waiting, he happened to be standing beside two mature well-dressed men, and overheard one say: "And then he died and

gave me this." Looking down into the stranger's hand, he saw the half of a soft round leather disc, and its straight edge was strangely toothed. Bill touched his arm and said:

"Where under the sun, man, did you get that piece of leather?"

"That, sir, does not concern you."

"Doesn't it?" said Miller, reaching in his pocket. "Well here is the other half of the disc. Fit the two pieces together and see."

"Impossible! Unbelievable!"

"Move on," shouted the policeman, and they were hurried across in the crowd. When they reached the corner the stranger dismissed his friend, and turning to Miller said:

"Young man, these two bits of leather do fit together, but it is almost inconceivable!"

"Look here, I was going to lunch on the 'Black Diamond,' which leaves at twelve-thirty. I have scarcely a minute, so I will take the five o'clock subway train, and see a show this afternoon, and meanwhile we'll go 'round to Blank's and have lunch, and talk this thing over."

In a quiet corner they lunched together, and after the stranger had introduced himself as Mr. Brunhild, Miller told the story of his half of the leather disc.

"Ever since I've been a little chap, I've spent my summers in the Pocono Mountains, on a farm fifteen miles from the railroad. Let me see. I'm twenty now, and when I first went up there I was only eight; that makes twelve summers spent back in the woods, roughing it. I can remember that my parents and I were about the first 'city folk' that came into that picturesque valley, and as a child I was more or less impressed with the kindness and simplicity of these mountain people. Why, they took us in like long-lost friends, and made us feel entirely at home. I learned to know each family quite well, and they soon knew me, and I came and went as I pleased. I believe that my summers spent there, among those good, vigorous people, will always be of untold value.

Five or six years passed and more city people came each summer. Most of them staid only a few weeks in August, but I always was there from the middle of June till the middle of September, and the more I saw of the place and its people the more I loved it.

"As I said, we boarded at an old farmhouse in a deep mountain valley. There is a stream rushing through it, and about half a mile down this creek is the next farm. It is carefully laid out, and the house itself, low and rambling, made of heavy timbers, was the first one built in that section. It is owned by a little old lady, whom everybody calls Aunt Myra, and whom every one loves. The whole place is charming. The rare beauty of her flower beds and garden is delightful. The pleasure she takes in their care is intense, and she has the finest old roses I have ever seen. Often and often, as I have passed by, she has slowly straightened up among her bushes, and holding up a trowel has smilingly said: 'Well, Bill, I presume likely that these here June rains are past and I'd better get these beds wed out before it gets too dry.'"

"Over the whole place there is an air of peace and tranquility, and you

feel that it expresses the personality of its owner. But if the outside is interesting, the inside is doubly so. How often she has baked raisin pies for me, and what cookies she has made! As one sits at her table, he feels the homely comfort of it all,—the old wood stove, the rag carpet, the spectacles and Bible on the shelf, the shining pots and pans, that big old-fashioned tea-kettle, and the sleek, fat tomcat. Well, there that old woman lived by herself, and as a child she gave me cookies, but as I grew older and came summer after summer, I learned to know her better. I used to help her in the garden, chop wood and carry water for her, and a great friendship grew up between us. I am sure she did not learn to like me merely because I did some work for her, but she was pleased that a young boy should think of her, for though her friends were many, still she was living alone, and she loved to have me come down and talk with her in the evenings.

“Brunhild, I’ll never forget those evenings. Aunt Myra was not educated in the sense we think of it, but her words of wisdom were rare, and when she used to stand in the doorway just at twilight, and talk about God, or the evening star, or the swamp-robins which were pouring out their melting melodies, gracious, I came nearer to “things worth while” than was my usual custom. How kindly, and yet sometimes how wearily, she talked of the petty actions of her neighbors! What a sweet, trustful spirit she had, and yet I often felt that in her life there had been a tragedy,—that there was an aching void somewhere. She often sat quietly on her back step after dark, talking about various subjects, and one day last summer she spoke about something she had never mentioned before,—her past life. I wish I could give it as she did. I wish you could have seen the agonized longing in her eyes, and yet have felt the trust in her voice; a trust in God, that everything is ordained by Him, and that all will work out for the best, and Brunhild, perhaps you are bringing an answer to her prayers, in that bit of leather.”

“Yes, yes, go on.”

“Well, this is her story,—her own account, with additions from others. She married when she was quite young, just a girl. Her husband was good to her in his way, but he was a heavy stolid man, and had nothing at all of her happy and vivacious interest in life. He was unsympathetic, and could not understand how strangely the flights of geese northward in the early spring affected her, and the pleasure she took in music or a bunch of violets. They loved each other in a way, and he merely laughed at what he called her foolish ideas. Then a baby boy came, and she was completely wrapped up in him. As he grew, he showed the traits of his mother, and she loved him passionately. How she appreciated his love of nature, books and music, and his desire sometimes to be by himself!

“As he developed into young manhood, his father became more and more disappointed, and was galled because his neighbors said his son lacked common sense, and was not like other fellows. There was a deep, wide gap between father and son; a gap caused by utterly different temperaments and view points; a gap which, though the mother attempted to smooth it over, kept growing wider and wider. When the boy was eighteen, he was put to work in a blacksmith shop, but came home the next day and flatly re-

fused to do such work. His father, enraged, gave him a whipping, and from that time on there was almost open enmity. In vain did the mother plead, first with the father and then with the son. She saw, poor soul, that things could never be different,—that there never could be an understanding. Oh what a thorn in the flesh it must have been that her only child should be the cause of bitter unhappiness, through no fault of his own, and with what sorrow she must have felt the growing void between herself and her husband, for he unconsciously perceived that she sympathized with the boy.

“Then one evening her son came and told her that he was going to leave home, and that he would silently go the next evening. She wept bitter tears on his shoulder, but said nothing, even in view of the heart-breaking sacrifice it would mean to her. For she realized that it would work out for his best interests, would give him opportunity to develop, and perhaps would smooth over the widening breach between herself and her husband. He was the father of her boy, and though he could not understand her, still she loved him. The next evening, before her son left, he took a soft leather disc and cut it into two parts. One half he kept, the other he gave to his mother, telling her that if he should die far from home, and have anything valuable to send her, he would do so by a messenger who would come with his half of the disc. Thus he left.

“Then her husband, grown dogged in the humiliation of his son’s leaving home, became harsher and harsher, and her life was black sorrow. Week after week he came home from the post-office with his son’s letter, addressed to his wife, and deliberately burned it, unopened, before her eyes. Of course she had had a very scant education, and writing was difficult for her, but she managed to get a letter to her son, asking that he would send his letters through a neighbor. One day, several weeks later, her husband got hold of one of those letters, and a violent quarrel followed. Then with a martyr love she again wrote, and begged her boy never to write again.

“Years passed and her life became somewhat more bearable, but she never heard from her boy. Then later her husband became invalided, and for years she nursed him as only a wife can. Trouble had mellowed her, and there was not a trace of bitterness in her spirit. She felt only pity for him, and perhaps on his deathbed, in a dumb way he felt that somehow he had been unjust, yet, poor man, his brain was helpless before the mystery of the temperament of his own son. And so he died.

“Fifteen years have passed since then, and each year develops in her a softer, richer tenderness, and, sir, her trust in her boy is divine. With tears she told me that every night she prays that God will keep him in the hollow of His hand, no matter where he may be. Her mother-faith is absolutely inspiring. She has not heard from him for twenty-eight years, and to hear her talk of how he always hated that which is deceitful and impure, and of his love and faith in God, and how that somewhere out in the world, beyond her horizon, he is living a true and noble man, is to be rendered speechless. She has a happy bright word for all her friends, and sometimes she sings in a high, sweet, trembling voice, but in the early summer evenings, near his birthday, when Nature is at her best, and all is calm and soothing, when beauty is everywhere,—then it is that she breaks down: “My boy, my boy,

where are you? What are you doing? Oh, I know you are still loving me." Why man, I would——

"Well, as I said, twelve years ago I came to know her, and last summer she gave me her half of the disc, and asked me to hunt for him, and see if I could locate him. I have done all things possible, but I have been absolutely unsuccessful, and there is a letter in my pocket now, addressed to Mrs. Myra S. Long, Little Creek Bend, Wayne County, Pa., in which I am forced to tell her that I can find nothing. And now, Brunhild, tell me quickly where did you get the other half of this disc?"

"Well," he replied, "There is not much to tell. For the past ten years I have been superintendent of the Sitka Hospital, Alaska, and I just came East three weeks ago. Last December, there were some labor riots—something about the miners, and one morning a man was brought in whom they said had been accidentally shot in the back during one of the fights. I saw that he was dying. He was half crazed and wanted to speak but didn't have the strength. I gave him a powerful stimulant, and then he said: 'In my vest pocket. Send it to her. How I love her. I have been true. Oh, I can't forgive him.'"

"'Who, who shall I send it to?' I asked him."

"'Myra Long,' he said, and then he died."

"I took his card and looked up his boarding place. His neighbors said he was very poor, and that he had no family, but that he was constantly befriending little children and others in trouble. And while I was at his lodgings a little, old woman came up and said: 'Oh, sir, he was so kind to old ladies, and so good.' And Miller, why it's positively Providential that I met you. Of course, having his mother's name, I could have eventually found her, but it was more than lucky that you happened to see me showing this bit of leather to my friend. Well, I'll have to go now. I am positively impressed with this coincidence. If you ever want me, address—C. H. Brunhild, Medico-Chi, Phila; that will always reach me."

Miller sat there quietly for a half an hour with his head in his hands, and then went to Wanamaker's waiting-rooms and wrote this note—

Dear Aunt Myra,

I have found the whereabouts of your boy. Last December, he died in Alaska, in the midst of a life of service to others. Here are the two halves of the disc, as proof that the friend whom he sent is true. His last words were: 'Oh, how I love her. I've been true.' He has sent to you the most valuable thing possible—the knowledge that he died in a strange land, true to you and his God. Aunt Myra, your sweet faith has been rewarded. With love,

Bill Miller.

The Muhlenberg



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Of Local Interest



Edited by CHARLES H. ESSER, '13

Ibsen Discussed by Dr. Haas.

The student body enjoyed a most delightful and instructive talk on Ibsen and his Dissection of Society, on Thursday, March 21, by Dr. Haas, under the auspices of the Philosophical Society. Dr. Haas first outlined the life of Ibsen. He said Ibsen made the world as nauseous as possible. Ibsen discovered modern woman. He then gave a brief outline of the various books of Ibsen. Ibsen brings out every type of woman in his books. This was somewhat of a new field for the students and most likely has aroused many of the students' curiosity to the extent that they may read some of the books, if they have not done so already. The large assembly thoroughly enjoyed the address and hope he may be able to give us a more lengthy discussion sometime on the work of this great dissector of human society. The Ph. B. Society held a business meeting and will attempt to have a speaker here sometime during April to discuss some other social problem.

M M M

Kidd in Ill-Repute.

Why did Elmer Kidd, '14, choose such a very inappropriate time and place, as a box in the Allentown Orpheum while in company with a young lady, in which to have a suit case full of shoes, shirts, pajamas, books, candy, etc., sent him? The only solution that we can reach is that Kidd, the Kidder was the victim of a cruel joke. We hope we're safe in screeching "Oh, yon Kiddo!"

M M M

"Hans" Reiter's translation of "Friedland."—"Free Lunch."

Ye Sophomore Banquet.

On the evening of March 22, the Sophomore Class of Muhlenberg gathered together at the Hotel Allen to partake of their yearly banquet. At 9 o'clock, to the music of a well chosen orchestra, the class marched into the parlor, which was gorgeously decorated with school banners and pennants.

The management did not save any expense in arranging an elaborate menu of fourteen courses, including Amontillado Santa Maria and E. Mercier and Co's Epernay, Vintage 1900. The menu was served in the best style possible and consisted of all the choice bits of the Season.

After partaking of this immense outlay of delicious food, the class listened to a long list of well prepared toasts. Henry J. Fry very ably and pleasingly filled the chair of toastmaster.

The following were the toasts in order:

"1914,"	Harvey T. Sell.
"The Faculty,"	Paul V. Taylor.
"College Spirit,"	Elwood J. Unangst.
"Aut Vincire Aut Mori,"	Edgar Crouthamel.
"Our Alma Mater,"	Charles F. Seidell.
"College Pranks,"	Herman W. Nenow.
"Society,"	David C. Cook.
"Our Teams,"	David H. Bucks.
"The Freshmen,"	Elmer H. Bausch.
"Our Exile,"	Elmer L. Leisey.
"The Future,"	Walter Mock.
"The Banquet,"	Arthur P. Grammes.

We need not mention that every toast was well responded to and thoroughly enjoyed by all. Elmer L. Leisey in a very nice manner composed his toast in poetry and in a pleasing manner delivered it.

The committee in charge need the most hearty congratulations in arranging the fine banquet and getting up the neat leather menu booklet. The menu was in cardinal leather and tied with blue ribbon. The class returned about o'clock in the morning, and not knowing that they were not the only people about, were somewhat boisterous, but then the Sophomore Banquet only occurs once.

M M M

Easter Celebrated by Boarding Houses.

There is a report that eggs are getting cheaper. The boarding houses solve the question.

M M M

Take Advantages of All Opportunities.

The Editor has been told that our popular professor Mr. Bossard while witnessing a Shakespearian production also took advantage to study the architecture of the theatre during the intermissions.

M M M

Dr. Haas says that matches are struck in Heaven. We expect to flunk "*Religion*" for publishing this, but then—.

The Easiest Way.

The Easter poem is a cinch!
There's really nothing to it,
And, should he need to in a pinch,
Most anyone can do it.
And if you follow it you'll gain
A lot of money by it.

Of eggs and chickens you must sing,
And fashion's merry revel,
With lots of dope on "vernal spring"
And "Cupid" and the "devil;"
Then flavor with a dash of love,
And mix some smiles and curls in,
The Easter Hat and gown and glove,
And put a lot of girls in.

Then to the editor straightway
You take your little lyric,
And golden ducats he will pay
(Of course that's meant satiric,)
And if you'd gain much fame in print,
As authors low and high do,
To finish up your little stunt,
You'll sign your name—as I do.

—B. Braley in "Judge."

M M M

Muhlenberg C. A. Notes.

Mr. Walter Campbell, of Harrisburg, delivered an address to the Association on Wednesday, March 20 on rural life and work. Mr. Campbell is the Secretary in Penna. of the Y. M. C. A. County work. He gave a very interesting talk on the organization of the village boys with Associations for the purpose of raising their religious and social standing in the community.

M M M

Single Bliss.

Let others dream of maidens fair,
Of dimpled cheeks and golden hair;
I would not leave my pipe and chair
For any lassie anywhere.

I should of life itself despair
A jester's cap and bell to wear.
I'll run no risk, by Jove, I swear,
I'll love my peaceful pipe and chair.

Winks '11.

A Humane Call.

There have been rumors afloat about the campus that too much is being made of the needs of our college, and that we are constantly hearing the cry reform! It is a good thing, however, to bring before the men the immediate needs of our institution, such as the matter of examinations, refectory or grand stand. We certainly commend this, but feel that there is a burning question which must be decided NOW by our loyal students—a question which utterly transcends all others, and to which everything else must temporarily be subordinated. Gentlemen, Dutch MUST have a bath. Who can look into his dark, pleading eyes and not feel his almost human yearning for soap? Who can witness his attempts at seeking water in the dorms and not be deeply moved? Ah, brethren, here is a call for instant and concerted action. No shirking, no flinching. Dutch must have a bath. He may lose much weight through the operation, but in the end it will work out for his best interests, even from a purely scientific standpoint, and laying aside the fact that we should do this as a Christian institution. Then he will have a chance to grow, and he can be played with on a more hygienic basis.

With what saddened hearts we see him strolling up and down before the dormitories, with cruel forethought deliberately plotting the ruin of each helpless sapling and shrub. How hypocritically he wags his tail when Billy or Dr. Haas pass, and then, when they have turned their backs, with what malice he coolly claws the college grove to destruction—its days are numbered. Gentlemen, we appeal to all that is best in you, Dutch must also have a kennel. 25 cents please.

S. P. C. A.

M M M

Married Bliss.

Let others boast of single bliss,
Of poker, pool and midnight chess;
I'll search the world to find my miss,
And celebrate her modest "Yes."

I'll settle down with her—my wife—
In some sequestered silvan spot;
'Twill be my keenest joy in life
To watch her tend the coffee pot.

Jinks '11.

M M M

But, Which One?

Father—"Young man you were out after ten last night."

Jack—"No sir, I was only after one."

M M M

Prof. (in astronomy) "Now, we will let my hat represent the moon—"

Pupil. "Is the moon inhabited?"—Ex.

Muhlenberg Wins Inter-collegiate

Muhlenberg again showed her spirit of progress during the last month in an increased interest in oratory. To begin with, the Inter Society Contest was held Friday evening March 8 in the chapel. Considering the inclement weather, a nice appreciative audience assembled and listened to the following orations, for which all the orators need to be complimented. The singing of Mr. Katz and the Piano Solo by Mr. Frederick were of their usual high standard.

"Making the Most of Small Opportunities,"	Harvey T. Sell.
"Idols versus Ideals,"	Paul H. Krauss.
"Heroes of the Northland,"	Henry J. Fry.
Piano Solo, Selected,	E. E. Frederick.
"God's Crucible,"	Herbert B. Frederick.
"The Typical American Virtue,"	Paul E. Loser.
Vocal Solo	William L. Katz.

Prof. Wm. H. Reese acted in the capacity of presiding officer and very ably introduced the speakers. The Judges, Rev. G. A. Schwedes, Mr. Edward A. Soleliac, Esq. and Prof. O. F. H. Bert brought in their decision, which was given to the audience by Rev. Schwedes in favor of Herbert B. Frederick. Mention need not be made of the various speeches, because space does not allow, and besides each man put into his speech all the force and ability he possessed.

Now came the purpose of this Society Contest namely the Pennsylvania Inter-Collegiate Contest. This contest was held at Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, on March 14, 1912, in Brua Chapel at 5 o'clock. All the colleges except Lafayette were present and each one had a representative man who was confident of honors. The Chapel was partly full, and the students of Gettysburg and friends of the College all appeared to have enjoyed themselves and to have heard some good types of oratory.

The following was the programme:

Music,	College Orchestra.
Oration, "The Man Behind the Bars,"	A. Melville Billman, Ursinus.
Oration, "The Spirit of the Fathers,"	J. Gould Wickey, Gettysburg.
Oration, "God's Crucible,"	Herbert B. Frederick, Muhlenberg.
Music	College Orchestra.
Oration, "Our Cities,"	W. K. Hoyt, Swarthmore.
Oration, "The Problem of the Twentieth Century,"	Howard Elwood Ammerman, Franklin and Marshall.
Music,	College Orchestra.

The Judges were W. W. Deatrick, A. M. Sc. D., of Kutztown, Hon. David W. Nevin, of Easton and Wm. Heim, Esq. of Harrisburg. They, after fifteen minutes of debating brought in their decision. Hon. Mr. Nevin in a few well chosen remarks rendered the decision. He told the audience that it was his pleasure to be present at the delivery of that great speech of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg and he had not been at Gettysburg since. He informed the impatient orators and eager audience that they had unanimously decided to award the first prize of \$25.00 in gold to Herbert B. Fred-



H. B. FREDERICK, '12,

Winner of Pennsylvania Inter-collegiate Oratorical Contest, held at Gettysburg, Thursday, March 14, 1912.



erick, of Muhlenberg, and the second prize of \$15.00 in gold to Howard Elwood Ammerman, of Franklin and Marshall and honorable mention to W. K. Hoyt, of Swarthmore. Everybody was satisfied with the verdict and it was general consensus of opinion that Frederick deserved first prize.

I cannot go into any discussion of the various speeches, suffice it to say that Frederick had them all "skinned a mile." The winning of this honor is not only a great honor to Mr. Frederick but more so to our college. It is an honor worthy of striving for and a wreath which we want Muhlenberg to wear for the future years.

W. W. Brossman, Senior Representative, and Chas. H. Esser, Sec., were present at the contest and remained over for two days to see the College and Battlefield. They were entertained by Clark W. Heller and Lewis Storb, former Muhlenberg students.

M M M

My Love's Love.

As bloomed the rose in Eden's bow'r,
In vernal purity,
So blooms thy love in me, dear heart,
So blooms thy love in me.

The skylark's paeon dismal sounds,
To Love's grand harmonies.—
Oh, for a song from thee, this morn!
Oh, for a song from thee!

Life's path through endless night would lead,
Were Love's bright torch to fade.—
Eternal as the sun's thy love;
Eternal as the sun.

C '11.

Alumni Notes



Edited by R. C. HORN, '00

The Commencement Committee of the Alumni Association has been fortunate in securing Prof. Samuel C. Schmucker, Ph. D., of the West Chester Normal School, to make the address to the Alumni. We want to make this an annual feature. We have secured for this occasion one of our most prominent alumni, who has proved a successful and inspiring teacher, and a delightful and convincing speaker. Those who have heard him have some idea of what is in store for them on Alumni Day, June 12; those who have never heard him before will welcome this opportunity. We want every alumnus who can to be present on this occasion. Alumni Day is June 12. The address will be made in the morning, probably at 10 o'clock.

The following item, from one of our local papers, will be of interest to alumni who have been looking for improvements of this kind:

The paving of thirty-five blocks of streets with asphalt was recommended by the Highway Committee. This includes what will be known as Muhlenberg boulevard, out Chew Street, which was recommended to be paved from Seventeenth to Twenty-fourth Street and Nineteenth Street from Liberty to Roth Avenue. There are no houses on this road, but the owners of the property want to spend the money to pave it, to increase the value of their property.

By the will of Albert G. Saylor, of Pottstown, \$1000 is bequeathed to Muhlenberg College; \$1,000 to the Lutheran Church, of Pottstown, and \$1000 to the Pottstown cemetery. The rest of the estate amounting to over \$50,000 is divided equally among his widow, Mary Saylor, and his son, ex-Senator Henry D. Saylor, of Montgomery County.

Mr. Claude T. Reno is to Run for Congress.

A big shift on the Republican checker-board occurred in this city and the surprising announcement was made that Hon. Claude T. Reno will not be a candidate for re-election to the Legislature from the Allentown District, but that he will enter the race for the Republican Congressional nomination from the Lehigh-Berks District. Mr. Reno filed his nomination for Legislative honors at Harrisburg several weeks ago, but sent on his withdrawal to-day, along with his petition for the Congressional nomination.

David R. Horne, the well-known attorney of this city, is also a candidate for the Congressional nomination on the Republican side and a lively contest is sure to result.

In announcing his withdrawal from the Legislative fight and his candidacy for Congressman, Mr. Reno made this statement:

"I have decided not to be a candidate for re-election to the Legislature. "I am a candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress from the Lehigh-Berks District.

"The announcement of my candidacy for the Legislature was made with unfeigned reluctance. I had no desire to return to the Legislature, one term of service there having required a greater personal sacrifice than I can afford. But no other candidate appearing and feeling that the generous support bestowed upon me in my first campaign obligated me to respond to the claims of my party, I entered the contest. Now that another candidate is about to file his petition, I feel entirely free to withdraw.

"Instead, I offer myself for the Republican nomination for Congress. The reason that makes further service in the Legislature impossible does not apply to the office of Congressman and sincere friends of both parties and of both counties have been kind enough to assure me that I can serve the people as acceptably in one as in the other office. I propose to conduct a vigorous campaign for the nomination and if nominated, will wage an aggressive and progressive fight for the election. I thank my friends who kindly volunteered their support for the Legislative office and trust I may merit the same measure of support for Congress."

Mr. Reno's candidacy for the Legislature was viewed very favorably and he was prominently mentioned as an available man for the Speakership to succeed the late John F. Fox, who died nearly a year ago. His name was also mentioned in connection with one of the four nominations for Congressman-at-Large in this state.—*Allentown Chronicle & News.*

Mr. Reno is a graduate of Dickinson, which he entered after two years at Muhlenberg. He has a natural gift for talking in public and became acquainted throughout Lehigh County before he was of age through speaking at Lodge and Sabbath School celebrations, political gatherings and at Memorial Day services. He was admitted to the bar in 1905, and the following year became Sheriff's solicitor. In 1908 he was elected County solicitor of Lehigh and the year following was chosen to the Assembly. He is the national secretary of the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity, a position which has compelled him to travel over a large part of the United States and through which he has formed many agreeable associations.

An important service performed by Mr. Reno in the Legislature was his work in the behalf of the new school code. Dr. Phillips, a member of the State Educational Commission and principal of the West Chester Normal School, in a public address in Lehigh County, said Allentown ought to be proud of the work of Mr. Reno in defense of the school code, for at a critical period an able speech he made in its behalf had saved it from defeat.

His most important work, however, was done as a member of the Judiciary General Committee in cleaning up the Rittersville muddle, a task in which he worked hand in hand with "The Philadelphia Press." When the foes of reorganization and an investigation were trying to quash the necessary legislation to drag Rittersville out of the mire, the stand of Mr. Reno was strong and decisive. He painted the situation in its true colors, and forced a report from the committee which resulted in a reorganized commission and a prompt completion of the construction of the asylum.—*Philadelphia Press*.

'74. Former Senator Milton C. Henninger has announced his candidacy for the nomination for Congress for Berks-Lehigh District on the Democratic ticket to succeed John H. Rothermel, the present Congressman.

'05. A sensation was caused in the East Pennsylvania Conference of the Evangelical Association in session in Salem Church, Bangor, when it became known that Rev. Charles H. Bohner, pastor of Trinity Evangelical Church, Easton, would ask the association for his dismissal and would enter the Presbyterian denomination, with the ultimate object of becoming a minister of that faith. Mr. Bohner, who is a young man, is recognized as one of the ablest clergymen in the Evangelical Association. He is a son of Rev. B. F. Bohner, of this city, for many years a pastor of the Evangelical Association and also a former presiding elder. Rev. Charles H. Bohner is a graduate of Muhlenberg College and was pastor of Ebenezer Evangelical Church, Turner Street, near Seventh, this city, from 1904 to 1908. He was born in this city and is a brother of Harvey E. Bohner, of the firm of Helfrich & Bohner.

Rev. C. H. Bohner, who was pastor of Trinity Church, Easton, presented a petition to the East Pennsylvania Conference of the Evangelical Association, meeting in Bangor, for his credentials to the Presbyterian Church. On motion of presiding Elder E. T. Wentz the motion was granted unanimously. There was no discussion of any kind.

It has been no secret that a number of the leading members of the First Presbyterian congregation of Easton, of which Rev. Plato T. Jones was recently the pastor, have asked Rev. Bohner if he would consent to become the pastor of the First Church if he was called to the position. They had him preach for them and were favorably impressed with his ability as a preacher. Several of the more prominent members of the First Presbyterian congregation went to the Lafayette College Chapel and to other places to listen to the popular, able divine, and it is told by one of them, the more they heard him talk the more anxious they were to have him join the Presbyterian ranks and become pastor of the old First Church.—*Allentown Chronicle & News*.

'06. In the Lutheran Church Review for January 1912, there is an article on the "Text of the Epistle of Jude" by Mr. John D. M. Brown.

...Athletics...

Edited by H. P. CRESSMAN, '13

1912--21---1915--7



THE Freshies met their fifth successive defeat by losing to the Seniors 21-7 on Feb. 26.

It is a peculiar coincidence that in this game the same Freshmen in the same periods scored the same points as in the Junior-Fresh game on Feb. 21. In both games the Freshmen failed to get a field goal in the first half of the play and Geiss '15 netted two foul goals, their only score. In the second period Geiss '15 got 1 foul goal and Reisner '15 bagged 2 field goals. In both games the Freshmen netted but 7 points.

The line-up:

1912		1915
Rentschler	Forward	Reisner
Shelly	Forward	Geiss
Hummel	Center	Snyder
Althenn	Guard	Bagger
Kleckner	Guard	(Yingst) Royer

Field Goals: Shelly, 4; Rentschler, 2; Hummel, 2; Kleckner, 2; Reisner, 2. Foul Goals: Shelly, 1; Geiss, 3. Officials: Butz, '13; Esser, '13.

M M M

SPECIALS---19---1915---4

Sad to relate, in their sixth game the Freshies were again checked in their rush for first place by the Specials, who defeated them 19-4.

As a special feature, the Specials introduced "Bill" Scott, who held the thirtieth position in the individual records last year. Scott scored one foul goal, thus coming within one point of equaling his remarkable record of 2 points scored during the 1911 season. Line up:

Specials.		1915.
Scott	Forward	Reisner
Potts	Forward	Geiss
Blackburn	Center	(Dietz) Werner
Miller	Guard	Yingst
Young	Guard	Bagger

Field Goals: Potts, 1; Blackburn, 6; Miller, 1; Young, 1; Yingst, 1. Foul Goals: Scott, 1; Geiss, 2. Officials: P. Loser, '13; Rentschler, '12. Time of halves: 16 minutes.

1914---35---35---1912---12

In the thirteenth game of the series the Seniors were unable to stop the rush of the Sophomores for first place. They retired from the field with a loss of 35 points, while the Sophomores lost but 21 points.

In the first half of the game the Seniors played a good game, holding the Sophs to a 12-5 score, but in the second half of the game they played a listless game, allowing their opponents to score 23 points. The line up:

1912.		1914.
Shelly	Forward	Phillips
Rentschler	Forward	(Heilman) Leisey
Hummel	Center	Cook
Fink	Guard	Fetherolf
Althenn (Schock)	Guard	Seidel

Field Goals: Rentschler, 3; Hummel, 1; Cook, 6; Phillips, 5; Leisey, 5; Fetherolf, 1. Foul Goals: Fink, 4; Phillips, 1. Officials: Butz, '13; Esser, '13.

M M M

1913---12---SPECIAES---11

In one of the most closely played and spectacular games of the season, the Juniors defeated the Specials 12-11, on the evening of March 4 at 8 P. M. The Specials played their star game of the season. During the first half the Juniors were unable to score a field goal, but the Specials scored 3 field goals. At the end of the first quarter the Juniors led 3-2 but in the second quarter the Specials came back strong, springing into a lead with the score at the end of the first half 6-3 in their favor. In the third quarter the balance swung in favor of the Juniors, 8-7, and was still pointing their way, 12-11, at the end of the game.

There were fewer field goals in this game than in any other game this season and it is the only game in which the losing team shot more field goals than the winning team in the series. The line up:

1913.		Specials.
Keim	Forward	Orr
Wacker	Forward	Potts
Butz	Center	Blackburn
Esser	Guard	Young
Loser	Guard	Miller

Field Goals: Blackburn, 3; Orr, 1; Miller, 1; Keim, 1; Butz, 1; Esser, 1; Wacker, 1. Foul Goals: Keim, 4; Blackburn, 1. Officials: Hummel, '12; Shelly, '12.

M M M

1914---26---1913---25

In the most interesting game of the season the Sophs defeated the Juniors 26-25.

There was a double interest attached to this game—the meeting of the two best teams in the league and on this game depended the Soph's chances for the cup.

As a result of this game the Sophomores and Juniors are deadlocked in the first position and the successes of the teams will be closely followed, since a loss by either team gives the championship to the other bunch. The line up:

1914		1913
Leisey (Quinn)	Forward	(Bixler) Wacker
Phillips	Forward	Keim
Cook	Center	Butz
Fetherolf	Guard	Esser
Seidel	Guard	Loser

Field Goals: Leisey, 5; Phillips, 3; Cook, 3; Fetherolf, 1; Wacker, 3; Keim, 3; Butz, 1; Esser, 3. Foul Goals: Keim, 5; Phillips, 1; Officials: Shelly, '12; Blackburn, Special. Score by Quarters: 1st quarter, Jrs. 7, Sophs 6; 2nd quarter, Jrs. 15, Sophs 12; 3rd quarter, Jrs. 20, Sophs 22; 4th quarter, Jrs. 25, Sophs 26.

M M M

1914---2----1915---0

Owing to the sickness of two of their players, the Freshmen gave the game, by forfeit, to the Sophs on March 8, 1912.

M M M

1913---33----1912--14

In the game against the Seniors, the Juniors recovered from the slump into which they had fallen and defeated the 1912 quintet 33-14.

In connection with this game we note a few interesting coincidents. In March, 1911, the then Juniors defeated the Seniors and Shelly, a Junior, established the individual record of 7 field goals. In this series of 1912 Butz, a Junior, equalled this record in a game in which the Juniors defeated the Seniors and strange to relate in the Senior-Junior game played during March, 1912, Keim, a Junior, broke the old record and established a new one, one point higher, 8 field goals. Further, in the game played in March, 1911, when the record was established two Sophomores were the officials and in this game there were two Sophomores acting in the official capacities while the old record was being smashed. The line up:

1913.		1912.
Wacker (Bixler)	Forward	Rentschler
Keim	Forward	Shelly
Butz	Center	Hummel
Esser (Wacker)	Guard	Henry
Loser P. (Esser)	Guard	Schock

Field Goals: Keim, 8; Wacker, 4; Butz, 2; Bixler, 2; Rentschler, 3; Shelly, 1; Hummel, 2. Foul Goals: Rentschler, 2; Keim, 1. Officials: Quinn, '14; Phillips, '14. Time of halves: 20 and 15 minutes.

M M M

1914---37---SPECIALS---12

In their last regularly scheduled game of the season the Sophs sent

the Specials sorrowing from the floor to 37-12 time.

The Sophs played their usual fast game, passing the ball so rapidly and consistently as to keep the Specials guessing continually. The Specials' team work failed to bring the returns they had expected and so they devoted their individual efforts to breaking up the Sophs' plays and were very successful at times.

In this game Phillips equalled the individual record of 8 field goals, established by Keim, '13, in the Junior-Senior game. The line up:

1914.		Specials.
Phillips	Forward	Potts
Leisey	Forward	(Blackburn) Fogel
Cook	Center	(Fogel) Blackburn
Seidel	Guard	Orr
Fetherolf	Guard	Miller

Field Goals: Phillips, 8; Cook, 4; Fetherolf, 4; Leisey, 1; Potts, 1; Fogel, 1; Blackburn, 3; Miller, 1 Foul Goals: Phillips, 3. Officials: Shelly, '12; Rentschler, '12

M M M

1913--12--1915--0

The Freshman team having disbanded, the game was awarded, by forfeit, to the Juniors.

M M M

1912---12---Specials---11

In a slow game the Seniors defeated the Specials 12-11 on March 19 and landed in third place.

Although this game was to decide who should be in third place, neither team showed any great desire to secure the honor and so the game was not as fast as the score would indicate.

The Specials led 8-5 at the end of the first half, but the Seniors gathered enough energy in the next half to score 7 points and hold the Specials to 4 and thereby won the last game of basket ball they shall play as the quintet of the class of 1912. The line-up:

1912.		Specials.
Rentschler	Forward	Blackburn
Shelly	Forward	Potts
Hummel	Center	Fogel
Henry	Guard	Miller
Kleckner (Althenn)	Guard	Young

Field Goals: Blackburn, 1; Potts, 2; Fogel, 1; Miller, 1; Rentschler, 2; Hummel, 2. Foul Goals: Blackburn, 1; Rentschler, 4. Referee and Umpire: Quinn, '14. Timekeeper: Seidel, '14.

M M M

1913--22--1914---11

In the last game of the 1912 season, played to decide who should be champions, the Juniors won the title from the Sophomores in an interesting

game.

The Juniors showed that they had recovered their old form and played a fine game. The Sophs seemed to be the special favorites of misfortune and hard luck. They played hard but things weren't coming the way they would have liked to have them break. The line-up:

1913.		1914.
Keim	Forward	Phillips
Bixler	Forward	Leisey
Butz	Center	Cook
Wacker	Guard	Fetherolf
Loser	Guard	Seidel

Field Goals: Keim, 3; Bixler, 4; Butz, 1; Wacker, 2; Phillips, 1; Leisey, 2; Cook, 2. Foul Goals: Keim, 2; Phillips, 1. Referee: Sinclair, Swarthmore. Timekeeper, Shelly, '12.

M M M

Standings of Teams

	W.	L.	P.C.
Juniors	8	1	.888
Sophs	7	2	.777
Seniors	3	4	.428
Specials	2	5	.285
Fresh	0	8	.000

M M M

Points Scored

	Team.	Opponent.	P.C.
Juniors	204	99	.6732
Sophomores	184	128	.5897
Seniors	129	152	.4590
Specials	109	129	.4579
Fresh	44	162	.2136

Track Prospects

By W. H. R.



HAT are the prospects in track this spring? They look bright. We have lost very few by graduation last June and some very promising material has entered. All of the members of last year's victorious relay team are in college and with some promising new material the banner at the Penn. relays should again come to Muhlenberg. Training started two or three weeks ago but the weather has been such that the men have been unable to do very much work. In the 100, 220 and 440 yard dashes as well as in the half and mile we shall be strong. It is with regret we state that Reiter, last year's captain, and the best one and two miler we have had will not be out this year. Captain Toebke will be used in the half mile and mile instead of in the 440 yard dash and half mile in our dual meets. Schmoyer, a freshman, who has had experience in running and who has been training on the indoor track of the Y. M. C. A. all winter, and who is strong, and speedy is expected to do splendid work in the half mile and mile. Bucks, who has been doing outdoor work on the track all fall and winter will enter the two mile. He has endurance and if his speed can be increased will make a valuable man in this event. All of the men in the hurdles have never worked in the event before except Miller in the low hurdles. The coach is developing Bixler, Wacker and Cook in these events. In the broad and high jumps we shall be as strong as last year. There is no experienced pole vaulter in college but Loser (E) in view of the fact that he never even tried to vault until this spring, is doing well. In the weights the men are making splendid progress and our field events should be stronger than last year. On account of the weather conditions and the little hard work the men have had it is difficult to give a very good line on the work. The students seem to be much more interested in track work than before and as a result a much larger squad is out. The team is somewhat handicapped in not having a training table. It is unfortunate that we have no home meet as the students will have no chance to see the team work under competition. The manager, Mr. Hummel, endeavored to arrange a meet but it could not be done. By Commencement time we expect to have two or three new banners won in the meets this spring in the trophy room.

M M M

Women's Forgiveness

Your offense she may blot from her mind
When a woman's forgiveness you crave;
Yet, though she forgive you, you'll find
She will never forget she forgave.—Ex.

Exchange Department



Edited by C. D. HUMMEL. '12

It is peculiar that the standards of our college papers should vary so intensely under the jurisdiction of practically the same staffs. A good paper is turned out one month while the following month a paper of much less merit is issued. The Christmas, Easter and Commencement editions are usually found to receive more attention than any of the other issues. This is all well enough, for by so doing there will eventually result a standard, which should, however, be upheld throughout the entire year. Why is it that the publication of one month deserved praise while those of the succeeding issue must be severely criticised? Let us think what consistency and due attention would mean for an institution's publication. Let us hope that the Easter numbers will be models of issues and that the acquired standards may even improve so that publications may eventually be credited with "Songs of Praise" instead of continual criticism.

"The Normal Vidette" (Keystone State Normal School) presents a neat appearance, but contains some flaws which might be improved. For instance, you have no Exchange Department, which surely is recognized as a most profitable portion of a paper. You make no mention of Athletics and your "Table of Contents" might be placed at a more conspicuous place, for it will not be sought among the advertisements. Your editorial department is well taken care of and we take pleasure to congratulate the contributors to your literary department.

"The Tatler" (Bethlehem High School,) presents a very striking appearance and is neatly arranged. Your exchange department might be more extensive and should be accompanied with more crisp criticism. Cuts would greatly improve the general appearance of your paper.

"The Echo" (Hazleton High School.) Your Easter edition is a splendid high school publication. Your cover design is appropriate for the season and all your departments have taken a decided forward step. Cuts head your departments and your staff deserves praise.

"The Buchtelite," (Buchtel College, Ohio,) presents us with a very peculiar cover design and does not compare favorably with our other exchanges. We do not understand conditions at your college, however. We do not see the necessity of your "Foreword," or in other words your means of settling disputes with your Alumni. We believe that if you would employ a more calm method you might be able to overcome your difficulties more conveniently. Your paper should have a "Table of Contents" and your student directory which takes a great deal of valuable space can be used more advantageously. Cuts and an exchange department are of importance and we are certain that if your minor faults are corrected your paper will be raised to a higher standard.

M M M

"The Thielensian," (Thiel College,) is a most artistically arranged paper and deserves much praise. Your short stories are well written and every department is well cared for. We would say, continue your good work.

M M M

As to Lawyers.

Speaker Champ Clark tells of a Missouri lawyer named Strange who became ill and feared he was about to die.

Calling his wife to him, Lawyer Strange said:

"Now, my dear, when I die, I would like you to put a little headstone at my grave and on it simply say, 'Here lies an honest lawyer'."

The wife expressed surprise that her husband did not wish his name on the stone.

"That will not be necessary," he said.

"Everyone who passes and sees the inscription will at once say, 'That's Strange'."—Ex.

M M M

A Wooden Wedding.

"We had a wooden wedding at our house last night."

"Who got married?"

"Two Poles."—Ex.

M M M

One morning a young man was stirring his coffee with a far away expression on his face.

"Are you building air-castles?" asked his wife.

"No" said he, "I was only viewing the grounds of Java."—Ex.

If it takes a match to light a cigarette, what would a skylight?

If a snake sheds its skin, what does a woodshed?

If a Buick pulls a wagon, what wood Alco-hol?—Ex.

Does President Taft open the door every time Alexander Knox?

M M M

"Where are you going?"

"To fetch some water, sir."

"What, in those disreputable trousers?"

"Why, no, sor; in this 'ere pail."



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"IN SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY"—



In the Editor's Confidence

Class Day

Full arrangements are being made by the Senior Class to run a tip top Class Day program this year. This is a custom that has not been in vogue at Muhlenberg for many years. The revival of it, we are sure, will bring many old alumni pleasant reminiscences of their old college days.

We trust that a large number of alumni will "turn out" for Commencement Week. We hope, too, that they will not forget that Class Day comes right in line with the other worth-while affairs of Commencement Week.

Tuesday afternoon has been set aside for Class Day. The college grove will be the scene of activity. Come!

M M M

Taft or Teddy

We see by the election returns from Massachusetts that not everybody up there is a Harvard graduate.—The Coatsville Record.

M M M

A Year of Achievement

The year 1911-12 has been a year of achievement for Muhlenberg. Her growth during this year has been unprecedented. Her victories have been almost phenomenal. Her educational standard has been raised, her athletic teams have won new and enviable honors, her Glee Club has enjoyed a season

of exceptional success and her orators have brought new and valued trophies to her halls. All in all, it has been a year of such achievement as to give the loyal Muhlenberg man excellent opportunity to glow with pride as he sees the rapid strides his Alma Mater is making. Ever onward!

M M M

An Undergraduate's Observation

A woman is foolish to marry a man for his money, but then the man is twice as foolish to let her.—Ex.

M M M

A Regret

We regret very much that space is at premium in the "Muhlenberg" this month and that we must needs—as we are wont to say—keep a firm check upon our Waterman, lest additional pages be filled—to the discomfiture of the business manager. However, we promise to effervesce, to the extent of three pages, at least, in the June number. Watch us effervesce!

M M M

In The Gloaming

From my study in the gloaming,
When the golden sun 'gins roaming
Down the deep descent of night,
Far beyond the spectral pinetops—
Grim as giant Sicilian Cyclops—
Yon Elysian shores I sight.
Worlds undreamed of greet my vision
In that flecked and crimson region
Where the fruits of hope abound.
Social bands and burdens binding,
Which our precious lives are grinding,
There are tenderly unbound.
There the problems of all ages,
Which have challenged countless sages,
Solved and verified are found.
There—alas! when dreams are springing,
'Ere the nightingale 'gins singing,
Sinks the sun without a sound.

F. C. W. '11.

M M M

Irate Student to Phlegmatic "Goody"—Do you ever sweep under the bed?

Insouciant "Goody" to Wrathful Student—Yes, sir, I always sweep everything under the bed.—Harvard Lampoon.



"August 17th"

BY WISERT, '09

JACK Roland was one month on the safe side of twenty-two. Up to this time, there had been nothing of exceptional merit in his life to interest chroniclers, historians, biographers, dramatists, poets and the like. As did all the other youths of Leiths, whose fathers paid their dues in the "Lynx," the fashionable club of the town, and whose mothers played bridge and gossiped (mostly the latter) every second Monday evening during the winter months, Jack attended college, where he played on the football team, contributed to its humorous sheet, and sowed a moderate amount of wild oats. In due time he graduated and received the coveted diploma. Uncles, aunts, cousins, nephews, nieces, former household domestics and other near relatives gathered from far and near to watch him receive the academic distinction, with mingled feelings—according to the amount of money they had expended on his commencement gift. He then marched home in triumph to a fond father and a doting mother, who hastened to assure the aforsaid uncles, aunts, cousins, household domestics and other near relatives that never were parents blest with a son quite like this one, and that a lad of such unusual attainments was sure to carve his name high up on the Rock of Renown. Uncle George, who frequently borrowed money from Jack's father and who hoped to make the present visit the occasion for an additional loan, acting as spokesman for the previously enumerated list of kin, fully agreed with the elder Rolands in their visions of future brilliancy for their filial offspring.

One week later, Jack was cast upon a cruel world, entering the employ of the Electric Light Office of Leiths, there to unlearn many of the classic facts he had absorbed during his balmy salad days at college, and to learn that there is a vast and startling difference between the thorny path of actual life in a cold practical world, and the rosy lane which daily contact with antique professors and verbose text books, written by flowery poets and dreaming philosophers, cause the average student to build up in imaginative play of youthful fancy.

Apart from the previously enumerated list of relatives and prospective

borrowers which had gathered around the festive Roland board on this glad-some day, was an Uncle, John Roland. Nor was the arrayed collection of presented tokens, commemorative of the occasion graced by a gift from this uncle, who, a score of years ago, had departed from the town of Leiths for parts unknown. Disappointment in love, was said to have been the cause of his leaving; otherwise rumor had been scant concerning him. When ex-Burgess Marshall, some years ago, had been to California, he had heard of one Jack Roland, who had just made a lucky strike in that land of oranges, goldseekers, Chinamen and card sharks. But whether this was Leith's half forgotten wanderer or another man, no one knew.

But to return to Jack. Now Jack, as has been stated, had climbed twenty-two of the proverbial three score and ten rungs in life's ladder. As all good youths with fire in their blood, sense in their head and money in their pockets will do, Jack had wooed and won, or wooed and lost, about the average number of young Juliets—won in the sense of being accepted as having Sunday nights regular, as well as all parties, dances and full moon-nights,—and lost in the sense of having the other fellow receive all these alluring rights, and he receiving such off-nights while the moon was in its first quarter, as he might wish. Seriously though, dear reader, his heart was as whole as-as-well as mine and thine was at his glorious age. And so the social wheel of Leiths, with its kaleidoscopic combinations, its estrangements, its joys, its short lived heart aches, its laughter and its tears, continued to revolve.

Then in August happened an event which set the whole town to gossiping and conjecturing and speculating. Father Roland received notice that his brother, John Roland, the errant wanderer, had died in California, worth as many millions as the Methodist Sunday School of Leith's had dollars in its treasury. He died the sole owner of the Queen Gold Mine—and a bachelor. All the wiseacres in Leith's having delivered themselves of their "I told you so's" and "Well, Well's" and "Can it be," speculation became rife as to who might be the fortunate heir. After a grinding wait of four weeks, the Leith Daily News informed the town populace of the following facts. The entire fortune of twenty-eight millions was bequeathed to Jack Roland—on one condition. He must be married one year from the death of the giver, August 15th, or the entire estate was to revert to a Miss So and So—report was not certain as to the name—said to be a daughter of the woman who had jilted him. The Leith Daily News was issued at three thirty in the afternoon. At four the news had been spread broadcast. At half past five, William Graham, father of Lucille Graham, the present incumbent of Jack Roland's attentions, thought his and his daughter's prospects of such sufficient security that he offered ex-Judge Bates \$35,000 for the old Hampden homestead. At 5.45, Lizzie Birch, who six months before had turned down Jack for the new apprentice in Boyer's Drug Store, learned the news and promptly fainted. At 6.00 P. M., the ultra fashionable element of Leiths dined. Eager mammas with marriageable daughters, the marriageable daughters themselves, widows—grass and weeds, under thirty-five, budding young virgins, all arrayed themselves around their respective dinner tables to form designs, plots, etc., etc., for the ensuing year. Even papas,

with an eye to business, lended their cumbrous wisdom between nervous puffs of cigar smoke; and it was afterwards learned that Bill Adams, the Alderman, had had a business engagement that evening of several thousand of dollars import and became so deeply engrossed in a discussion as to the chances of his daughter Jennie, whom Jack had once "seen home" from choir practice, that he missed his engagement and the several thousand as well.

And now followed eleven months of such social gatherings as Leiths had never seen. More parties were given, more private dances held, more "winter tourists" from the neighboring towns stopped at Leiths than a town of thrice the population and seven times the social tendencies, would ordinarily have had.

Six new hair dressing establishments, five female hair dressers, and one new jewelry store made their advent into the town to meet the increase of business. Two of the department stores in town made several additions to their force and an additional counter had to be placed in the silk stocking department, Sue Richards having told the girls one afternoon at club meeting that Jack Roland had once told her that if there was one thing he liked, it was to see silk stockings on a girl—for which tactless remark, Sue afterwards repented with many tears and much self reproach. For no sooner did this information spread than all savings, bridge winnings, election bets and "specials" went to buy the coveted brand of hose. It was afterwards told me that the bills of the Electric Light Co. had never been so promptly paid and so insistently by the female contingency of the Leith households—for Jack had manfully continued in his position with the Co. despite his prospects.

A month passed. The purple of September slowly and gradually turned into the autumnal gold of October. Jack's conduct was non-committal. The Indian summer days of October faded into the barrenness of November. Parties, dances, etc., etc., continued with unabated fury. Preparations now began to be made for the annual Xmas dance, given by a subscription raised from the socially inclined citizens of the town. Whom would Jack take? While at college, he had twice taken Dorothy Randall, the remembrance of which brought upon her the snubs of the entire crowd. Lucille Graham and Betty Marshall, whom he had taken once, also received their corresponding share. I have since met the Episcopalian clergyman of Leiths and he informed me that the young girls of his congregation had shown an unparalleled piety and regularity in church attendance during the six weeks preceding this dance. Now while not so uncharitable as to intimate that these maidens of the Episcopalian fold hoped that their secret prayers and public worship would influence Providence to cast Jack into their particular channel—as to the dance; an author must adhere to facts, and duty obliges me to confess that suspicion would ordinarily point along that direction. Natural gallantry and respect for things Holy will of course cause all readers but the hopelessly cynical to doubt such a sinister influence for attendance at Divine Worship among the youths of the day.

"The prayers of all could not be answered." Jack adroitly staged the dance, danced with as many partners as the program permitted and dis-

tributed all other favors as fairly and equally as possible. Thus the rivalry and hostility among the opposing candidates—conceded and self supposed—continued with undiminished fervor and intensity.

The month of January was marked by a serious mishap. On the way to the office one noon, Jack accidentally met (accidentally on his part, at least) and accompanied down the street, Mary Logan. Lucille Graham, passing them on the opposite side of the street, seeing this, watched them so intently while making her way over a crossing, that she was knocked down by a passing automobile. A broken arm was, fortunately, the only result of her jealous interest.

January gave way to February, and still from Jack had come no sign which cool calculating judgement would concede as anything like a sign of preferment.

Preparations for the Easter holidays received a severe blow when it was learned that Jack had accepted the invitation of a former college chum and fraternity brother to spend the Easter season as his guest in Cleveland. For so Jack had done, being assured by his friend that he would not breathe a word of his matrimonial expectations.

The second night of his visit, Jack and Ralph attended a dance. It was during the intermission between the fourth and fifth dance that Jack was crossing the floor with a partner when she turned and—

“Oh, Mr. Roland, meet Miss Carson.”

Enter the Heroine.

Evelyn Carson was a peach—the kind you read about in books and catch a glimpse of in passing limousines. Chestnut brown hair, neatly done up, but giving one the faint impression that such an arrangement was new to them, and that a thick heavy braid hanging down the back was the more natural arrangement; eyes, now soft and shining and pleading, now bright and sparkling and mischievous; eyes that asked you to come and still restrained you, pansy eyes as it were; a neck, full rounded and sensuously beautiful; a form luxuriantly moulded, yet betraying its adolescence and immaturity. She was the kind about whom men have fought and killed each other, but never compromised. All this Jack noticed as he murmured a greeting, altho perhaps not in the order and manner in which they have here been so eloquently set forth. A few perfunctory remarks and—

“May I see your card, please.”

Fortune chanced to find the third dance in the second half still open on both programs. The customary Thank You and each swept onward. Jack's face glowed and his heart turned a somersault as he continued on his way across the floor.

She was eighteen years old, the daughter of Judge Carson, she attended Dalton Hall in Mass.—this was what Jack could glean from a polite inquisition of his partners during the intervening dances.

She was home over the holidays, she hated so much to go back to school, she liked to watch the sunset from her room at school, she adored James Whitcomb Riley, she loved boating, swimming, football, dogs and horses, she liked tall, dark, brown-eyed men, and she spent each summer with her parents at the lake. All this Jack learned during his dance with her and the all

too short intermission that followed it. Ah yes, one other thing did Jack learn. She would leave for school on the 8.30 train two mornings later, and inwardly Jack swore by all the saints on the Spanish calendar that he, too, would take "the 8.30 train two mornings later."

And so he did. When Evelyn found herself safely stowed away on the train that morning, Jack Roland greeted her from across the car, feigning the utmost surprise at this "unexpected" coincidence; the guilty rascal doing so without the slightest tremor in his voice, or the least palm of conscience. Two hours later saw Jack standing on the platform at Leiths station, waving his hand in farewell to a little figure inside. The train relentlessly bore out of sight, leaving him standing there with a thumping heart, her name on his lips, her image in his heart and her address in his pocket. To a solicitation from a station official as to whether the train had made good time, he swore savagely that it had made the eighty miles between Cleveland and Leiths in ten minutes.

Immediately upon his return, female diplomacy in Leiths resumed its conflict. Another branch of Leiths business now received an impetus—the Post Office bearing the brunt. Letters began to flow rapidly to and from Dalton Hall. But he saw fit to forbear all mention in Leiths of Evelyn—she with the pansy eyes. To all appearances, his conduct was as non-preferential and puzzling as ever. The strain began to tell. Fathers' purses became thin, mothers' faces wan and haggard, maidens' hopes low and continuing on the ebb. But all persistently held on.

The advent of June was hailed with joy on all sides. "June," the anxious ones cried, "something must happen soon." The fifteenth of August was not so far distant. June. The birds carolled its welcome tidings to each other and disregarding last year's nests, as poets tell us birds will do, they resolutely went amatin' and abuildin' anew. It was June. The sound of the scythe and the mower on the neighboring hills confirmed it. It was June, and Jack sitting near an open window in the Electric Light office, drummed his fingers idly on his desk and hummed an old love tune. Another week, he thought, and She would be back from school.

"Oh, what is so rare as a day in June."

Then Jack spent four succeeding Sundays out of town, where, no one knew. The anxious ones fretted and fumed and wondered, but Jack remained mute. Then as mysteriously as his Sunday visits had begun, so mysteriously did they cease, and Jack told no one that She had gone to the lake, and that he would not see her until the eighth of August, when she had invited him to visit her and her family at their summer home.

Time relentlessly bore on. Jack's parents now began to take a hand in the game. Of course they would not choose for him, they said, but twenty-eight million was twenty eight million, he had to be married some time, and the days, they reminded him, were flying fast. Uncles, aunts, cousins, money borrowers and household domestics, who one year before had witnessed the triumphs of commencement day, strangled in one after another to learn the true state of affairs. The borrowing uncle came too, delivered some sound and philosophic bromidioms, and loaned an additional \$3,000 from Jack's

father, "now that Jack is the heir to Uncle John, you know."

The summer that followed is undescribable. Far be it from one with such scant rhetorical ability as that of the author, to attempt to paint the prolonged agony, the wearying delay and desperate measures resorted to and tactics pursued during those closing days of this "Fiscal year." And when on the seventh of August, Jack left Leiths, a stranger would have thought that famine, pestilence or a great national calamity was gnawing at the very heart strings of the residents of Leiths.

On the evening of the 17th of August, Jack penned the following letter to his chum in Cleveland:

The Lake,
August 17th, 1910.

Dear Ralph:

If I could go to bed tonight, I would not be human. Tonight has been to me, the night of all nights. I must write to you about it. I am too full of happiness to contain myself. It really was the first opportunity I had to speak. I dared not do so before, fearing lest I lose all. Of course I have missed Uncle John's millions, and every one will be disappointed. But I have her. Nothing else really matters. Tomorrow I am to see her father concerning my "prospects." Wish me luck, old fellow. We expect you to be our best man. Write to me soon.

Fraternally yours,
Jack Roland.

The next morning after breakfast, Jack asked Judge Carson for an interview. The Judge said he would be busy with some legal matters that morning, but he would be pleased to see Mr. Roland at two P. M. in the library.

Promptly at two that afternoon, Jack knocked at the library door, having previously smoked two packages of Ramases II and walked three times down to the lake and back. A female voice said: "Come in." That pesky stenographer. "I'll never speak before her," thought Jack. He entered

There, sitting in her father's arm chair, sat Evelyn.

He rushed up and kissed her.

"Your father, I have an—where is he?" he faltered.

"Gone to town," she replied coolly.

"I had, he must have forgot—there was an engagement."

She laughed at his confusion.

"So there is—an engagement, isn't there," she teased.

"Yes, yes, but I had one with your father."

"Were you going to tell him about your Uncle John's millions which you have lost," she inquired, slowly.

Jack was nonplussed. How could she know? No one in Cleveland knew but Ralph and he had—

"Ralph told you, and he swore he'd tell no one."

"Nor did he."

"Then some one else did."

"No one did. It was in the will. Weren't all those millions to go to a Miss Carson if that big silly nephew of his wouldn't marry in a year?"

Jack was speechless.
"I am that Miss Carson," she added softly.
"Then you kenw, knew all the time."
She nodded her head.
"Well, may I be——."
Her lips prevented the word.

The End.

M M M

Arworte

(Primitive Words.)

Barnon (Divinity)

As on that day which lent us to the world
The sun arose 'midst greetings of the stars,
So we have risen, and are thriving still,
But that, submissive to a constant law
Of Nature. Aye! the lips of hoary seer
Have told us, "WE CANNOT ESCAPE OURSELVES."
For neither time nor might can bring to naught
Th' unfolding pattern—'tis divinely wrought.

Das Zufällige (Fortune)

But happily between life's short confines
An errant personage attends us all,
Not ours to live alone, but cast our lot
With others—live and bargain just as they.
Life's idle game we thus play passively:
Dame FORTUNE smiles upon us, then she frowns,
Until by her decrees thus tossed about
Life's hallow'd flame we find, alas, gone out.

Liebe (Love)

But not for aye—from Heaven rushing down
(Whereto from ancient vastness she did mount)
LOVE sheds her radiant beam upon our brow,
And on occasion thrills the waiting heart
With loving life, the symbol of the Spring.
Oh! sweet and modest pain-begotten joy!
While many a heart moves troubled through the throng,
The good, when pledged to one, makes life a song.

Nötigung (Necessity)

Again Heaven's starry oracle speaks true:
All laws, conditions and designs we frame
Are willed alone because they are required;

And by our will discretion then is stilled—
This fairest gift berated from our heart—
Caprice and will yield to NECESSITY.
And thus our life, through lapse of many years
Has only narrowed been, as it appears.

Hoffnung (Hope)

And yet, in this containing rugged wall
Which now may stand, if 't please, with strength of stone,
The stoutest, most resisting door unbolts
An impulse lightly stirs, and, unrestrained
It lends us wings with which we can surmount
The veiling clouds, and mists, and darkening rain.
Redeeming HOPE of man, where'er he be,
By Thee inspired, we hail Eternity!

Translated from the German—(Goethe.)

J. W. Fritsch, '09,

Allentown, Pa.

M M M

'Neath the Eyes of the Gods

BY O. WELL, '15



THE night of the dance! The hum of the city long since left behind, and only rolling fields and glistening stars. Fences that stretch on forever in an irregular line of rails. Plowed fields, whose chaotic ridges and furrows are merged into an immense black mass. The air is cold and damp. The distant mountains are concealed by a thick haze. The stars alone give light, cold and distant.

I stumble over the rough country roads until I reach a familiar turning. Here we used to turn and go back to the city. But those nights were more beautiful, and in the light of the moon we could see the weather beaten signpost, turned round by the wind so that it pointed in directions opposite the right way. Unconsciously I turn. No thought of going on enters my mind.

In the distance the slowly rising smoke of the iron and steel plants on the outskirts of the city. And again the rough road with wagon-ruts on each side, the fences that extend as far as I can see, and the cold, glistening stars. I reach the hill from which one can view the entire city. The houses are small as toys, the mills and iron works like a child's steam engine, little electric bulbs strive to light up the deserted street corners; the city in miniature.

Nearest me are the tenements, glaring yellow or else dull gray; I have passed them often in the day time. They look cheap and repulsive even from a distance, like battered toys whose bright color has worn off. In a rude house a shrill-voiced, sharp-tongued woman bends over the wash tub day after

day, and with coarse fingers wrings out the water, and hangs the clothes on the frayed line to dry. Mondays' she begins, Saturdays' she finishes; she knows Sunday as a day to clean house. Weeks pass but they are all alike. Monday to Saturday, wash; Sunday, housework. She tells the seasons easily: summer, white, light clothes; winter, heavy clothing; spring and fall, a mixture. Five days of the week three ragged children go to school to learn a little, and endure many jests at their appearance. Once in a while they attend Sunday School, but people stare at their wretched dress, so they usually sell newspapers instead. Every morning in the year the husband leaves, while the air is yet damp and misty, to work in the iron plant. Hours at a stretch he stands, stripped to the waist, before the blazing furnace, putting hot metal on the cranes. Sometimes he thinks of John Scra von, whom a huge hot bar fell upon and crushed to death. Oftener he thinks of his fellow worker, who, standing near a great vat, was pushed in by an enemy. The foreman heard of it next pay-day, with difficulty traced the metal in which the man had been buried alive, and marked it second grade. So they were forced to sell it at a reduction to a contractor who was constructing a railroad bridge. Some weeks later they told the wife, explaining how nice it was that the funeral expenses were saved. Every two weeks came pay-day. By this the husband, who lived in the glaring yellow house, measured time. And so it would go on until some one gave out, and then there would be a funeral, and the others would be compelled to work harder. But perhaps, by some good fortune, the funeral expenses might be saved.

I cease thinking about the inhabitants of the tenement; it is unpleasant. I look farther away where the buildings are taller and brighter. In one of these great structures men in dress-suits and perfumed women are dancing gaily. If I could only see them from here! They would appear like little marionettes moving over the floor. How silly their actions! How pleased they are at a pretty neat compliment or a pretty tune! She is there, she of the dark hair and sparkling eyes, who mocked my earnest studies. She pirouettes wildly about the room, and declares it divine. A blonde man with watery eyes bows over her and they go whirling around together. She laughs and speaks to him; he whispers a reply in her ears, and on they glide. She enjoys it immensely, the swaying couples, the variety of faces, the rhythmic music of the orchestra, the myriad lights, the perfume of flowers. It enchants, it fascinates her; all else is forgotten.

In the infinite vast of heaven silently gleam the stars. The eyes of the gods coldly behold this pigmy world. They see us scurrying like thousands of ants on our ways. Day after day we bustle on; one reaches a grave of iron, another dances at a ball. Puny creatures! Blind rats! And I—why wait? The muzzle feels cold against my feverish forehead. But a hole in the forehead will look crude. Higher under the hair will be better. I shall pull the trigger slowly. It has a good spring. The lights of city and stars will be lost in oblivion. No longer will I tremble and crouch under those terrible eyes. But there will come darkness and death!

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Of Local Interest



Edited by CHARLES H. ESSER, '13

Allentown Glee Club Concert

Allentown Society was given a rare Musical treat on April 24, when the College Glee Club rendered their annual concert in the Lyric Theatre. The Concert this year was of excellent quality and the comedy sketch was very humorous. The theatre was well filled and the audience appeared to enjoy the program immensely as shown by their applause. The decorations of the house were tasty and added to the success of the evening. It was a fitting climax to one of the best seasons the club ever undertook. They received none but words of the highest praise from all the towns and "big cities" they visited.

This organization is one of the best advertisements for the school and it deserves the most hearty support of the student body.

M M M

Dr. Shaw on Aesthetics and Art

During the last month the students and friends of Muhlenberg have had an opportunity to hear a series of four lectures on Aesthetics and its phases, by Prof. Charles Gray Shaw, Ph. D., of New York University, which were of a very high standard and which were strongly enjoyed and appreciated by the audiences.

The first one was on the "Origin of Art;" the second was on the "Art of Scripture." The third lecture was on "The Art of Painting." The last of the series was on "The Essence of Beauty."

Prof. Shaw is a man of great personality and his lectures were filled with very clever wit at times and they never lacked interest. The opportunity of hearing the lectures was one of great value and we are sure we would enjoy another series of lectures next year.

Prof. Bailey and a Zoological Survey

The teachers of Allentown and students of the college are being given a study on birds, insects, animals, flowers, etc., by Prof. Bailey. The course consists of eight lectures in the College Chapel. The lectures are illustrated and most of the slides are from local pictures of flora and fauna taken by the Professor. About 160 are taking the course and are finding it very interesting and instructive.

M M M

Taking Lessons from Professionals

During the past few weeks a number of the students, especially the baseball enthusiasts, have been eagerly watching the Tri-State players practicing on our diamond. Several claim there is some material here at college as good as on the local Tri-State team. Why not apply for a try-out?

M M M

Good Foundation Being Made for Refectory

The commons dining bell is being heard in the distance and there is considerable discussion as to what kind of "grub" they are going to give us. The men are busy making a concrete foundation for our Dining Hall, which is to be ready for use in the Fall. Waiters, Cooks and Dishwashers wanted. Then for a regular training table and a place for social functions.

M M M

Water From Above in Torrents

Although we have had plenty of rain the last month, many find to their sorrow a sudden downfall of rain from some window, while standing under the arcade. Nothing like keeping clear. Beware of nightly telephone calls. Puzzle—Who is the man with the bucket?

M M M

Royal Sendoff

Wm. Scott, a student of Muhlenberg College, was given a very appropriate send-off on his way to the Nurses' Dance on April 30. He was accompanied to the trolley station by the brass band of the college consisting of 40 pieces and some other pieces. He was hauled to the station in a wagon gorgeously bedecked with the choicest flowers.

M M M

Census to be Taken

There is going to be an investigation committee appointed to find out how many men at Muhlenberg are married. There are liable to be some surprises among the Seniors. Junior Class leads, no disgrace, but an honor which shows that they are not so slow as many think they are.

M M M

Almost a Joke

Blackburn to Kelly.—Will dancing harm a weight man?
Kelly.—Not if he (weights) waits and doesn't dance.

A Call From Limbo

Bernheim (calling Dr. Ettinger to the telephone); "Doctor, you're wanted at the jail."

M M M

Some Local Popular Fiction

Althenn's Mustache.

"Religion—one hour a week."

Prof. Simpson's novel course.

"First stop, Muhlenberg!"

Oxenford's "History of Muhlenberg College."

"This is a Christian Institution."

"The sentiment of the student body."

"There is a certain training in periodical examinations which we must have."

M M M

Oh, You Cascarets!

Dr. Ettinger tells us of a man who took a *physic* to make him well *physically*.

M M M

Heard at Muhlenberg

"How duh!"

Get the "Moi-maid Series."

"Here, Dutch!"

"I'm all alone—all a-l-o-o-o-n-e"—The Cleaning Committee.

Dr. Mark's good jokes in music.

M M M

Some Hotel Rules

If you can't find any water, just turn back the covers. There you will find some springs.

If you want more light, get the pillows—they're light enough.

If you want to play ball, there's a pitcher on the stand.

Please take off your shoes before blowing out the gas. Otherwise you'll die with your shoes on.

If the bell won't ring, wring the towel.—Ex.

M M M

She—Papa told me never to go out with you again, and here he comes in his auto; what shall we do?

He—Get behind me, while I hold up my hand like a country constable, and he'll never stop.

M M M

"Why, the baby's been as still as a mouse all this time. You are a good boy to have kept your little brother so quiet. How did you amuse him so?"
"I gave him the mucilage bottle to suck, ma."—San Francisco Examiner.

Alumni Notes



Edited by R. C. HORN, '00

'86. Dr. A. Grant Loder, physician in Philadelphia, died recently of heart trouble.

'96. Major Thomas L. Rhoads, of the Medical Corps of the Army, a native of Boyertown, Berks county, and son-in-law of Mrs. Emma Kohler, No. 858 Hamilton Street, this city, has been formally selected by President Taft as his personal military aide, to take the place of Major Archibald Butt. Major Rhoads is one of the medical staff at the Walter Reed General Hospital, near Brightwood, and for several months has been the personal physician for the President and the members of his family. In that capacity he always accompanied President Taft on his trips around the country.

When Major Butt was taken ill about two months ago, and went to Europe on a health-seeking voyage, Major Rhoads succeeded temporarily to his duties as chief military aide to the President, in addition to his professional duties as attending physician. He ranks high as a physician and the President has every confidence in his medical ability. A strong friendship has followed their constant and intimate association, and it is regarded as only natural that Mr. Taft should have selected him as his chief personal aide, as well as his physician.

Major Rhoads accompanied the President on his present trip to New England and New York and performs all the duties that previously devolved on Major Butt, such as arranging the details of the President's movements and the reception of visitors at all places where stops are made. Like his predecessor, he remains constantly at the side of the President and wears his uniform at all official functions in which the President takes part. Major Rhoads is a son of Dr. Thomas J. B. Rhoads, of Boyertown, Pa. Chronicle

and News.

'97. Rev. Franklin K. Fretz, assistant pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Philadelphia, has accepted the call to St. John's Lutheran Church, of Easton, and will assume his duties on May 1.

'01. Rev. E. J. Wackernagel, who recently resigned as pastor of the Lutheran Church at Elizabethtown, Lancaster County, has accepted a call from a Toledo, Ohio, Church.

'02. The Zion Lutheran congregation of Northampton extended a unanimous call to Rev. A. R. Apple, pastor of the Lutheran Church at Freemansburg, where he has preached for five years. He is to succeed Rev. H. J. Kuder who resigned several weeks ago.

'03. Rev. Frank Croman resigned as pastor of Grace Lutheran Church, Lehigh, of which he has had charge for the past five years. He has accepted a call from Christ Church, Elizabethtown, Lancaster County. He graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1903 and from Mt. Airy Theological Seminary three years later. Prior to going to Lehigh he had charge of a mission in Providence, R. I.

'03. Miss Maude M. Polhemus, of Osbornville, N. J., and Mervin Wertman, principal of the Upper Milford Township High School, were united in marriage in this city by Rev. Dr. William Wackernagel, at his residence. Miss Maude Wertman, a sister of the bridegroom and Robert Diefenderfer, both of Orefield, were the attendants. The bridegroom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Wertman, of Orefield, and was graduated from Muhlenberg College with the class of 1903. He took a post-graduate course in the University of Pennsylvania. For a time he was a member of the faculty of the Allentown Preparatory School, principal of the Salisbury Township High School, principal of the North Whitehall Township High School, and last fall was elected principal of the Upper Milford Township High School.

The bride is the third daughter of John and Lydia Polhemus, of Osbornville, N. J., and is a graduate of the Keystone State Normal School, Kutztown, class of 1911. Last fall she assumed her duties as teacher at Shimersville.

'05. Rev. Charles H. Bohner, former pastor of Ebenezer Evangelical Church, this city, and later pastor of an Evangelical Church at Easton, was received into the Lehigh Presbytery at the regular spring meeting held at Hazleton. He is the son of Rev. B. F. Bohner. It was said that the newly-received minister in the Presbyterian fold will be the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Easton.

'07. Rev. William H. C. Lauer, assistant pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church of Lancaster, Pa., and a former Muhlenberg College graduate has accepted a call from the Church of the Redeemer, Montreal, Canada, where he will locate about May 1. The call was a surprise to his numerous friends in Lancaster, but is well deserved, and he leaves with the good wishes of everyone.

'09. The engagement of Mr. Ralph R. Randolph and Miss Gertrude Carter, of Portland, Oregon, is announced. The wedding will take place in June.

'11. Raymond R. Ammarell, who graduated from Muhlenberg College

last June, and who will take his A. M. this year in the Department of History at Columbia University, has just been awarded the Schiff Fellowship at Columbia University, amounting to \$615. He realizes that in his work he has been well equipped at Muhlenberg.

This is another instance of the men who have gone out from Muhlenberg having made excellent progress. Within the last ten years students who have gone from Muhlenberg to graduate from professional schools have all made good records, and have never failed, except in two instances.

Alumni, don't forget that June 12, Wednesday, is Alumni Day. We want as many Alumni as can to be present at college that morning at 10 o'clock. A treat is provided for us. Prof. Samuel C. Schmucker, of the West Chester Normal School, will address us on "Changing College Ideals." It is our duty now to come out in large numbers to welcome one of our most distinguished Alumni. Prof. Schmucker has an enviable reputation in the field of education, and is well known as a brilliant lecturer and an entertaining and enthusiastic speaker. Your committee, Alumni, plans to have a prominent man address the Alumni Association every year on Alumni Day, the opportunity is now given to you to show your approval of this move on your part. Set apart Wednesday, June 12, for the purpose of meeting together and honoring our Alma Mater.

M M M

...Athletics...

Edited by H. P. CRESSMAN, '13

Pagans, 4—Ministers, 3

The baseball season at college was opened on April 16 by the annual Junior Pagan-Minister game which game the Ministers, realizing that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," gave to the Pagans 4-3.

Just to show what they could do, the Ministers started to rally in the ninth inning but thinking that, as future spiritual leaders, it behooved them to sacrifice worldly pleasures, they abandoned the carnal joy of victory gladly and to give the Pagans the victory they gave the batters the strike out sign, thereby preserving tradition and chastening themselves in the sacrificial line.

The details of the struggle of the Spiritual with the Material are outlined below:—

MINISTERS.							PAGANS.						
AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E		AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E	
Cressman, c, 3	2	0	13	1	2		Bixler, 1b,...4	1	1	7	1	0	
Blatt, p,....4	0	0	1	3	1		Loser, pc,....2	2	2	5	0	0	
Katz, 1b,...4	0	1	4	0	0		Butz, 3b,...4	0	2	1	0	0	
Richards, 2b, 3	0	0	3	0	0		E. Loser, c-ss, 5	0	0	9	0	0	
Wacker, ss, 3	1	0	2	1	0		Groff, p,....3	0	1	1	3	0	
Keim, 3b,...3	0	0	1	0	0		Esser, 2b,...3	1	0	2	1	1	
Scheehl, lf,..2	0	0	0	0	0		Ritter, lf,...3	0	0	0	0	0	
Drehs, cf,...1	0	0	0	0	0		Raker, cf-ss,.3	0	0	1	0	2	
Deibert, rf, 1	0	0	0	0	0		Bowsher, rf, 3	0	0	0	0	0	
Seegers, lf,..2	0	0	0	0	0		Wenner, cf,..2	0	0	1	0	0	
Toecke, cf,..2	0	0	0	0	0								
Beer, rf,....2	0	0	0	0	0								
	30	3	1	24	5	3							
Pagans.....1	0	2	0	0	1	0	x—4						
Ministers.....0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	2—3					

Struck out by Blatt, 11; by Groff, 13; base on balls, Blatt, 1; Groff, 1; doubles, P. Loser, 1; Groff, 1; three base, P. Loser, 1; stolen bases, Bixler, 1; Butz, 2; Groff, 1; Richards, 1; Wacker, 2; Cressman, 4.

Officials—Umpire, W. Scott S.; Scorer, Stolzenbach, '15; Capt. of Ministers, Cressman; Capt. of Pagans, Groff.

M M M

Sophs, 8—Fresh, 5

The next game to be played was the Fresh-Soph contest which the second year men appropriated 8-5.

During four of the seven innings played it was nip and tuck but in the fifth and sixth innings the Freshs gave the Sophs five runs via of two errors and a bright play (threw the ball to first to catch a man enroued for second).

With the bases full, "Red" Taylor cunningly outwitted the Freshies and stole the third but quickly recovering themselves, however, the Freshies were enabled to catch "Speed" Gebert as he lingered along the third base line.

The team work of Smeltzer and Yingst was remarkable. They had but one collision in the game.

The officials' work was high class. "Trainer" Scott gave them the benefit of several years' work and "Polly" Loser who had sufficiently recovered from a split finger, received in the Minister-Pagan game, to be out again, gave a good attempted imitation of a big league umpire and with a little practice ought to make himself unintelligible.

Nenow and Jenkins, the rival third basemen, competed for honors but broke even at three errors.

SOPHS.							FRESH.						
AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E		AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E	
Phillips, c,...2	3	1	7	2	0		Reisner, 1b,..4	1	0	6	1	0	
Zeimer, 2b,..3	1	0	1	1	0		Laury, lf,...3	1	1	2	0	0	
Quinn, ss,...2	1	1	4	0	1		Yingst, cf,...1	0	0	0	0	0	
Leisey, p,....2	1	2	1	4	1		Smeltzer, ss, 4	0	0	0	1	2	
Nenow, 3b,..3	0	1	1	1	3		Jenkins, 3b, 3	0	1	1	0	3	
Gebert, 1b,..2	0	0	6	0	2		Geiss, c,....1	1	0	8	0	0	

Taylor, lf,...2	1	0	0	0	0	Royer, rf,...2	0	0	0	0	0	
Bieber, cf,...2	1	1	0	0	0	Brossman 2b, 1	1	0	0	4	0	
Bucks, rf,...2	0	0	1	1	0	Snyder, p,...3	1	2	1	2	0	
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>		<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	
	21	8	6	21	9	7	22	5	4	18	8	5

Struck out by Leisey, 5; by Snyder, 6.

Base on balls: off Leisey, 6; off Snyder, 5.

Umpires, P. Loser, '13; V. Scott S; sacrifice hits, Zeimer, 1; Quinn, 1; Yingst, 2; Brossman, 1; Captains, Snyder, '15; V. Leisey, '14. Track.

M M M

Muhlenberg in Penn Relays

In event number 28 of the 18th annual Relay Races of the U. of P., Muhlenberg won third place.

In a driving rain and on a slushy track, part of which was under water, the Muhlenberg team, composed of the same runners as last year with E. Loser, '13 as sub, made faster time than any relay team that ever represented Muhlenberg. Our men were close to the first man and pressed Gallandet for third place, being so close that it was almost impossible to say which crossed the mark first.

Shelly led off for Muhlenberg and was followed by Wacker, Toecke and Bixler in order named. They did the mile in 3.38 beating last year's record of 3.39 which time won the race.

The winning time this year was 3.37 2-5.

The following clipping from the "Record" gives full details of the event:

Event No. 28—Won by St. John's College, Annapolis (R. Burton, I. Ayder, H. Gailey, L. Samar); second, Gallandet College (Moore, Ensworth, Farquhar, Battiste, capt.); third, *Muhlenberg College* (Shelly, Wacker, Toecke, capt., Bixler); fourth, Maryland "Aggies" (Johnson, Grace, Harrison, Kemp, capt.) Time 3.37 2-5.

M M M

Muhlenberg Defeats Gettysburg in Dual Track Meet—70 to 56

Muhlenberg opened her track season by successfully defeating Gettysburg on their own track 70-56.

The day was ideal for a track meet and the track was in fine condition and as a result, fast time marked the meet throughout.

Toecke's and Bixler's finish in the one-half mile was the sensation of the day. In the last 220 yards of the run Gettysburg's men sprinted and obtained a lead and felt confident of winning but as they neared the tape Bixler and Toecke put on a few more notches of speed and won easily. Miller showed up good in the hurdles, winning both of the events. Besides winning the half mile run, Toecke won the mile run in 4.42 1-5, breaking the Gettysburg and the Muhlenberg track record for the mile. Miller bet-



Bixler '13
(Dashes)

"WHO'S WHO" IN TRACK
AT MUHLENBERG



Skea '13
(Weights)



HUMMEL '12, Manager



Shelly '12
Ex-Capt. (Dashes)

Remaining Meets

May 18—Rutgers at New Brunswick.
May 30—Delaware at Allentown.



Toebke '13
Capt.
(Middle Distance)

tered the hurdle record by 1 1-5 seconds, Bucks ran the two mile in 10.43, lowering it 13 seconds, Reisner threw the hammer 10.31 feet and Skean 102.8 feet as compared with the 98 foot hearl of last year. Skean pushed the shot 39 feet 3 inches which was 8 inches further than ever before.

Leathers starred for Gettysburg taking three first places (15 points). Skean scored highest for Muhlenberg taking 13 points.

One hundred yard dash—(1), Leathers, Gettysburg; (2), Bixler, Muhlenberg; (3), Humphries, Gettysburg. Time, 10 1-5 seconds.

Two hundred and twenty yard dash—(1), Leathers, Gettysburg; (2), Bixler, Muhlenberg; (3), E. Loser, Muhlenberg. Time, 23 seconds.

Four hundred and forty yard dash—(1), Leathers, Gettysburg; (2), Shelly, Muhlenberg; (3), Hufford, Gettysburg. Time 54 2-5 seconds.

Half mile run—(1),Toebke, Muhlenberg; (2), Bixler, Muhlenberg; (3), Eyler, Gettysburg. Time, 2.11 2-5 minutes.

Mile run—(1), Toebke, Muhlenberg; (2), Eyler, Gettysburg; (3), Shaeffer, Gettysburg. Time, 4.42 1-5 minutes.

Two mile run—(1), Bucks, Muhlenberg; (2), Rudisill, Gettysburg; (3), Wacker, Muhlenberg. Time, 10.42 2-5 minutes.

One hundred and twenty yard (high) hurdles—(1), Miller, Muhlenberg; (2), Humphries, Gettysburg; (3), Cook, Muhlenberg. Time, 18 4-5 seconds.

Two hundred and twenty yard (low) hurdles—(1), Miller, Muhlenberg; (2), Miller, Gettysburg; (3), Wacker, Muhlenberg. Time, 27 1-5 seconds.

Shot Put—(1), Skean, Muhlenberg—39 feet 3 in.; (2), Beck, Gettysburg—36 feet 8 in.; (3), Empfield, Gettysburg—32 feet 8 in.

Hammer Throw—(1), Reisner, Muhlenberg—103 feet 1 in.; (2), Skean, Muhlenberg—102 feet 8 in.; (3), Empfield, Gettysburg—99 feet.

Discus—(1), Skean, Muhlenberg—104 feet 6 in.; (2), Beck, Gettysburg—101 feet 1 in.; (3), Empfield, Gettysburg—97 feet 8 in.

Broad Jump—(1), Blackburne, Muhlenberg—19 feet 6 in.; (2), Loser, Muhlenberg—19 feet 4 in.; (3), Pee, Gettysburg—19 feet 1 in.

High Jump—(1), Nixon, Gettysburg—5 feet 1 in.; (2) and (3), tie at 4 feet 11 in. between Blackburn, Muhlenberg; Markle, Gettysburg.

Pole Vault—(1) and (2), tie at 9 feet, Miller, Gettysburg; Hesse, Gettysburg; (3), E. Loser, Muhlenberg—8 feet 6 in.

Referee—Prof. Wentz.

Timers—Baker, Myers, Moser.

Measurers—Fritsch, Lehman.

Inspectors—Hummel, Gettysburg, Fleck, Fausold.

Announcer—Beidleman; Starter—Phillipy; Clerk of Course—Liebegott; Assistant—Pannell; Scorer—Gerberich.

Judges—Track: Topper, Gearhart, Fhuhrer; Field: Schappelle, Troxell, Dickson.

Exchange Department



Edited by C. D. HUMMEL, '12

The college exchanges for March and April are excellent and the high school papers are improved. There are, however, a few which need improvement and we hope that our criticism may be indelibly impressed upon those who may not have realized their errors heretofore. We trust that future issues of these papers will be of the highest standard, for then only can a staff consider itself as having performed its expected duty.

"The Perkiomenite" (Pennsburg, Pa.,) presents most excellent March and April editions. Your Literary, Alumni and Athletic departments are indeed well taken care of, which fact, however, does not reflect on the other departments. "The Mountain Boy" and "Nobody's Child," short stories, in your March number are well written and deserve praiseworthy mention. Your jokes are really funny and we wish to congratulate the staff on the idea of a uniform cover design.

"The Scout" (Park Region College) has a very attractive cover design but is in need of good and appropriate cuts. You should have one or two more short stories and an exchange department would improve your paper greatly.

"The Breeze" (Blair Academy) has a very striking appearance and the paper deserves praise throughout. All your departments are well provided for. Your cuts are neat and the April issue shows the result of conscientious work of a capable staff.

"The Lincolnian" needs attention. You have your "Table of Contents" on your cover design which to our mind seems an improper place and detracts from the appearance of your paper which is not necessary since you have two extra pages in the rear of your book.

Jokes

An Irish girl at play on Sunday, being accosted by the priest, with:
"Good morning, daughter of the evil one," meekly replied, "Good morning, father."

M M M

Proprietor of music store (to new boy)—"Do you know what to do if anyone wants a violin or mandolin?"

New Boy—"Yes sir."

Proprietor—"And if they want a lyre?"

New Boy—"I'd call you."—Ex.

M M M

Lady—"Have you 'Lamb's Tales'?"

New Clerk—"Madam, this is a book store, not a meat market."—Ex.

M M M

He—"I'm trying to get ahead."

She—"Well, you need one bad enough."—Ex.

M M M

The Man at the Door—"Madam, I am the piano tuner."

The Woman—"But I didn't send for you."

The man—"I know it, madam; but the neighbors did."

M M M

Complications

Mr. A.—"I need a new clerk. Can you recommend me an all around square man?"

Mr. B.—"C's a downright, upright fellow, and with joy I take pains to indorse him."

A.—"Are you quite straight he isn't crooked?"

B.—"He is dead sure to be alive to his work."

A.—"All right, if he comes down send him up."

B.—"Very well, if he comes out he will drop in."

M M M

"Honesty is the best policy."

"Not on your life" blurted out the insurance agent.—Ex.

M M M

Freshman—"Three of us girls took a tramp through the mountains this summer. We had a lovely time."

Senior—"What kind of a time did the tramp have?"—Ex.

M M M

Stranger—"There is only one city hall, isn't there?"

Skinner—"Well, there were eight persons arrested yesterday, how's that for a city haul?"—Ex.

M M M

Jack—"Who is your favorite author?"

Willie—"My father."

Jack—"What did he ever write?"

Willie—"Checks."



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He Needed Air

A terrible automobile accident occurred at the square Wednesday evening, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. For further particulars see the papers. We only tell what we know about it. The man who had been injured was a millionaire several times over. The first physician to arrive at the spot was a young chap just out of Reserve. When the victim opened his eyes he looked directly into the face of the young medico.

"Doc," he gasped, "I'll give you \$1000 if you'll save my life."

Then the policeman butted in. "Stand back," he warned the crowd—"stand back an' give the doctor air!"

The doctor was the man that needed it.

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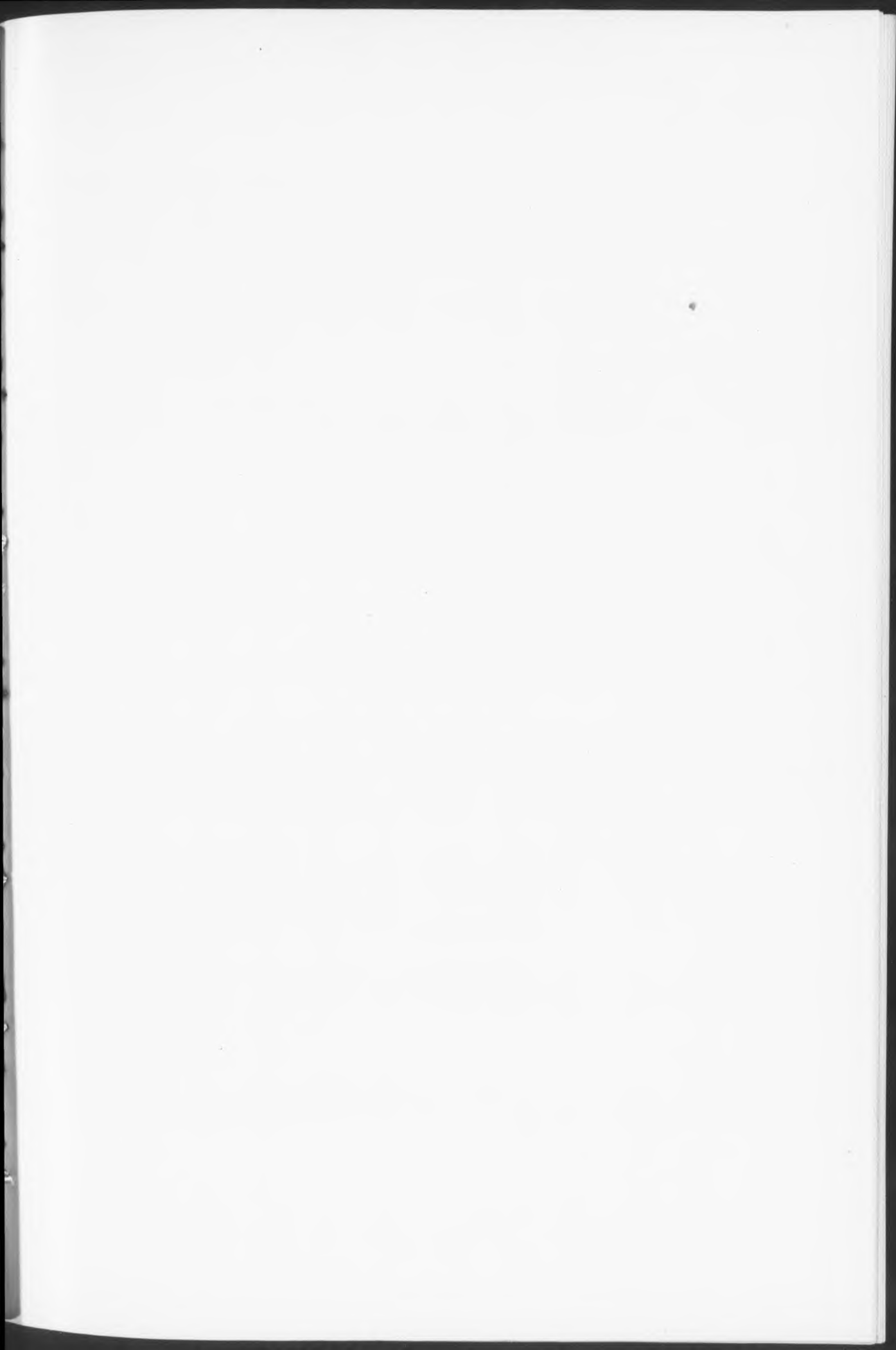
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REV JOHN A. W. HAAS, D. D.,
President of Muhlenberg College.



In the Editor's Confidence

This Number

We are very glad to present this number of "The Muhlenberg." Besides being our last issue, it is of note for an article of special importance. We refer to "Original Muhlenberg Letters" by Rev. J. A. W. Haas.

The thanks of the college are given to Mr. D. G. Dery of Catasauqua, for his generosity in presenting to the college museum several very important letters. These are described in the article already referred to. We are showing parts of one letter in fac-simile. We are sure that our alumni and friends will want to preserve this issue of "The Muhlenberg." With this in mind we have ordered an extra number of copies which will be for sale on the College Campus, Tuesday and Wednesday of Commencement week. Of course the alumni will obey that impulse and buy at least one copy of "The Muhlenberg."

M M M

"There may be plenty of money in circulation," mused the Country Editor, "bue what are you going to do if you have no circulation?"—*Childe Harold*.

Volume XXX—Finis

We have said that this number of "The Muhlenberg" ended our labors for the year. We hope we have pleased. But whether we have pleased or no, we know that all of our little ability has been aimed for the best—for the advancement of "The Muhlenberg."

May the incoming staff raise "The Muhlenberg" higher than it has ever been before. May it ever advance, never recede. With these hopes the present staff bids you adieu.

M M M

Man never knows what mutual sorrow really is until he reads an editor's regrets.—*Harold Melbourne.*

M M M

"On the Quiet"

On Tuesday evening, June the eleventh, the Muhlenberg college Dramatic Association will present, in the Lyric Theatre, as their annual production, "On the Quiet." Both trainer and cast are very hard at work on the play and we are sure the attraction will be "worth while." The Lyric Theatre ought to be packed to the doors on the night of the eleventh.

M M M

College students should go to bed early and avoid the rush.—*Childe Harold.*

M M M

Thanks

For many of the cuts in this number we are indebted to the 1913 "Ciarla." We are very grateful to the editorial board of this very excellent publication for the use of the cuts.

M M M

Self-made men brag of their rise, and their daughters boast of their descent.—*Ex.*

M M M

In Retrospect

Possibly some of our readers expect us to heave a heavy sigh, and then dash off into the past and picture poetically if possible—the events of the college year. Interesting and readable as such an article might be, we are not poetically inclined. The least said—the better and the more expressive, too.

The closing collegiate year was in many respects a wonderful year. A new spirit seemed to permeate everything. "Loyalty to the college" was the keynote. May this spirit increase with years and never grow dim. Retrospection shows success; anticipation shows brilliant possibilities. May we be equal to the occasion!



SENIOR CLASS OF MUHLENBERG COLLEGE

Reiter	Althenn	Shelly	Keever	Waidelich	Wertz	Schock	Troxell	Fink	Kleckner	Leiby	Miller
	Frederik	Brobst		Savacool		Reitz	Hummel	Krauss	Brossman		Stump
Henninger		Kline						Henry		Rentschler	



Poe==The Father of the Modern Detective-Story.

By EARNEST R. KEITER, '15



WHEN Poe first wrote the "Purloined Letter" he did not dream that he was opening up an entirely new field in literature. Little did he suspect that "The Murders of the Rue Morgue" and "The Mystery of Marie Roget" were the forerunners of all modern detective stories. For when he created Lupin, he unconsciously created with him a group of detectives who are all more or less famous. The English Sherlock Holmes and the French Lecoq, it must be admitted, are merely the children of Lupin. In fact all the detectives of fiction of to-day had their origin in Poe's character. Even those sleuths created in ridicule of these personages had their birth in Lupin. All modern stories of this type are merely Poe's slightly changed in form and carefully varnished over, as can be proved by their very sameness. In most of them we find the same conditions to start with—a private detective unknown to the public in general, but held in highest esteem by the Detective Bureau of the Police Force itself. Possibly there are some slight variations in some of the stories, as for instance in the case with Lecoq, but when all is said and done, the detectives themselves are identical.

Take for instance Sherlock Holmes. He is without a doubt Lupin slightly disguised. Not only are the conditions of the story the same, but the very men are alike. Sherlock Holmes has every characteristic of Lupin. His surroundings are the same. He is not in the best of financial conditions and has but a few rooms for his use. He has a companion in every case who later informs the world of his ability. And what is more, he has similar personal characteristics. He is reticent and almost speechless till a case has been solved, when he kindly clears up any doubts for his inferiors as to the manner in which he did it. He is keen-eyed and quick-witted. He is fond of giving little hints to the police in a sarcastic way. He has a widely variegated stock of knowledge which is greatest along those lines

where it is most valuable to him in his work. With the exception of a few minor details, he is the exact counterpart of Lupin. Of course in a few things he does differ but when regarded as a whole he is essentially the same figure.

Lecoq, too, is merely a revised edition of Lupin. While his conditions and surroundings are slightly different, he is in reality Lupin. Although he is on the police force and admitted to be the greatest detective in France and to this extent differs from Lupin, yet in person he is exactly the same. His mental characteristics might describe either of the two men. Altogether he is simply another Lupin in slightly varied circumstances.

And so it might be shown that all modern detectives of fiction are indebted to Poe's creative genius for their birth. No matter whether it be the scientific detective, Craig Kennedy, or the production of Anna Katherine Green—they all spring from the same source. Some may employ different methods as is the case with Kennedy, the modern detective of science and some may be surrounded by different conditions, but when it comes to the point they are all the products of Poe. He first opened the field in which they now operate, and he produced the first one in whose image the others now operate, and rsCpri

could be created. Even such characters as ridicule the detective belong to a certain extent to Poe, for it was his characters alone they ridiculed, and thus it was he who furnished material for their creation.

Possibly the greatest point of difference between Poe's stories and those of the present day is the construction of the story itself. Poe had his climax, or what should have been his climax, before the middle of the story in "The Purloined Letter," while modern writers bring the climax as near to the end as possible. Poe, too, followed out his theory that no word, phrase or sentence which did not tend to produce the desired effect should be allowed in the story. Nowadays this theory is no longer held to, for more characterization and more details must be given by the writer. No doubt an author of the present day who tried to write in exactly the same manner as Poe did would be a miserable failure, for it was his creative genius alone that saved him from such a downfall. Poe had very little characterization in his stories, and he suppressed every detail he thought unimportant and not contributing to the final effect of the story. This is the main point of difference between the tales of Poe and present-day writers.

But whatever difference there may be in style or structure, Poe still remains the father of the detective story, for he first created the detective of fiction and opened this new field of literature by his works. He first produced Lupin from whom all the rest have sprung.

M M M

"Ah," said the Editor, as he greeted one of his contributors on his birthday, "many happy returns of the day!"

"Oh," groaned the contributor, "more rejection slips!"—*Ex.*



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“For the Love of Mike”

By J. CONRAD SEEGER, '13



RS. Northrop was a typical American mother, even if the man whom society people designated as “Mrs. Northrop’s husband,” and business men called the old fox, was a millionaire. So when she heard her little twelve-year old Elsie use an expression so inexpressibly vulgar as “For the love of Mike,” she felt the spur of Duty urging on her sterner self—and inflicted the usual punishment upon Elsie. Since that young lady is now twenty years of age, of course we will not be so undignified as to describe the said punishment.

I believe we remarked that Elsie’s mother was typical, and hinted that her father was the regulation style of business man, so naturally our dear Elsie was the right kind of American daughter, and as such had a clear conception of her rights and privileges; and among them she numbered the license to use expressions like the one which we have just seen, wrought such dire results upon her doting mother’s peace of mind.

So the expression stuck—and so did some other notions of our young lady’s. And at the ripe and mature age of twenty, we still find Elsie shocking the staid mammas of the social elite of her large native cities by using her pet expression, and putting their souls in a very whirl by refusing to fall in love with their dinky little two-by-four off-spring. And the mamma’s wailed still more when they found out that the most charming member of their younger set was actually—as she herself put it—“Crazy over that base ball team of ours,” of which Mr. Northrop was practically sole owner. Perhaps if they had known, as nobody but Elsie and her father did know, that it was Elsie who had given her father the tip about the star pitcher, who had just graduated from the University of Durham, down in Virginia; and that more to please Elsie than for anything else the young fellow was secured, and that, as Elsie had met him when she was at the shore the last summer, and again during her winter Hot Springs trip, and that now she actually let the man come to see her when he was playing ball for a living—why, Elsie would have been socially ostracized.

But they did not know this, and as the pitcher had won his first two games and shown up well he was kept, and Elsie continued her heart rending behavior. So all went well till one day when the season was almost over. Young Mike Hushell, the pitcher mentioned as Elsie’s favorite, was in the box. His team was at the top of the race, and the crowd he was pitching against were eight games behind them. Whether that umpire was bought or not, he persisted in giving the other team every close decision. Young Hushell was getting rather hot about it, and when in the last half of the ninth, the umpire called a man safe on first whom the first baseman claimed was out, and walked a man whom Hushell swore was out on strikes—the poor fellow got rattled—the next man made a clean double, scored the man on second, and won the game with the score 1-0. Then it happened.

Hushell made a sarcastic remark to his majesty the umps, and that official replied—"You poor——, I'm all right; but you ain't got a ——thing." That word which we have forcibly expressed by the first blank settled it. Hushell "blew up in the air," and by the time he came down, the umpire had temporarily lost all interest in earthly affairs. When he came around he swore up and down that no such language as that which Hushell accused him of saying ever passed his lips. Hushell was fined \$8.50 and forbidden to play until he had paid it. And as Northrop, or the owners, for disciplinary reasons, wouldn't pay a player's fine if it meant taking the club out of the race, Hushell did not play, and at once began to look about to find a place to borrow \$8.50. Then the club began to have hard luck. Injuries to two other pitchers left poor Morton, the manager with one dependable pitcher, and an awful grouch. The team lost the lead it had acquired. The team against whom Hushell was pitching when his downfall had occurred, was now two games ahead. In a week one of the pitchers who had been laid up, had recovered partly, but was still strong only for about five innings, Morton usually used him to relieve a couple of his raw recruits when they started to go up, and he worked the one main stay who had remained on deck to the limit.

And so the last series of the season came, and it was with that old team, who were now so far ahead, that Morton's boys had to take four out of five to tie up the race. Luger, the one pitcher we have spoken of, won the first game. The half recovered veteran helped a youngster win the next. In the third, Luger lasted two innings, and the raw twirler who succeeded him was about as reliable as a 1900 model runabout on the Rockies. Morton's crowd lost 12-2. The other team was happy, and Morton had the grouch still on him. All of this time young Hushell had been in the grand stand, saying things that would hardly be polite to be published, but when he got home after that nerve racking third game, he found a receipt from the base ball authorities acknowledging payment of his fine, and a reinstatement blank properly signed. He, of course, was bewildered, but was too happy to question very much. The next afternoon he showed Morton the papers, went in to pitch and won. Morton lost his grouch, sent Luger in the next day, and he won his game in spite of a ninth inning rally of the rivals. One more game was to be played, now, to play off the tie.

Now if this were a mere fiction, of course, we would put Hushell in the last game at the very start, and have him pitch a no-hit game, besides making half the put outs, and hitting six drives over the center field fence. But Morton was a hard headed manager with little regard for those things that are "so nice" to read about; and he sent in that half recovered vet. who helped win the second game of the series, and only put Hushell in in the seventh, when the old fellow's arm went back on him again. But this shattering of romance won the game, and Morton did not have another grouch for a year to come.

Now to explain the great mystery of this story. Northrop had persuaded his wife to accompany Elsie and himself to that last game, and at the close of it called young Michael Hushell over to his car to congratulate him on his relief work, ostensibly, but really because he had gotten Hushell's

story from Morton, had remembered that twice, when by some mistake, he had gotten home before twelve, he had seen Hushell on the porch; had looked at Elsie's cheque book, and had guessed the truth. So when the clean cut young pitcher had stood by the machine for a moment, he said to Elsie, "You know I don't approve of such things—what did you do it for?" Elsie was no slow personage herself, so she knew what Northrop meant. She smiled quietly, put her hand on the one which Hushell was resting on the car, and then the old expression flamed forth—"For the love of Mike," she said. Mrs. Northrop too became interested for the first time, and felt a sudden palpitating feeling, but she knew Elsie, and said nothing. Northrop put forth his hand to Hushell, and said "glad of it, boy, but the next time you scrap, do it off the field."

Hushell hunted up that ump. the day after the season closed—and afterward the ump. told a friend of his that the trouble with his face was that he had tried to snatch a baby from in front of a steam road roller, and the roller had gone over him. The friend said, "You're lying to me Bill. A road roller would never have done your face half that damage." The ump. quit umpiring and took to clerking, and the manager says he is the quintessence of politeness.

The old ladies of the city, with their dinky sons and landscape garden daughters, are still discussing the social status of Mr. and Mrs. Hashell. But Elsie does not seem to worry if they bow or if they merely nod. Mike still pitches and she is proud of it, and Northrop is the "happiest man in the whole darn city" as he said at their first anniversary, even if his daughter did marry a ball player, instead of an animated piece of scantling, whose sole claims to distinction were blue blood and an English accent.

M M M

See the Maiden with the Ring

By HEDGER HALLEN HOE

See the maiden with the ring,—
Diamond ring!
What a sweet assurance that she has him on the string!
See it glitter, glitter, glitter,
With a radiance rich and rare,
While her lady friends, they titter
With a soft and bird-like twitter,
As they pipe the solitaire.
And their eyes shine bright,
With an optimistic light,
In the cheering scintillations that so gloriously spring
From the ring, ring, ring, ring,
Ring, ring, ring,—
From the gleaming and the beaming of the ring!—*Ex.*

Original Muhlenberg Letters

By PRES. REV. J. A. W. HAAS, D. D.

Shortly before the close of the academic year, Mr. D. G. Dery of Cata-sauqua, Pa., very generously presented to the college a numero of original letters of the early Muhlenbergs. The most interesting in this group is the letter of the Patriarch, Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg, written August 25, 1752. It is preserved on four small sheets about five inches long and three inches broad, sewed together.

The letter is apparently in the original draft which Muhlenberg kept. It is in English, but on the last page there is a draft of the opening of a German letter of November, 1752, addressed to Fresenius of Holly.

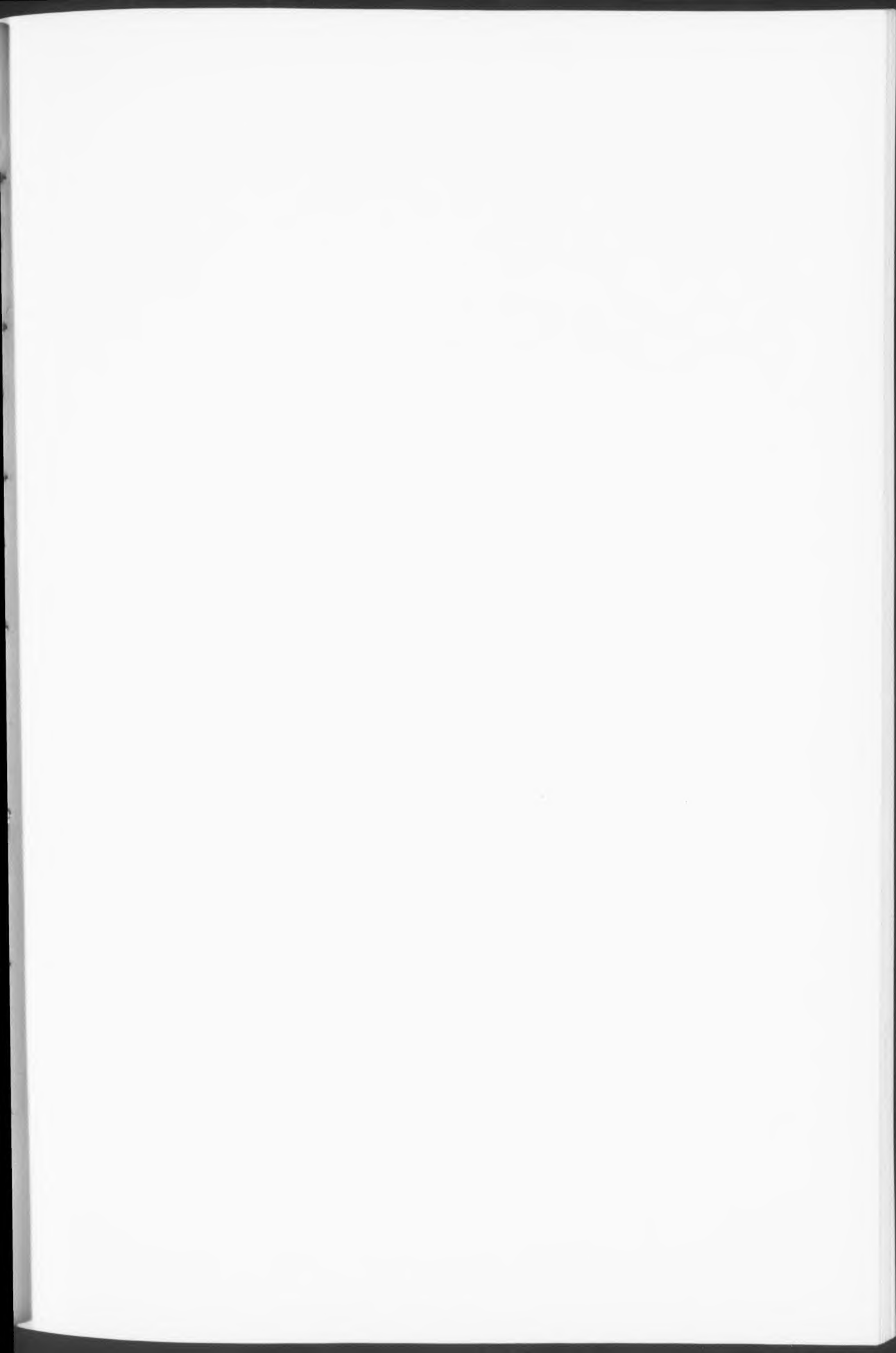
In the draft the name of the person to whom the letter was sent is not mntioned, but certain references in the letter referring to the Academy in Philadelphia, which later became the University of Pennsylvania, and, also the relation of the person who received the letter to the governor of Pennsylvania, make the conclusion fairly certain that the letter was sent to Dr. Richard Peters, who was Secretary of State, and also president of the Board of the Academy.

We append the letter in full because it is of quite some interest in giving a picture of the conditions of the age.

* * * * *

Reverend Sir;

being called home from Newyork becaufe my family was indisposed, and my Congregations grew uneasy, and coming save to philadelphia, I endeavoured to wait on Your Reverency, but hearing of your being abroad with his Honour, our gracious Governor, I couldn't perform my duty and was obliged to go home and to leave my duty untill the next oportunity. I met with some blefing at newyork, and a door was opened unto me, so that I could with some blefing at newyork, and a door was opened unto me, so that I could gather and regulate there a pretty small Congregation and an other one at Hackinfack 17 Myles from Newyork, of the german-Low dutch and Englifh peopel. It is a pitty I could not find nor ipare a faithful Minifter, perfected in the Low-dutch and Englifh Language, to fend and to settle there, becaufe the people seem to have a true desire after the sincere Milk of the Word, that they might grow thereby. Deus providebit. But alas! Reverend Sir, it grieveth me and makes me very uneasy that I am in no way able to rendre most humble and real thanks for Your more then fatherly care and Affection, you pleased to bestow on me, the most unworthy Creature, in Affording a pasport and Recommendation of His Honour, our Gracious Governor and your blefied Heart and Hands! If there was any thing in my foul, body and little estate, which could humbly serve but in token of the least degree of thankfulneis, at the first hint, be ready to your service! Deus providebit ipse tibi agnum ad immolandum! The estate and Condition of some Englifh and german Neighbours here at providence groweth worfe, becaufe Abr. de Haven continues to abuse the granted licence by



Reverend Sir;
being called home from Newyork
because my family was in-
disposed, and my Congregations
grew uneasy, and coming save
to philadelphia, I endeavoured
to wait on Your Reverency, but
hearing of Your being abroad
with His Honour our gracious
Governor, I couldn't perform my
duty and was obliged to go
home and to leave my duty un-
till the next opportunity. I met
with some blessing at Newyork,
and a door was opened unto me,
so that I could gather and regu-
late there a pretty small Congre-
gation and an other one at
Hackinsack 17 Myles from New

precious time, appointed for
the business of State and
Academy and innumerable
Affairs of higher Moments.
I have therefore sent a letter
and laid my Complaints to and
before Thomas Laurence Esq.
to see whether through the as-
sistance of God a remedy could
be found for the disease. May
the Lord grant unto me to remain
the least of your Clients and
Reverend Sir
Providence your most obedient
Aug: 25th Servant H. M.
1752.

Part page of Muhlenberg letter in fac-simile —
showing Muhlenberg's Signature.

enticing one after an other into dissolute and wicked life Surfeiting, Drunkeness, playing Cards and dice, fiddling, dancing, cursing, swearing, fighting, scuffling and such like, will hardly cease on the Lords days! He had had several Sundays in my absence horse-race, before, during and after divine service Worship, on the Road, before his tavern. to the great offence of old and young people, who had been hitherto sober and honest! On the 19th of July last, being the Lords day He detained a Company of young people, coming out of the Church, and gave them too much Rum and punch, so that they got fuddled and beat one another bloody, behaving themselves in a scandalous Manner! Two of 'em lay on the road before his door hurted, when our Justice Mr. Owen Evans past by. We saw them and told Abraham to present his at the Court. Mr. Evans can be the best evidence, if not too partial. There is too little inspection here about, and grievous to see, that in a Christian Country, the almighty and most gracious God must be denied the Excellent laws and Constitutions notoriously violated, old and young people infected, the fear of God and Magistrate abated, by a young robust and Idle man that could find his livelihood by way of trading or working like other honest people. Every one of our sober Neighbours, is afraid to present him to the Court because they have no fortifications about their houses, barns and Cattles against the Revenge of Loose people. They plague me to inform our Superiors against him, thinking a Minister should first of all, be not afraid of them, that can only, when permitted hurt the Body. But what is a poor Minister in Pennsylvania? and Who is next after God my tutelar Angel in this Wilderness in whose bosom I may pour my Complaints with Confidence besides Your Reverency? though I am sensible and very afraid I may tire your patience and lose your Affection, by writing and complaining beyond the limits and interrupting Your precious time, appointed for the business of State and Academy and innumerable Affairs of higher Moments. I have therefore sent a letter and laid my Complaints to and before Thomas Laurence, Esq to see whether, through the Assistance of God, a remedy could be found for the disease. May the Lord grant unto me to remain the least of Your Clients and

Reverend Sir

Your most obedient servant

Hr. M.

Providence,

Aug. 25th

1752,

The other documents in this group are: a baptismal certificate of Michael Brunner of Trinity Church, Lancaster, Pa., signed by Henry Muhlenberg; an appointment of certain justices of the peace, signed by Peter Muhlenberg; and, also, a deed of land signed by Peter Muhlenberg; a communication to the Governor of Maryland, signed by William Augustus Muhlenberg, as speaker of the House of Representatives.

A large letter in this collection which is also of quite some interest, is a letter of William Augustus Muhlenberg, founder of St. Lukes' Hospital,

New York, and of St. Paul's School, Garden City, Long Island, in which he addresses Mr. Verplanck, of Albany, in the year 1839. The main point of the letter is an argument of the regents of New York State not to make the amount of endowment the only test of admitting a new college. Muhlenberg pleads that a number of years should be granted to allow a school, in showing its possibility in growing into a college, and, of gathering the funds and of making friends. The whole plea is one for greater liberty in founding new colleges.

This group of manuscripts, which will be carefully preserved, is the beginning of a collection to which we hope other additions may be made from time to time. We call upon our friends and alumni for such and similar historical material.

M M M

The Forty-fifth Annual Commencement

SUNDAY, JUNE 9TH.

10 A. M.—Baccalaureate Services, St. John's Lutheran Church, So. 5th St., Allentown. Sermon by Rev. Dr. J. A. W. Haas, President of Muhlenberg College.

MONDAY, JUNE 10TH.

8 P. M.—Reception to the Senior Class by the President, Dr. Haas.

TUESDAY, JUNE 11TH.

10 A. M.—Junior Oratorical Prize Contest, Lyric Theatre.

2 P. M.—Class Day Exercises, College Grove.

8 P. M.—College Play: "On the Quiet," in the Lyric Theatre, by the College Dramatic Association.

11.30 P. M.—Reception by Delta Theta Fraternity to the Alumni and friends.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12TH.

9 A. M.—Reunion of Euterpean and Sophronian Literary Societies in their halls.

11 A. M.—Alumni Reunion in Chapel.

12 M.—Alumni Dinner.

1.30 P. M.—Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees.

3 P. M.—Alumni-College Baseball Game.

8 P. M.—Promenade Concert, College Campus. Music by the Allentown Band and the Glee Club. College Songs by the Student Body.

10 P. M.—Reception by the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity to Alumni and friends.

THURSDAY, JUNE 13TH.

10 A. M.—Commencement Exercises at the Lyric Theatre; Address by the Honorable Peter S. Grosscup, formerly Judge of the U. S. Courts, Chicago.—Conferring of the degrees and the awarding of prizes.

8 P. M.—Annual Delta Theta Fraternity Tally-Ho Party.

9.30 P. M.—Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity Coaching Party and Dance.



MUHLENBERG STAFF 1911-12

Schock, '12	Brobst, '12	Kleckner, '12	Waidelich, '12	Toecke, '13
Cressman, '12	Keim, '13	Brossman, '12	Horn, '00	Reiter, '12
Drehs, '13		Seegers, '13	Hummel, '12	Richards, '13
				Esser, '13

The Muhlenberg



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Editor-in-Chief	Walter W. Brossman, '12
Assistant Editor-in-Chief	Luther B. Scheehl, '13
Alumni Editor	Robert C. Horn, '00
Literary Editor	Carl G. Toebke, '13
Personal Editor	Charles H. Esser, '13
Athletic Editor	Harry P. Cressman, '13
Exchange Editor	Clarence D. Hummel, '12

Business Staff.

Business Manager	James B. Schock, '12
Assistant Business Manager	William F. Drehs, '13

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...Athletics...

Edited by H. P. CRESSMAN, '13

Bases 2. Tenor 9.

The next ones to try their hand at the national pastime were Muhlenberg's songsters. As singers they are unsurpassed but when it comes to playing base ball—well—they are good singers anyhow.

Brobst, the divinity student and bass singer, stole second, but being a conscientious chap started to walk back to first to atone for his theft when the cruel tenors tagged him.

Loser pulled off a triple play unassisted but as Snyder, unaware of the fact that such a star play was to be pulled off had already extinguished Waidelich, Polly gets credit for a double only. In accordance with his special request, we will add that he had two "safe" hits and one sacrifice.

Rosy Blatt '13 played his usual star game as umpire. He broke into the limelight last year when he umpired for Prep and his services have been in demand ever since.

We are pleased to present the following line up to the public.

TENORS.						BASSES.					
AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E
Katz, c.....5	2	3	6	3	2	Richards, f..2	0	1	1	1	0
P. Loser, ss..3	2	2	6	1	0	Reisner, ss..2	1	0	2	2	1
Groff, f.....4	1	1	0	3	0	Waidelich 2b 3	0	0	1	1	0
Snyder, lb...3	0	0	6	0	2	Scott, c.....2	0	0	8	1	1
Stump, 3b...3	1	1	1	0	0	Brobst, lb...3	0	0	7	1	2
Freed, 2b....4	1	1	1	0	0	Cook, lf.....3	0	0	1	0	0
Deibert, rf..4	0	0	0	0	0	Seegers, rf..3	0	0	0	0	1
Parker, lf...4	1	1	1	0	0	Smeltzer, cf 0	0	0	0	1	3
Jenkins, cf..4	1	2	0	0	0	Nenow, cf...2	1	0	1	1	4
						Krauss, 3b..2	0	1	0	0	0
34	9	11	21	7	4	22	2	2	21	8	12

Tenor.....1 1 0 1 0 4 2—9

Bass.....0 0 0 0 1 1 0—2

Struck out, by Richards 5; by Groff 5. Base on balls, off Richards 4; off Groff 5. Two base hit, Katz. Stolen Bases, off Scott 5; off Katz 6. Hit by pitched ball, Brobst by Groff. Double play, P. Loser. Umpire, Frank Hiram Blatt '13.

M M M

Sophomores 15. Freshmen 0

It is customary each year, at Muhlenberg, to have a burlesque on the national game and this year it fell to the lot of the Sophs and Fresh to supply the amusement.

Leisey, Soph shortstop, led the pace with four assists for the Freshies.



KELLY, TRACK COACH

Red Taylor ran the bases so fast that he hit only the high places and as the bags rested in depressions he failed to touch them and was called out.

Christy Quinn kicked so strenuously at one of the "Dread" Scott decisions that he forgot to hit the ball and was called out.

Jenkins appeared to have a "wholey" horror of the ball and ran away from it continually. This may be accounted for by the fact that he is a doctor's son and thus learn the "disease germ" theory and as Snyder used the spit ball, Jenkins wished to evade the germ laden sphere. Moral—Don't use spit ball when you have a doctor's son in the outfield.

Snyder pitched a good game but had poor support. When he depended on his team-mates in the ninth inning, ten men faced him.

Phillips hurled effectively having 9 strike outs and no walks in 5 innings.

Same umpires as in last '14 vs '15 game. Nuf sed.

SOPHS							FRESH.						
AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	
Phillips, p-ss 5	1	3	1	1	1		Reisner, 1b..4	0	0	9	0	0	
Ziemer, 2b..5	2	3	0	2	0		Geiss, c.....4	0	0	9	0	3	
Quinn, c....5	0	0	15	5	2		Laury, lf....4	0	0	1	0	0	
Leisey, ss-p..5	2	1	1	2	4		Smeltzer, ss 4	0	1	3	1	1	
Nenow, lf....5	2	1	1	0	0		Royer, rf....1	0	0	0	0	0	
Taylor, 3b..6	1	2	4	0	0		Freed, 3b...3	0	0	2	0	1	
Gebert, 1b..3	3	1	4	0	2		Brossman, 2b 3	0	0	2	4	2	
Bieber, cf...3	3	1	1	0	0		Yiengst, cf..3	0	0	1	1	2	
Mock, rf....4	1	0	0	0	0		Snyder, p...3	0	2	0	4	2	
							Jenkins, rf..1	0	0	0	0	0	
	41	15	12	27	10	9							
								30	0	3	27	10	11
Sophs....2	2	0	1	0	2	1	0	7—15					
Fresh....0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0					

Struck out, by Phillips 9; by Leisey 6; by Snyder 7. Base on balls, off Leisey 1; off Snyder 7. Stolen bases, off Quinn 2; off Geiss 12. Hit by pitched ball, by Phillips—Geiss; by Snyder—Leisey, Gebert, Mock. Two Base hits, Phillips 2; Ziemer 1; Taylor 1; Snyder 1. Umpires, Scott S; P. Loser '13.

M M M

Tennis Tournament

The first inter-class tennis tournament was held May 18, the Freshies, represented by Werner, defeated the Senior's man, Waidelich, in singles, while the Sophomore team, Fry and Phillips, defeated the Junior team, Groff and P. Loser in doubles. The sets were played off rapidly and good playing was the feature all around.

The second Fresh-Senior set was closely contested, Werner winning 8-6. In the first Junior-Soph doubles the Sophs won 4 games; then the Juniors came back strong and won 4 games straight but eventually lost the set.

FIRST TOURNAMENT.

First Set.													
Werner '15.....	5	3	4	5	4	4	4	4	6				
Waidelich '12.....	3	5	1	3	2	1	2	1	2—1				

Second Set.													
Werner '15.....	4	0	4	9	5	7	2	2	1	5	2	4	4—8
Waidelich '12.....	2	4	2	11	3	2	4	4	4	2	4	0	2—1—6

SECOND TOURNAMENT.

First Set.										
1913.....	8	2	2	2	4	7	6	4	3	1—4
1914.....	10	4	4	4	1	5	4	2	5	4—8
Second Set.										
1913.....	5	1	2	2	2	4	5			1—2
1914.....	7	4	4	4	4	2	3			4—6

Referee, 1st tournament—Cressman '13; 2nd tournament—Rentschler '12. Scorer, 1st tournament—Rentschler '12; 2nd tournament—Cressman '13.

In the second tournament the Soph team composed of Fry and Phillips defeated the Senior team Kleckner and Rentschler 6-4 and 8-6 games.

First Set.														
Seniors.....	0	1	0	0	4	5	5	0	5	1—4				
Sophs.....	4	4	4	4	0	3	3	4	3	4—6				
Second Set.														
Seniors.....	4	4	4	3	1	4	4	0	1	2	4	2	2	0—6
Sophs.....	1	2	1	5	4	2	1	4	4	4	0	4	4	4—8

Referee, Cressman '13. Scorer, Schock '12.

The next ones to clash in contest were the Senior, Rentschler, and Soph, Phillips, in singles which the upper classmen won 6-2 and 6-4 games. The Juniors, Groff and Richards, and Fresh, Hemsath and Werner, played doubles, the Juniors losing 6-2 and 7-5 games.

First Set.										
Seniors.....	2	6	3	4	2	5	5	4	4	5—6
Sophs.....	4	4	5	6	4	3	3	2	0	3—4
Second Set.										
Seniors.....	2	6	3	4	2	5	5	4	4	5—6
Sophs.....	4	4	5	6	4	3	3	2	0	3—4

First Set.													
Juniors.....	5	3	1	4	2	4	5	4	2	4	1	3—5	
Fresh.....	7	5	4	2	4	1	3	2	4	2	4	5—7	
Second Set.													
Juniors.....	2	4	1	4	6	2	8	1—2					
Fresh.....	4	1	4	2	8	4	10	4—6					

Referee, Cressman '13. Scorer, Scheehl '13.

M M M

Track

Rutgers 64. Muhlenberg 29

On Saturday, May 18, the Muhlenberg Track Team met its first defeat of the season, at the hands of Rutgers 64-29. Rutgers has an exceptionally strong team this year having defeated Lehigh 69-35 and New York University by a score of 65-41.

Skean was the star of the Muhlenberg squad. Toebke showed up good

Events: 100 yd. dash—(1) Haven, Rutgers; (2) Harker, Rutgers. Time 10 1-5 seconds.

220 yd. dash—(1) Haven, Rutgers; (2) Bixler, Muhlenberg. Time 22 4-5 seconds.

440 yd. dash—(1) Silvers, Rutgers; (2) Bixler, Muhlenberg. Time 54 2-5 seconds.

Half Mile Run—(1) Trane, Rutgers; (2) McDougal, Rutgers. Time 2.06 4-5 minutes.

One Mile Run—(1) Mershol, Rutgers; (2) Toebke, Muhlenberg. Time 3.38 3-5 minutes.

Two Mile Run—(1) Bucks, Muhlenberg; (2) Slater, Rutgers. Time 10.32 1-5 minutes.

120 yd. High Hurdles—(1) Havens, Rutgers; (2) Campbell, Rutgers. Time 16 seconds.

220 yd. Low Hurdles—(1) Miller, Muhlenberg; (2) Johnson, Rutgers. Time 27 4-5 seconds.

High Jump—Ties for first, Lukens and Johnson of Rutgers at 5 ft. 8 in.

Broad Jump—(1) Campbell, Rutgers; (2) Johnson, Rutgers. Distance 18 ft. 3 in.

Shot Put—(1) Skean, Muhlenberg; (2) Beckwith, Rutgers. Distance 37 feet 5 inches.

Hammer Throw—Skean, Muhlenberg. Hambrock, Rutgers failed to qualify. Distance 109 feet.

M M M

Muhlenberg Defeats Delaware 76-48

In the closing meet of their victorious season the Muhlenberg College track team defeated Delaware State College on Memorial day by a safe score of 76-48 on the Muhlenberg track.

The Muhlenberg team broke three records, Reisner by throwing the 16 lb. hammer 109 feet 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches set up a new mark, in the Half mile (880 yard) Run, Toebke lowered his former record to 2.08 1-5 minutes and in the 220 yard dash, Bixler cut a second off the record.

Miller was leading in low hurdles by a safe margin when his foot was caught in a hurdle, throwing him heavily to the ground and cutting his leg severely. He quickly regained his feet again and came in a close second.

In the mile run, Toebke and Dietz had everything their own way. The race for first place was between them, the Delaware man coming in about 100 yards in the rear.

The team worked well as a scoring machine. Three men each scored 9 points, three more brought in 8 points a piece and four men won 5 points each while the three other competitors had 4, 1 and 0 points respectively.

880 yard Run—(1) Toebke, Muhlenberg; (2) E. Loser, Muhlenberg; (3) Sawdon, Delaware. Time 2.08 1-5 minutes.

220 yard (low) Hurdles—(1) Dean, Delaware; (2) Miller, Muhlenberg; (3) Harvey, Delaware disqualified. Time 29 seconds.

16 lb. shot put—(1) Skean, Muhlenberg; (2) Snyder, Muhlenberg; (3) Jeffries, Delaware. Distance 37 ft. 4 1-2 in.

220 yard dash—(1) Bixler, Muhlenberg; (2) Ennis, Delaware; (3) Wacker, Muhlenberg. Time 23 3-5 seconds.

Two Mile Run—(1) Bucks, Muhlenberg; (2) Cranston, Delaware; (3) Crouthamel, Muhlenberg. Time 10 minutes 51 seconds.

Discus—(1) Snyder, Muhlenberg; (2) Skean, Muhlenberg; (3) Veale, Delaware. Distance 100 feet 5 inches.

440 yard dash—(1) Harper, Delaware; (2) Bixler, Muhlenberg; (3) Ennis, Delaware.

Broad Jump—(1) Blackburn, Muhlenberg; (2) Harvey, Delaware; (3) E. Loser, Muhlenberg. Distance 19 feet 4 1-2 inches.

High Jump—Blackburn, Muhlenberg and Jeffries, Delaware tied at 5 feet; (3) Bennett, Delaware.

16 lb. Hammer—(1) Reisner, Muhlenberg; (2) Todd, Delaware; (3) Skean, Muhlenberg. Distance 109 feet 7 1-4 inches.

120 yard (high) hurdles—(1) Miller, Muhlenberg; (2) Dean, Delaware; (3) Cook, Muhlenberg disqualified. Time 19 1-5 seconds.

One Mile Run—(1) Deitz, Muhlenberg; (2) Toebke, Muhlenberg; (3) Shakespeare, Delaware. Time 4 minutes 55 2-5 seconds.

Pole Vault—Harvey and Schlitter of Delaware tied at 8 feet 9 inches; (3) E. Loser, Muhlenberg.

M M M

In Another Wein

The Wild West

The Wild West is an American literary field bounded on the north by the Jack London glacial region, on the east by the course of Mark Twain's steamboats, on the south by the trail of O. Henry, and on the west by the shadow of Wallace Irwin's schoolboys. It comprises generally everything beyond the Whitcomb Riley chain of old swimmin' holes and Grisby Stations.

This picturesque area was discovered by Bret Harte, in 1849. Further explorations were soon made by Buffalo Bill, Colonel Prentiss Ingraham and Mayne Reid. In recent years, Charles E. Blaney, Lincoln J. Carter, Burt L. Standish and Mary MacLane have added greatly to the general knowledge concerning the field.

Topographically, the Wild West runs largely to skyscraper effects, the mountains being crested with skyscrapers, cog railways and copper cylinders containing the American flag. These lofty peaks are interspersed with rolling plains, over which roam the Great American Beefsteak in its pre-Armourian stage. The rivers are in the main lengthy, rambling and shallow, like much of the eloquence along their banks. The cities, while young, have already grown far beyond the limits set by the Census Bureau.



MUHLENBERG COLLEGE RELAY TEAM

Toecke, '13

Shelly, '12

Wacker, '13

Bixler, '12

E. Loser, '13

The Wild West teems with an interesting citizenry of cowboys, heathen Chinese, Rough-Riders-into-office, divorcees, real estate fictionists, Japanese spies, insurgents, train-robbers, gold kings, reformers, gentle grafters, polygamists, home-seekers, and bad men.

It produces juvenile romance of redskinicide-provoking tendencies, ten-twenty' thirt' melodramas, motion-picture extravaganzas, red-blood magazine stories, isms, ideas, cults and perils.

In natural resources, the Wild West is rich beyond compare. Most of the mineral wealth of the United States Senate is to be found in the one-time public lands. The arid plains are now being reclaimed by irrigation and placed upon the market in the form of well-watered stock projects.

Mr. H. Greeley once gave out a very famous bit of advice—"Young man, go West!" Better might he have said, "Young woman, westward ho!" For it is in the Wild West that woman has attained her highest political development, recalling perfectly-dreadful mayors and other too-awful-for-any-use officials as easily as her Eastern sister recalls John from the foot of the stairs.

By Stuart B. Stone in the May "Lippincott's."

M M M

A Poem

Bright college days! What joy and bliss
Thy presence brings each year!
What mortal in this world would miss
Thy rare, delightful cheer?

Though Autumn's days bring leaves of gold
Foretelling life's decay;
Yet college days new dreams unfold,
New scenes of life portray.

New dreams of fancy shall they be?
New scenes of worthless toil?
To man rich blessings are not free
The soul must prove the soil.

Shall it be soil of richest mould,
That nourished brings forth fruit?
Or shall it be soil, damp and cold,
That stays forever mute?

Forever mute? It cannot be,
For God's demands are few,
And man must reap eternally
The beautiful and true.

By J. S. Albert. Reprinted from the "Muhlenberg" of September, 1909

Alumni Notes



Edited by R. C. HORN, '00

'91. Steps are being taken to organize an English-speaking Lutheran church in Berlin, Ontario, by the Rev. M. J. Bieber, the Canada Field Missionary of the General Council of the Lutheran Church in North America.

The German Lutheran pastors of Berlin and Waterloo are in sympathy and accord with the movement and consider the time opportune for such a forward step.

The Lutheran Theological Seminary at Waterloo has both English and German students and it is felt that for their sake a representative English-speaking Lutheran church should be located here, as well as for those Lutherans who have married English-speaking wives or husbands, who because of their English birth or training do not feel at home in the German churches, and also for the sake of those Lutheran families that have come to this community from English-speaking Lutheran churches.

Rev. Mr. Bieber has not yet decided where or when services will be held, but he hopes soon to make the necessary announcement.

Within recent years English-speaking Lutheran churches have been organized in Galt, Guelph, Brantford, Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal, and as a result the English-speaking Synod of Central Canada was organized in Toronto in 1909.

In conversation with a Telegraph representative the reverend gentleman pointed out that while the population of Berlin has increased by 3,000 during the last six years there has not been a single new church established during this period. He believed there was room and work for a new church in this prosperous community. —“*The Berlin (Ont.) Daily Telegraph.*”

95. The congregation of Trinity Lutheran Church of the West Side, Bethlehem, began a two weeks celebration of the church's silver anniversary.

The events also marked the inauguration of a movement to establish a silver anniversary fund of \$25,000 for the erection of a new church.

The morning historical sermon was preached by the pastor, the Rev. L. D. Lazarus and the evening anniversary sermon by the Rev. Dr. George F. Specker. Trinity Church since its establishment has had but two pastors and three organists. It has witnessed the confirmation of 500 persons. *Philadelphia "Public Ledger."*

99. At Grace Evangelical Lutheran Church an election was held for a successor to Rev. J. H. Raker, who resigned some time ago to devote more time to the Good Shepherd Home. Rev. J. W. Kock, of Pittstown, was unanimously elected, receiving 63 votes, and the call will now be extended to him.

Rev. Koch is a native of Bath, and graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1899, and three years later from the Mt. Airy Seminary. His first charge was at North Water Gap. He later served in the Danville conference, and at present is located at Pittstown.

09. Rev. Dallas L. Green, of No. 1553 Turner St, was elected pastor of the Kreidersville and Howertown Lutheran congregations by a unanimous vote. The young clergyman graduated from Mt. Airy Theological Seminary this year. He preached in both of the charges and the congregations were immediately impressed so favorably that they extended a call to him.

Rev. Green is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green of Aquashicola. After graduating from the public schools, he taught school at Palmerton for three years and then entered Fairview Academy at Broadheadsville, where he graduated in 1905. The following year he entered Muhlenberg College and was graduated from that institution 1909 and immediately entered Mt. Airy Seminary. *Allentown "Chronicle and News."*

The following are the graduates of this year's class of the Mount Airy Theological Seminary, with the pastoral positions which they have accepted:

'09. Gustav A. H. Bechtold, Philadelphia, to Church of the Atonement, Asbury Park, N. J.

'09. Floyd L. Eichner, Freemansburg, Pa., to St. John's Stroudsburg, Pa.

'09. Walter K. Hauser, Port Clinton, Pa., to First Church, Selin's Grove, Pa.

'09. A. C. R. Keiter, Allentown, Pa., to Holy Trinity, Wildwood, N. J.

'09. Rufus E. Kern, East Greenville, Pa., to Ebenezer Congregation, Merion, Va.

'09. Edgar V. Nonamaker, Bedminster, Pa., to New Germany, Nova Scotia.

'10. Paul A. Putra, Lansford, Pa., to Slav congregations of Philadelphia, Pottstown and Trenton.

'09. Herman D. Whitteker, Lancaster, Pa., to St. John's, Emlenton, Pa. *Philadelphia "Public Ledger."*

'09. Harold Schoenberger has come east for the Commencement Exercises. Mr. Schoenberger taught Latin and Greek for two years in Carleton College, Farmington, Missouri, and last year he was superintendent of the public schools in Princeton, Indiana. Mr. Schoenberger's stay in the east will be of indefinite length.

Of Local Interest



Edited by CHARLES H. ESSER, '13

For the first time Euterpea and Sophronia Literary Societies jointly gave a farewell reception to their Senior members. The affair on May 10 was a most pleasant one in every respect. Allentown's Society was present in all her pomp and glory. The two halls and the corridors were very beautifully decorated. Card-playing and dancing were the two main parts of the program, of course separated by very delicious refreshments. It was a good start and proved to the fellows that the best way to run the Society functions is to give them jointly.

M M M

The evening of May 7 was very fittingly spent at Muhlenberg by listening to one of the finest lectures ever delivered in our chapel. Dr. Spaeth of Princeton was the deliverer of the fine address, which was enjoyed most heartily by a large audience. The address in every way was a fitting commemoration to Browning. Although there was a spirited debate in the Lyric Theatre on Socialism the same evening the boys were loyal and remained at school,—that is most of them did.

M M M

The student body is very sorry to hear that Prof. Alexander is not going to be with us next year. He is going to do some graduate work at Columbia. The student body also welcomes with open arms Mr. J. D. M. Brown, who graduated at Muhlenberg '06 and later received his A. M. from Columbia. Mr. Brown comes very highly recommended and we are assured of another very able man in our English department.

There was a rumor afloat that the A. C. W. girls were going to do without the help of our sturdy and strong Muhlenberg men at their commencement this year. This, however, was not the case as was very plainly seen Friday night, May 31, at their Promenade. Even "Steve" was there in full dress. Who said the Freshmen were slow? Everybody said they had a good time and it was about as warm as usual in Dietz Hall, especially in their gymnasium.

M M M

Fry '14 at the A. C. W. promenade, noticing the empty dumb bell racks, remarked, "My dear, why did they take the dumb bells out of the gym?"

Fry's Vision—"Well, don't you see there are too many stupid things here without them."

M M M

At last we notice that the Dog Committee has done something. Dutch, after having wandered around with only his huge smile and never quiet tail, is now adorned with a beautiful harness. Now where is his Kennel?

M M M

A very lively and enthusiastic game of baseball was played Wednesday evening May 22, between the Wringle Bellus and the Never Sweats. The former team was managed by Reisner, who did all the kicking. Bill Scott and Polly Loser talked for their side. It was a continuous game of talk intermingled with a few balls now and then. The game was tie up to 9.30 o'clock when the umpire called the game on account of darkness. The playing by the Wringle Bellus was far superior. Hap. Nenow, who played with the Never Sweats had 12 errors. Some class to the game. Nobody hurt and no bats broken was the final outcome.

M M M

The refectory is well under way. The foundation is completed and the floor is laid. Coach Kelly is going to remain in Allentown during the summer and supervise the building so that it will be ready for occupancy next fall.

M M M

Frank B. Potts, a member of the Special Class of Muhlenberg College, while returning from a botanical trip to New Jersey lost control of his organs of speech and hearing and was seriously handicapped. But owing to the kindness of several of his friends who were with him he was prevented from being thrown off the train by the conductor who could not make Mr. Potts understand that the rules of his railroad demanded a ticket from each person over 6 years of age. We are glad to inform our readers that Mr. Potts has again gained full use of his organs.—*Associated Press*.

One of the Social events of the past month was the dance given by the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity May 24 at the Hotel Allen.

M M M

It may be of interest to our Alumni and the students of Muhlenberg to know what our Seniors, who are about to leave us, intend to do next year. For this purpose we have compiled the following list which we do not give as authentic but merely as heresay.

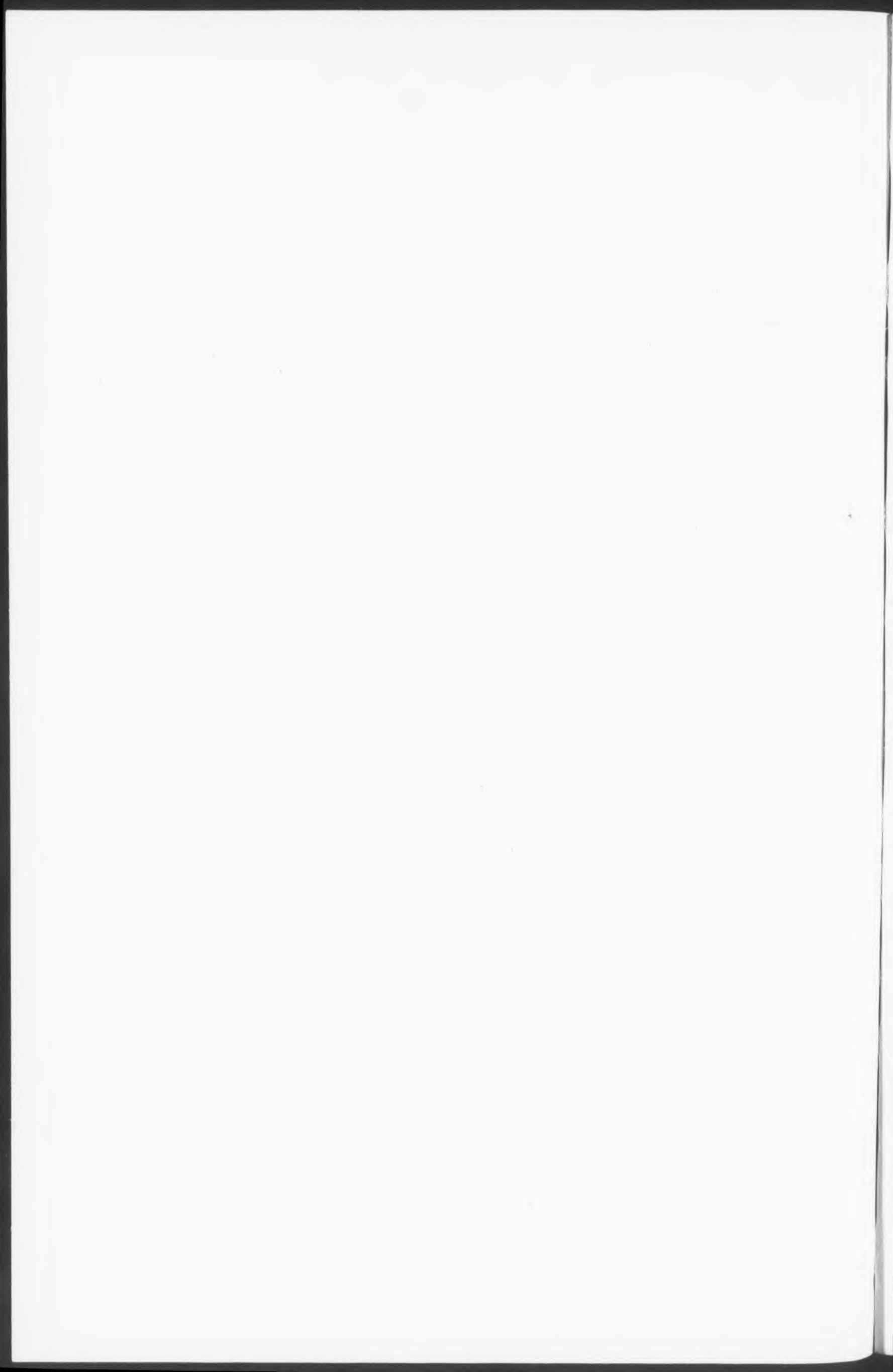
Althenn.....	Chemist
Brobst.....	Mt. Airy Theological Seminary
Brossman.....	Business (?)
Fink.....	Surgery at Pennsylvania
Frederick.....	Law at Pennsylvania
Henninger.....	Law at Pennsylvania
Henry.....	Teaching
Hummel	Teaching
Keever.....	Electrical Engineer at Utica, N. Y.
Kleckner.....	Law at Pennsylvania
Kline.....	Teaching
Krauss.....	Teaching
Leiby.....	Special course at Cornell
Miller.....	Will read law in his father's office at Lebanon
Reiter.....	Teaching
Reitz.....	Teaching
Rentschler.....	Teaching
Savacool.....	Mt. Airy Theological Seminary
Shock.....	Teaching
Shelly.....	Salesman for Nassau Fertilizer Company
Snyder.....	Mt. Airy Theological Seminary
Stump.....	Teaching
Troxell.....	Teaching
Waidelich.....	Teaching
Wertz.....	Mt. Airy Theological Seminary





INTER CLASS BASKET BALL CHAMPIONS 1911-12

Blatt, (Mgr)	Wacker, (F)	P. Loser, (G)	Bixler, (G)
Keim, (F)	Butz, (Capt) (G)	Esser, (G)	



Exchange Department



Edited by C. D. HUMMEL, '12

Since this is the last issue that the present Staff is required to edit, the editor of this department takes the privilege of expressing his most keen sorrow for his departure from the duties involved by our Exchanges. In time past we have greatly enjoyed the privileges of close relationship which were manifested by our sister exchanges. At times we were rather harsh with our criticism but the intentions were solely for the improvement of those exchanges which we knew could accomplish more creditable work. We feel, too, that some of our criticism has been heeded, since papers of the finest type have been produced through more careful and painstaking endeavors.

We are glad indeed to report that the list of exchanges is represented by about sixty collegiate publications which, to our knowledge, is the largest number in the history of "The Muhlenberg." We eagerly solicit their continuance and hope that by next year the number may be increased.

As to the successor of this department, let us hope that he may be able to correct and improve the mistakes that we have unconsciously made through our administration. Let us hope that of all the departments in the collegiate papers the exchange department may be of greater importance than is often thought. This can only be accomplished by the editor's determination to eradicate all the distracting tendencies. Let him solicit the greatest number of exchanges possible, for then only will his work become a pleasure and his criticism and praise a benefit to "The Muhlenberg" and to the other publications. We are glad indeed to announce that our successor will idealize next year's department.

Finally, we wish to thank the Alumni and students for the interest manifested in our paper. May the pleasant messages of our exchanges continue by virtue of our united endeavors for the uplift of "The Muhlenberg."

What our exchanges think:—

“The March issue of ‘The Muhlenberg’ contains an excellent article entitled, ‘Robert Louis Stevenson as an Essayist.’ ‘The Madness of Cordelia’ is a fairly interesting story. The editorials are good. ‘The Corresponding Other Half,’ an account of how a son, when dying, sent a last message to his mother, is the most noteworthy work in the April issue of the same publication, and is one of the best stories published by ‘The Muhlenberg’ in recent months.”—*Delaware College Review*.

“The Muhlenberg.” “We like your original idea of having a ‘Lent Number.’ You are the only one of our exchanges who has had one and it is worthy of much praise. Your cover design is really comical and your stories are very interesting. There are also many good jokes.”—

“The Muhlenberg.” “Your Lenten Number is especially attractive and interesting.”—*The Midland*.

M M M

Jokes

“Where’s the patient?” asked the doctor.

“Why, you told him to follow the prescription and it blew out of the window.”

M M M

He Went

He—“I’m going to kiss you when I go.”

She—“Leave the house at once.”—*Ex.*

M M M

Peculiar Advertisement

Just received, a fine lot of Australian rabbits. Persons purchasing will be skinned and cleaned while they wait.

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M M M

“The Germans are very good grammarians,” said the first student.

“Maybe,” said the second, “but very few can decline ‘beer.’”

If the can—can dance can the turkey trot?

M M M

Side Steps

Counsel:—“You reside?”

Witness:—“With my brother.”

Counsel:—“And your brother lives?”

Witness:—“With me.”

Counsel:—“Precisely, but you both live—”

Witness:—“Together.”

M M M

Republican:—“Can you spell mule?”

Democrat:—“Yes, m-l-e.”

Republican:—“You left something out.”

Democrat:—“Yes, I left you out.”



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First Stude: "She is always being invited out on some yacht or other."

Second Stude: "Yes, she is pleasure-crafty."—*Ex.*

M M M

Teacher: "The right to have more than one wife is called polygamy.
What is it when only one wife is allowed a man?"

Willy: "Monotony, ma'am."—*Ex.*

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1912